The Outlook

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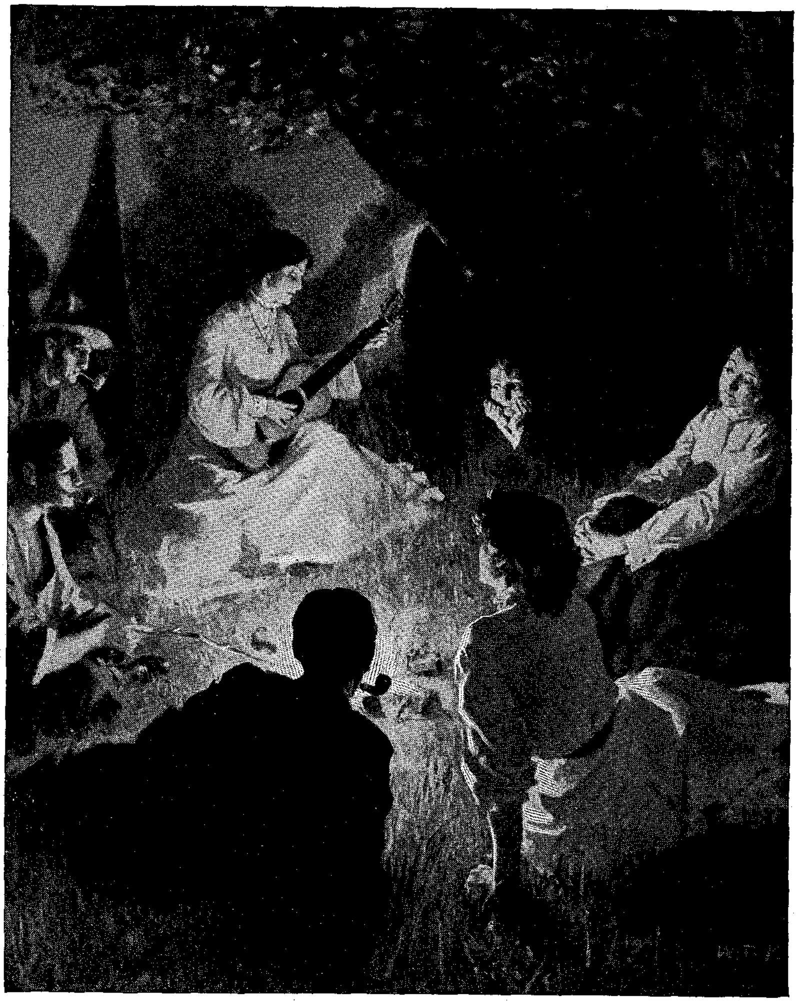

The very first item on the list of supplies for a camping party should be: Five cakes of Ivory Soap.

If the party is large or its stay in the woods likely to be extended, take 10, 15, or even 20 cakes.

Use one cake for bathing; another for the toilet; a third to cleanse underwear and flannels; a fourth for shaving, and a fifth to keep pots, pans and plates free from impurities.

Ivory Soap is a bath, a toilet AND a fine laundry soap. That is why it should be selected in preference to anything else. Another point in its favor, as far as the camper is concerned, is—*it floats.*

Ivory Soap—It Floats

The Outlook

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1905

Peace Negotiations In spite of pessimistic reports and rumors of various kinds, the preliminary negotiations between Japan and Russia are progressing. Matters of great delicacy and difficulty are involved, and a considerable length of time will probably elapse before final arrangements are made. Peace will be at hand and peace will recede into the far distance again and again in the columns of the newspapers ; but indications point to a conference between the two antagonists, and if a conference is reached, peace will undoubtedly follow. Meanwhile the chief step in advance last week was the selection of Washington as the place of meeting. This decision was reached in order to take the Conference outside the range of European influences. The position of this country as a disinterested friend of both contending parties is strikingly recognized in the selection of a city in which both nations believe that perfect fairness of treatment will be accorded, and that influences in favor of one nation or the other will be entirely excluded. It is not likely that the Conference will meet before the end of August or the first of September; and in case the city is uncomfortable by reason of heat, the sessions of the Conference can be removed to some place on the Atlantic seaboard where comfortable conditions can be assured. Meanwhile the coming diplomatic meeting, which is likely to be one of the most important in the history of diplomacy, is already spoken of as "the Washington Conference." That city is the center of incessant activity among diplomatists, the President carrying on constant interchange of views with the representatives of the leading Powers. Conferences have been held at the White House, morning, afternoon, and evening; and the perfect frankness of the President in this case, as in many others, is proving to be a most efficient instrument not only in gaining confidence but in securing free discussion. Russia has given formal notice that M. Nelidoff, the Czar's Ambassador at Paris, will be one of her plenipotentiaries, and it is regarded as certain that the experienced Marquis Ito will head the Japanese delegation, if his health permits. No reports of the terms which Japan will impose upon Russia are to be trusted. It is believed, however, that this country, Germany, France, and England are urging upon Japan the advantage of asking for a moderate indemnity. As Japan has shown great moderation in her claims so far, and is very eager to retain the confidence of the West, and especially of England and the United States, it is likely that these counsels will prevail. In the meantime it is much to be feared that another terrible battle will take place before the representatives of the two countries can meet. The difficulties in the way of securing cessation of hostilities and keeping the condition of things precisely what it is at the moment are so great that they are regarded in many quarters as practically unsurmountable.

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France and Germany Much less space has been given by the newspapers during the past week to the situation in Morocco than to the negotiations for peace from Washington; but quite as much attention has been given in Europe to the misunderstanding between France and Germany as to the endeavor to bring Japan and Russia into friendly contact. The action of the Sultan in rejecting the arrangements which the French proposed for the reorganization of Morocco and adopting the suggestion of the Emperor William to settle the affairs of that country by a conference of the Powers has already been reported. The German Embassy continues to be the recipient of all manner of attention at Fez, while a cold shoulder is given to the French Embassy. Europe is perplexed and somewhat alarmed because it does not understand the ultimate purpose of the Emperor's policy, and Germany has refused to define her claims with precision, although the French Foreign Office has endeavored to secure a statement of fact. It is reported that the German Minister to Morocco has obtained exclusive concessions relating to the importation and exportation of goods on account of a German loan, but no endeavor has been made to secure territorial concessions. Great Britain is said to have refused the invitation from the Sultan of Morocco to take part in an international conference to discuss matters in that country; Germany has accepted; France has refused to participate, and is endeavoring to settle matters by dealing directly with Germany, basing her action in declining to enter a general conference on the ground that such a conference must be fruitless unless Germany and France previously reach an agreement. There seems to be no question that the French Ministry, under the leadership of M. Rouvier, the new leader of Foreign Affairs, is determined to arrive at an amicable arrangement with Germany. That being the case, it is difficult to believe that the situation is as serious as some of the European newspapers and European stock markets have indicated. Alarmist reports of the mobilization of armies and the ordering home of fleets have been sent broadcast during the past week, and it has been said that Germany had massed a great army on the French frontier. It is not believed, however, that the situation is by any means as serious as it has been reported to be. However much the Emperor of Germany may feel aggrieved, if he should strike France at the present time, as the result of a difference so comparatively insignificant, he would send the sympathy of the whole world to France, and incur a responsibility which no wise ruler would be willing to assume. Wars are no longer waged for dynastic reasons; there are twenty-five hundred thousand Socialistic votes in Germany, and the working people of all countries are growing more and more impatient of the waste of life and treasure in war and the consequent heavy increase of financial burdens. Aside from such considerations as these, the ability and far-sightedness which the Emperor of Germany has so far shown do not justify the sensational reports that he proposes to humiliate France at a moment when she is deprived of the possible aid of Russia.

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Norway and Sweden Little light has been thrown during the past week on the situation in Scandinavia. There seems to be very little disposition in Sweden to adopt coercive measures toward Norway. The task would be a great one, of very doubtful success, and it is reported that the laboring classes are strongly opposed to any attempt to bring the Norwegians back by force. Swedish labor unions are in communication with Norwegian labor unions, and the Social Democratic party has issued a proclamation declaring the firm determination of workingmen not to respond to a call to arms, and threatening to organize a general strike throughout Sweden in case the Riksdag should adopt such a line of action. King Oscar, in a long and vigorously worded communication to the President of the Norwegian Storthing, declares that his accession oath as King of Norway makes it his duty not to pass in silence the pronouncement of the Norwegian Council of State on the occasion of his Majesty's veto of the Consular Bill; that he did not overstep his prerogatives under the Constitution, and that consideration for the union imposes on him the duty of exercising his constitutional rights. He calls attention to the first paragraph of the Norwegian Constitution, which reads, "The Kingdom of Norway is free, autonomous, independent, indivisible," and declares that he felt himself justified in demanding respect for the decision taken by the King of Norway in accordance with the Constitution; repudiates the declaration of the Council that his veto was unconstitutional because no member of the Council regarded himself as in a position to countersign it; and declares that the King ought not to sink to the position of a mere tool in the hands of the State Council. The King affirms that his endeavor has always been to give Norway the place within the union which she can rightly claim, and that his duty requires him to uphold the union on its legal basis, even if by doing so he be brought into opposition to Norwegian national feeling. He declares, finally, that it remains for Sweden and for him as King of the union to decide whether the attack by Norway on the existing union shall lead to the legal dissolution of that union. No Power has yet recognized the new government at Stockholm, and it is clear that the Governments are a good deal puzzled by the situation.

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The Assassination of the Greek Premier The Greek Premier, Theodore P. Delyannis, has paid the price of dealing resolutely with a public evil. The stringent measures recently taken by the Premier against gambling-houses, which resulted in the closing of those establishments, led to his assassination at the main entrance to the Chamber of Deputies in Athens last week. He was stabbed by a professional gambler, who, on being arrested, announced that he had committed the deed in revenge. The Premier had reached the entrance to the Chamber, and was about to descend from his carriage, when the assassin approached, saluted him, opened the carriage door, and, when the Premier was in the act of thanking him, plunged a dagger into his abdomen. The assassin proved to be an ex-convict, and by no means new to the crime of murder, having served eighteen years for killing his wife. This mad act of a criminal removes the most conspicuous man in Greece, for M. Delyannis had been a power for more than half a century. Born in 1826, he studied law at Athens, entered the Government service, and rose rapidly in position. He held office nine times in different ministries between 1863 and 1878, having charge of foreign affairs, finances, worship, and instruction. He represented Greece at the Berlin Congress in 1878, and obtained an extension of territory by his diplomacy. He became Premier in 1885, resigning the following year. He again became Premier in 1890, but the criticism of his financial management led to his downfall two years later. For a third time he became Premier in 1895; but he involved Greece in the disastrous war with Turkey, and was obliged to leave the Cabinet in 1897. In December of last year he was again placed at the head of Government affairs. His career has been a long one, characterized by energy and at times by vehemence rather than by moderation of judgment and far-sightedness. He had many strong qualities, and his constant return to power after frequent defeats was a striking evidence of his hold on his countrymen.

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Mr. Justice Hooker The defense which Mr. Justice Hooker intends to interpose to the proceedings to be taken before the New York Legislature for his removal by joint resolution is foreshadowed, whether correctly or not we do not know, by a correspondent in the New York "Times." Our readers will remember that the charges brought against him are of political corruption of a very flagrant character, prior to his appointment to the bench. It is now contended that a judge cannot legally be removed by joint resolution of the Senate and the Assembly except for mental incompetence; he can be removed only by impeachment proceedings. Nor is this a merely technical question. It is affirmed, on the one hand, that a joint resolution is a political act, that it is liable to be determined by political considerations, and that, although it would doubtless involve a legislative inquiry and an opportunity for the accused to be heard in his own defense, it would not involve a judicial trial. On the other hand, a judge cannot be impeached for actions performed prior to his appointment to the bench; so that if a judge can be removed only by impeachment, Mr. Justice Hooker cannot be removed at all. The question of law is one which must be left to legal experts to determine, and we shall not attempt to forestall their decision. It must suffice to say here: First, that there ought to be some way by which a judge can be removed if subsequent investigations show that his original appointment was clearly improper; and, second, that, whether Mr. Hooker succeeds in retaining his office or not, he cannot retain the good opinion of his fellow-citizens except by meeting frankly and fully the charge of political corruption of which he has been declared guilty in the preliminary investigations.

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The Santa Fé Case It is authoritatively reported that the special attorneys appointed by the President to conduct the prosecution against the Santa Fé Railroad for granting rebates in violation of law have withdrawn from the case, owing to an important difference of opinion between them and the Attorney-General of the United States, under whose general direction such a prosecution would of necessity be conducted. The question at issue is believed to be whether Mr. Paul Morton, who was an officer of the Santa Fé Railroad when the rebates were granted, should be personally prosecuted, as well as the corporation, for this violation of the law. And it is assumed in certain quarters that the reason why Mr. Morton is not to be prosecuted is that he is a personal friend of the President, and is a member of the President's Cabinet. We do not wait for the promised official statement of the question, because it is easier to forestall a false impression than to correct it after it has been produced. It is a recognized principle of law, the justice of which is apparent upon the mere statement of it, that while a partner is responsible commercially, he is not responsible criminally, for the acts of his partner. If one member of a firm makes a firm note, the other partners are bound by it; but if he forges a note, the other partners cannot be sent to jail for it; if he buys goods in the partnership name, the other partners are liable for the debt; but if he adulterates goods, the other partners cannot be punished for the adulteration, unless they can be proved to have had a guilty knowledge of the transaction. In other words, crime is a purely personal act. The same principle applies to corporations. If a corporation violates law, it can be punished, and indirectly all the officers, and indeed all the stockholders, will suffer in consequence. And the officer or officers of the corporation who directly participated in the violation of the law can also be punished for their personal participation in the wrongful act. But no officer of the corporation can be punished merely because he is an officer of the corporation, nor because the act was perpetrated by a subordinate in his department. In order to hold him responsible in a criminal prosecution, guilty knowledge of the act must be brought home to him. In short, one individual cannot be punished for the criminal act of another individual. Unless the Administration has adequate evidence that Mr. Morton personally participated in the violation of the law which is charged against the Santa Fé Railroad, his criminal prosecution for the act would come perilously near what the law designates as "malicious prosecution." The real question at issue, we venture to say, between the Attorney-General and his special assistants is whether there is any evidence that Mr. Morton personally participated in the illegal act of which the Santa Fé is charged. The past record of Attorney-General Moody, as well as that of the President, is sufficient guarantee that, if in their judgment such evidence existed, neither personal friendship nor political affiliations would prevent them from including Mr. Morton in the prosecution. Those records furnish an equal guarantee that no fear of personal or political criticism would induce them to set on foot such a prosecution without the required evidence.

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Municipal Government and Common Welfare Thousands of people in New York City had occasion last week to see how vitally they are concerned in the efficient administration of a city government. A huge water-main broke and the water poured forth in such torrents that it flooded a portion of the new Subway. Soon the tracks were covered with water, which, being a good conductor of electricity, "short-circuited" the currents which moved the trains. Not only were passengers stranded between stations and obliged to wade through the water as best they could, but a section of the Subway was entirely put out of use. Meantime a search was made for some one who knew how to turn the water off. No official could be found. It was on Sunday. The head of the Department, Commissioner Oakley, was out of town. No one seemed to be at hand who had any official access to the proper valve for cutting off the water. Indeed, nobody seemed to know where such a valve could be found. Minutes passed into hours, and the great stream of water continued to pour forth. For a distance extending several blocks the Subway was turned into a cistern. At last a man unconnected with the Department, having indeed no authority whatever to interfere, found the valve and turned off the water. But the Subway, lying below the level of the sewers, remained flooded with water. No uptown trains could pass beyond Fourteenth Street, and no downtown trains could go below Forty-second Street. People accustomed to using the Subway to get to and from their places of business had to manage as best they could, for the best part of two days, to find some route that they could use. Naturally, these people were exasperated by the inconvenience to which they were subjected; but these same people had helped to create conditions which had made that inconvenience possible. They had put into power a political organization which exists primarily for its own benefit and not for the purpose of serving the public. The people of New York, it is true, had elected a man to the office of Mayor who has proved himself personally able and sincere. But Mayor McClellan was elected as a representative of Tammany Hall. His appointment of John T. Oakley was made, not for the purpose of serving the public, but of recognizing his obligations to Tammany Hall. When called to account for the delay in preventing the flooding of the Subway, Commissioner Oakley made the usual complaint of lack of funds, and, indeed, had the coolness to use the occurrence as a warning that if more funds for the Department were not forthcoming similar occurrences might be expected. As a matter of fact, of course in this case it was not money, but some degree of efficiency and intelligence, that was lacking. It requires no great force of men to provide for the prompt turning off of water from a main. A simple expedient is now likely to be adopted that ought to have been enforced long ago. In every fire-engine house a diagram will probably be put which will show the location of water-gates in the neighborhood. This will enable any one in an emergency to know how the water may be turned off. It is only when some such accident as this occurs, however, that people are reminded of the fact that their own interests, that even their safety and their lives, depend upon the administration of the city government.

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Business Principles in Government Departments

President Roosevelt has appointed a Committee of Five to investigate the methods of doing the public business in the executive departments of the Government, and to make suggestions for their improvement. The Committee is composed of Charles H. Keep, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Frank H. Hitchcock, First Assistant Postmaster-General; Lawrence O. Murray, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor; James R. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations; and Gifford Pinchot, Forester in the Department of Agriculture. In a letter to Mr. Keep, who is to be the Chairman of the Committee, the President describes the work which he wishes it to do. "It is to investigate and find out what changes are needed to place the conduct of the executive business of the Government in all its branches on the most economical and effective basis, in the light of the best modern business practices." The President further indicates some of the directions in which reform may be necessary, and lays down some of the principles which should govern in the administration of public affairs. Salaries, the purchase of supplies, systems of bookkeeping and accounting, and in general the business methods of the different departments, should be substantially uniform. "The existence of any method, standard, custom, or practice is no reason for its continuance when a better is offered." "There should be systematic interdepartmental co-operation in the use of expert or technical knowledge." "In the adoption of methods and the performance of work, every step which is not clearly indispensable should be eliminated. As between the adoption of a uniform standard and the actual efficiency of an office, the former must yield." "A resolute effort should be made to secure brevity in correspondence and the elimination of useless letter-writing. . . . In all branches of the Government there is a tendency to largely increase unnecessary and perfunctory letter-writing. In the army and navy the increase of paper work is a serious menace to the efficiency of fighting officers, who are often required by bureaucrats to spend time in making reports which they should spend in increasing the efficiency of the battle-ships which they have in charge. . . . In the civil department the abuse of letter-writing simply amounts not merely to the waste of time of the Government servant responsible for it, but also to the impeding of public business." These quotations from the President's letter point to conditions which are well-nigh universal in all Governments, but which would not be permitted for an instant in any first-class modern business. It is of course of the utmost importance that there shall be a sufficient system of checks and safeguards to insure that the people's business shall be well done and that the people's money shall be properly and honestly spent. But such a system naturally tends to become more and more involved and to necessitate the futile winding and unwinding of much red tape. The President, with characteristic perspicacity and directness, has discovered and adopted, for the correction of any such abuses as may exist in our Government, a method which ought to produce admirable results. The high character of the personnel of the Committee should insure that the work will be well done.

Chinese Civilization Encounters American Barbarism

A vigorous letter from the President and a straightforward speech by Secretary Taft brought the question of American treatment of Chinese immigrants to the fore last week. The immediate occasion, possibly, for these two expressions from the Administration was the treatment accorded to four Chinese visitors to America on their landing in Boston on the first of this month. Three brothers, with their sister, had been studying in England, the young men at the University of London and their sister under a private tutor. On their arrival at Boston with a letter from Mr. Choate, former Ambassador to Great Britain, they were subjected to the most humiliating treatment. They were not allowed to land with the rest of the passengers, were detained on board the vessel all night, were photographed like criminals, and were required to secure bonds. Although the officials at the port extended to the visitors the utmost courtesy, they could not, under the law, free them from these degrading formalities. If four cultivated Americans of high character were thus to be singled out from the rest of the passengers and held up in a foreign port, this whole Nation would be aroused. The President's letter on the subject of the treatment of respectable Chinese visitors was directed to Secretary Metcalf, and although it has not been published, it undoubtedly pointed out the inconsistency of directing the efforts of the Department of Commerce and Labor to the extension of American trade in China while the same Department was creating indignation among Chinese merchants by its treatment of Chinese visitors to America. Secretary Taft in his Commencement address at Miami University showed how absurd and petty this inconsistency is:

> Is it just that, for the purpose of excluding or preventing perhaps one hundred Chinese coolies from slipping into this country against the law, we should subject an equal number of Chinese merchants and students of high character to an examination of such an inquisitorial, humiliating, insulting, and physically uncomfortable character as to discourage altogether the coming of merchants and students? One of the great commercial prizes of the world is the trade with the four

hundred million Chinese. Ought we to throw away the advantage which we have by reason of Chinese natural friendship for us and continue to enforce an unjustly severe law, and thus create in the Chinese mind a disposition to boycott American trade and to drive our merchants from Chinese shores, simply because we are afraid that we may sometime lose the approval of certain unreasonable and extreme popular leaders of California and other coast States?

The Outlook has long urged the correction of this wrong and barbarous policy; it had occasion a few weeks ago, in speaking of the Ju Toy case, to point out the menace to civil liberty that lies hidden in this policy; and it believes that the American people, when they are thoroughly acquainted with the facts, will bring this policy to a justly deserved end.

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Some New Honorary Degrees Public interest in university "doings," especially that public interest which is stimulated by newspaper notoriety, has two seasons, like public interest in the millinery trade. There is the autumn season of football scores and the spring season of academic degrees. The season of academic degrees is now upon us. Princeton and Columbia Universities have already started the ball rolling by conferring noteworthy honors. Among the public and distinguished men who have been thus honored by Columbia are William Dean Howells, who was last week made Doctor of Letters, and President Alderman, of the University of Virginia, who on the same occasion became Doctor of Laws. While it sometimes seems as if our colleges and universities were occasionally put to considerable anxiety in their search for suitable candidates for honorary degrees, Dr. Howells and Dr. Alderman will be voted by the public to be not only themselves receiving a decoration, but to be really decorating the university with whose records their names will hereafter be associated. At Princeton the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Mayor McClellan, of New York City, and President Finley, of the College of the City of New York, among others. Especial interest attaches to these candidates because of their comparative youth and the fact that they have both rendered distinguished services to the municipality of New York. Dr. Finley, it must be remembered, is the head of a unique municipal college—a college which is an integral part of the public school system, and which confers a degree of A.B. in course comparing well with other similar academic degrees. In these days of verbal exaggeration and superlative we ought to be able to look to our universities and colleges for good examples of restraint in the use of adjectives. It is, therefore, a little startling to find Dean West, of Princeton, in presenting Mayor McClellan for his degree, asserting that Mr. McClellan "to day, by general consent, stands as the best Mayor New York has known within our memory." What Dean West could have said in presenting Mayor Abram Hewitt or Mayor Seth Low for academic honors is difficult to imagine. We even surmise that the President of Harvard University, in conferring a degree upon Mr. Roosevelt, would, simply for rhetorical reasons, hesitate to nominate him as the "best President" that the United States has ever had. Dr. McClellan has made an excellent Mayor, however, and is fairly entitled to the honor which his Alma Mater has conferred upon him. He is not only a politician of a good and useful type, but he is a scholar, and has written at least one book, a short history of Venice, which has won for him the respect of literary and historical critics of high rank.

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Elmira College The pleasant city of Elmira, New York, with its shaded streets, its ample homes, its air of comfort, and its beautiful surroundings, was the background last week of a series of festivities attending the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Elmira College for Women. This institution was a pioneer in the higher education for women. Its charter was granted by the Legislature in 1855, and the trustees were authorized to grant the usual degrees on condition that no degree or literary honor should be conferred except on the completion of a course equivalent to the full ordinary course of college study as pursued in the colleges of the

State, and the new college was made subject to the visitation of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, precisely as other colleges of the State. The beginnings of the institution, like those of almost every college in the country, were days of small things materially, but of great things in hope, sacrifice, and work. Like many other institutions, the College has had a checkered career, passing through an interval of depression which ended on the accession to the presidency of Dr. MacKenzie, in 1897. Since that day the College has made very rapid strides; its numbers have more than doubled; it has received material accessions to its endowment and to its educational facilities, and it is on a rising tide of prosperity and growth. The anniversary exercises extended over ten days, and included sermons in the city churches, a performance of the cycle of the "Idylls of the King," an out-of-door performance of "The Tempest," a baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Dr. James S. Dixon, of New York City, the usual Class Day exercises, and a Commencement address by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. A special feature of interest was the presence of the venerable Rev. Augustus W. Cowles, D.D., who has been with the College from the beginning and was for the first thirty-five years its President, and now, in a very active and sunny old age, is held in the greatest affection and regard by all its alumnæ. The administration of President MacKenzie, by its vigor and efficiency, has already done much to advance the interests of the College, and promises to do more.

The Vassar Library

Among the most interesting college events of last week was the dedication of the library presented to Vassar College by Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson as a memorial of her husband. Mr. Thompson was deeply interested in Vassar and in Williams, and was the steadfast, unfailing, and far-sighted friend of both institutions. His relations with Vassar were specially intimate. He was not only the nstant benefactor of the College, but was the friend of every girl in the tion and a born maker of happiness, and his resources were always at the command of those girls who needed aid in securing an education. It was, therefore, a peculiarly happy thought that so large-hearted and generous a friend of young women eager for opportunities of broadening their lives should be commemorated by a library, for the library has become not only the center of the intellectual life of the college and of its work, but also the open door of opportunity to men and women of all classes. It is safe to say that no other college library in the country more happily expresses in its form the uses to which it is devoted than the stately and beautiful building which is to hold the books in use at Vassar College. The architecture is of the academic Gothic order; and in mass, proportion, relation of parts, light and shadow, position in the landscape, the architect has been extremely fortunate, and has produced a structure which is at once dignified, substantial, and beautiful. The interior arrangement is strikingly effective, and the whole structure is symbolic at every point of the uses to which it will be devoted. The exercises of dedication were extremely simple. The library was presented by a representative of Mrs. Thompson, received by President Taylor; there was an address by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and some excellent singing by the students. Such a building as that which Vassar now possesses in its new library is no small part, not only of the housing, but of the educational influence of the institution.

A State Educational System Truncated

A bill without parallel in this country, so far as we know, was recently passed by the Legislature of Florida. It puts out of existence every secondary, normal, and collegiate State educational institution. The State University, the State College, the Normal School, the East Florida Military Seminary, and the South Florida Military College are wiped out at one stroke. One or two other institutions in large measure dependent upon State support are crippled. This drastic action was the answer on the part of the Legislature to a joint demand from these institutions for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a sum equal to the total average annual expenditure for all the public schools. Though such an upheaval must have disastrous consequences, some incidental good may result. The money heretofore applied to the institutions now abolished may be diverted to the elementary schools; the common schools of the State may therefore be benefited by the passage of this bill. One consequence of the bill, moreover, may be the establishment of new high schools for several counties which, heretofore dependent for secondary education upon the institutions now abolished, may be compelled by necessity to establish local high schools for themselves. The Buckman Bill, as this measure is called, is not wholly destructive; for it provides for the establishment of a new State University and a College for Women. In the meantime, while these new institutions await organization, the two private educational institutions in the State for higher grades will have to provide as well as they can for the needs of the thousand students who have been in the institutions supported by the State. One of these is Rollins College at Winter Park. President W. F. Blackman, who has informed us of this situation, writes concerning the College that "the passage of the Buckman Bill quadruples the extent of its field and of its responsibility," and that the College "ought to be in position to receive a hundred or more students from these defunct institutions this coming autumn." It is to be remembered that Rollins College and its sister institution will have to provide not only collegiate but also normal and even secondary education. Whether justified or not, this grave educational crisis has immediate bearing on the welfare of students who have had no share in bringing it about. On the face of it, this action of the Florida Legislature seems irresponsible. It is hard to imagine any intelligent reason for such a jaunty method of conducting an educational department. If there is a sane explanation, we should be glad to know what it is. Certainly if any individual acted as Florida has in this matter, his mental soundness would be at once questioned.

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The World's Student Christian Federation

At Zeist, Holland, last month, there was held for the sixth time a conference of representatives, from various countries, of Christian movements among students. These various national organizations are united in what is called the World's Student Christian Federation. This year marks the end of the first decade of its existence. It is not infrequently affirmed that this is an irreligious age, and that the intellectual movement of the times has been destructive of faith. If this were so, it certainly would be first made manifest among students, for it is over them that intellectual movements have greatest sway. The history of this Federation, however, gives no hint of this alleged decay of religion. Ten years ago the various Christian organizations among students throughout the world, including those unaffiliated with the Federation, comprised a membership of forty-five thousand. Now the membership of the societies included in the Federation alone amounts to over one hundred and three thousand. Moreover, these societies are to be found in twice as many places as they were in 1895. In these ten years national Christian movements among students have been organized and developed in ten countries. In these ten years the students enrolled in voluntary classes for the study of the Bible have increased from eleven thousand to over fifty-eight thousand. The progress thus indicated has not been, however, merely numerical. These ten years have witnessed an improvement in the healthfulness and general tone of religious life among students. It has become at once both more earnest and saner. This is shown by the fruits which it has borne: its earnestness, by the spread of interest in missionary effort and the finer quality of men who are becoming missionaries; its sanity, by the increased interest and knowledge concerning social questions and increased activity in efficient social service. These student organizations have entered, moreover, fastnesses which once seemed permanently closed to

Christianity. Such are the Japanese Imperial University, the universities of Italy, nominally Roman Catholic but really antagonistic to religion, and, most conspicuously, the literati of China. The "Decennial Review" presented at the conference this year by Mr. John B. Mott, the General Secretary of the Federation, and now published in pamphlet form, makes it clear that Christianity is becoming more than ever a power among the educated classes of the world. This Federation is bound to have a broadening influence. Organizations embodying such a variety of national forms cannot be held together by any narrow interpretation of Christianity; they must find their common interest not in forms but in substance.

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The Manhattan Trade School for Girls

The Manhattan Trade School for Girls recently held an Open Day, during which its classes were open to visitors and samples of the pupils' work were on exhibition. Two years ago this school was founded in New York City to train as trade workers some of the girls who come pouring out of the public grammar schools, unfitted for any means of livelihood, yet forced to support themselves and often to help support their families. They must crowd the ranks of unskilled workers in such shifting employments as the addressing of envelopes and other office and clerical requirements, or enter upon long and difficult apprenticeship in the workshop of the trade they desire to learn. Far happier is the lot of the girl who can enter the Trade School and acquire the skill necessary to enable her to secure a well-paid position. Three departments at present are available—dressmaking and millinery, the operating of power sewing-machines, and pasting and glue work. The latter opens up a large field of activity, including the mounting of all kinds of samples, the making of boxes and portfolios and all manner of "novelties." The training for dressmaking is very thorough, the pupils rst taking courses in plain sewing and learning the daintiness and skill of aft of the needle. An hour each day is spent by every pupil in art work. Besides some freehand drawing, she practices the designing that belongs in her special branch, learning to design hats, or gowns, or book-covers, as the case may be. Each pupil also receives instruction in physical culture and in the commercial forms of figuring and writing. The school keeps in touch with the business firms for whom it is preparing workers. Orders frequently come to it, those for the past year aggregating several hundred dollars. Its students are sent for during rush seasons, and when ready for positions are always in demand. One of the instructors is constantly busy "placing" the students when equipped, choosing for them the most desirable environment—a shop, for instance, where the workers are allowed to sing as much as they wish, though they may not talk, being preferred to one in which perfect silence is enjoined from morning till night. The school has been very fortunate in its teachers, who have thrown themselves with enthusiasm into the possibilities of this pioneer instruction, and whose influence upon the students has been of the best. For the school aims not alone to turn out more skillful hand-workers, able to adjust themselves to changing demands and to shift from one allied occupation to another, but to send out capable and helpful members of the business community. Here, as in all other true instruction, an all-roundness of training is sought. The school is supported entirely by citizens interested in its work, who hope that eventually similar schools may be incorporated in the city's educational system. The instruction is free, and some pupils who cannot afford to work unpaid receive a weekly allowance. The director of the Manhattan Trade School is about to visit a few cities in the country to present the progress of this undertaking to other communities; and to all who believe in the training of the worker we commend the mission and the school. We are glad to add the address of the Secretary, Miss Helen R. Hildreth, Manhattan Trade School for Girls, 283 West Fourteenth Street, New York, who will supply inquirers with further detailed information.

Synod of the Reformed Church

The recent meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed Church at Asbury Park, New Jersey, found a steady increase of offerings for missionary work, and resolved upon their further expansion. An increasing activity in evangelistic efforts was also conspicuous. A question concerning the revision of the Liturgy has been agitated for some time, and was disposed of by referring to the Classes for approval the optional use of a modernized and briefer form. The interest shown by some Churches in present social problems, as recently by the Presbyterian Church in establishing in its Board of Home Missions a "Department of Church and Labor," does not seem as yet to have obtained official recognition in the Reformed Church.

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Financial Altruism

The plan for the reorganization of the Equitable Life Assurance Society which The Outlook reported fully last week has not been accepted by the public without reservation. This reservation has manifested itself in two forms—on the one hand in honest doubt as to the sincerity of the motives of those capitalists who have financed the reorganization plan, and on the other hand in malicious and sensational attacks upon these capitalists. So far as the malice of sensational and demagogic newspapers is concerned, this is a very suitable occasion for quoting the motto suggested by Dr. Jowett, of Oxford, as a good one for men of action, "Never retract, never explain, get it done, and let them howl." But the honest doubts and queries of those men who have too often seen schemes of financial reorganization engineered for private profit instead of for public good must be answered. Such queries are not only sincere but they are justifiable. The very fact that the financial dealings of influential and powerful men in Wall Street were severely censured by the Frick report is in itself alone a sufficient explanation of the caution with which the reorganization of the Equitable has been received. A careful study of all the facts, however, justifies the belief that the reorganization plan is a sound one, and that Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, who devised it and who has carried it into effect, deserves the approval and support not only of policy-holders of the Equitable, but of all men throughout the country who believe in the stability of the banking system. For upon the banking system, in the last analysis, rest the material prosperity and comfort of every thrifty citizen, be he mechanic, farmer, school-teacher, clerk in the general store, country doctor, capitalist, newspaper editor, or laboring man. We shall here endeavor to state the grounds for our approval of Mr. Ryan's plan.

For several months the Equitable Society has been torn with dissensions which have threatened to disrupt and ruin it. While it is primarily an insurance company, it is in reality a great savings corporation, with assets amounting to over four hundred millions of dollars, and with an annual income of about eighty millions of dollars. Several hundred thousand policy-holders have been putting their savings into its treasury annually for many years. To have such a gigantic savings bank come to financial ruin not only would mean disaster to an army of policy-holders, but might precipitate a panic which would affect banks and bank depositors—that is to say, every thrifty and industrious citizen—to the remotest parts of the country.

Is it not a great public service to avert such a calamity as this? We assert that it is. We assert that a broad-minded, public-spirited, and patriotic banker may take the same unselfish and altruistic interest in accomplishing such a splendid salvage that is taken by the statesman who by brilliant and able diplomacy averts war, by the expert surgeon who saves a valuable human life by a capital operation, by the physician who averts an epidemic by a strenuous campaign of hygiene, or by the newspaper editor who sacrifices his popularity to maintain a political principle which he believes to be for the public good. Of course the diplomat wishes to earn his salary, the physician to be paid his fee, the newspaper proprietor to receive his dividends, but that does not make the public spirit any the less commendable. In our opinion, Mr. Ryan, Vice-President of the Morton Trust Company, of this city, a successful railway promoter, at the present time powerful if not dominant in the affairs of the traction company which controls all the surface street railways of New York City, and the successful originator of the Equitable reorganization plan, has done his work in this reorganization from motives of public spirit and public service. This, of course, is merely our opinion. We do not profess to know the inner workings of his mind and spirit any more exactly than do those who ascribe to him motives of selfishness and money-grabbing. But we think it is time to say plainly that poor men are not always necessarily, by virtue of their poverty, public-spirited, nor are rich men always necessarily, because of their riches, mean and untrustworthy. However difficult it may be to judge of a man's motives, his public acts are matters which his neighbors may discuss and define. In the present instance the facts are well known. Mr. Ryan, for the sum of $2,500,000, has purchased from Mr. Hyde a controlling interest in the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. He has organized a "voting trust" consisting of three unimpeachable and public-spirited trustees, ex-President Grover Cleveland, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, and Mr. George Westinghouse. The stock which Mr. Ryan has purchased he has placed in the hands of these trustees for five years, the longest period that such a trust is permitted, by the laws of the State of New York, to exist without renewal. "The trustees are exclusively authorized"—we quote from the trust deed—"to exercise the voting power on the stock held under this agreement for the election of Directors of the Society, and shall at every annual election of Directors of the Society so vote on said stock . . . that of the entire fifty-two Directors twenty-eight shall be policy-holders of the Society, selected by or on behalf of the policy-holders, and twenty-four shall be lawfully eligible persons selected by the trustees in their sole discretion."

We have carefully read the trust deed from which this provision is taken, and it seems to us that it is framed for the express and exclusive purpose of putting the property and interests of the policy-holders of the Society into the untrammeled and untied hands of a board of trustees distinguished not only for its high sense of personal and public honor, but for its executive ability. Suspicious persons have asked why Mr. Ryan should pay two millions of dollars for stock which by law can earn dividends of only thirty-five thousand dollars a year. There are two simple answers to this question. First, Mr. Ryan's plan provides for the purchase of the stock which he has now bought by the Society itself—that is to say, by the policy-holders themselves—if legislative approval can be obtained; second, it is not inconceivable that a financier of Mr. Ryan's enormous responsibilities and interests might feel that it was well worth the cost to save the city and the country from such a disaster as the failure of the Equitable Company would certainly be. The work of reform which has been so admirably begun by this reorganization is not yet complete, as The Outlook said last week. The Legislature ought to provide that the character of the stocks and bonds and other investments in which insurance companies deal should be as strictly and carefully prescribed by the State as is done in the case of savings banks. But, although the public should not cease to insist upon legislation for more careful control of insurance corporations by the State, it may congratulate itself that a group of capitalists and distinguished publicists have volunteered, at considerable personal self-sacrifice, to protect its interests in a dangerous crisis.

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Political Methods and Public Business

Some zealous newspaper reporter last week attributed to Mr. James Dalrymple, head of the municipally owned street railroads of Glasgow, the following extraordinary statements:

> To put street railroads, gas-works, telephone companies, etc., under municipal ownership would be to create a political machine in every large city that would be simply

impregnable. These political machines are already strong enough with their control of policemen, firemen, and other office-holders. If in addition to this they could control the thousands of men employed in the great public utility corporations, the political machines would have a power that could not be overthrown. I came to this country a believer in public ownership. What I have seen here, and I have studied the situation carefully, makes me realize that private ownership, under proper conditions, is far better for the citizens of American cities.

Immediately several newspapers, especially those of New York City which are opposed to municipal ownership, accepting these statements as the verdict of an expert upon conditions in America, expressed their satisfaction. Mr. Dalrymple has since denied the authenticity of the words put into his mouth. It still remains true, however, that these words express the views of certain influential opponents of municipal ownership. They constitute a plank in an anti-municipal ownership platform. Let us examine this plank and see how sound it is.

In the first place, it is obvious, on the face of it, that the objection is directed, not against municipal ownership, as it purports to be, but simply against municipal operation. The employment of men on the New York Subway, which is owned by the city, does not concern the city government at all. The city can own its public utilities without either building them or operating them itself; without, therefore, incurring the alleged danger involved in employing a great force of men. Granted that this danger is a real one, it is occasioned by municipal operation, not by municipal ownership.

The plank is thus reduced to a general proposition that the operation of public utilities by the city would involve an increase in the tyranny and corruption of political parties. This is tantamount to a confession that democratic government, in American cities at any rate, is a failure. For if employment by the city of conductors and motormen on a street railroad would necessarily result in enthroning an oppressive political machine, then the employment of policemen and firemen necessarily means now an equally unjustifiable grant of power to despotism and corruption. This same logic which would preserve to private companies the administration of street railways would turn our police force over into the hands of private detective agencies, and make of our fire-engine department a private commercial enterprise. If American cities are not fit to employ men in the one capacity, they are not fit to employ men in the other. Americans, we believe, are not yet reduced to such a condition that they will make this confession. If American democracy is not a failure, then what Glasgow has done, New York or Boston or Chicago or any other American city can do. Indeed, Mr. Dalrymple is reported to have said this, and inasmuch as the report appears in the New York "Times"—one of the strongest doubters of this form of democracy, if not of all forms—it may be assumed to be correct: "It has been done in Scotland," so the report reads, "and I am free to say that I believe the average American has just as much sense as the average Scotchman, if not a little more. If the American people want municipal ownership, they can have it. It would not be difficult to devise ways and means for making it possible."

Indeed, it is not a question of what democracy can or cannot do. Glasgow is just as democratic in government as New York. It is a question whether municipal operation gives better results than private operation; whether it is cheaper, cleaner, more efficient, more satisfactory; whether the money that now goes into the pockets of stockholders could be used for any larger public benefit. If the evidence favors municipal operation, then it is our business to see whether our political methods are suitable for undertaking it. This is clear: Municipal operation of public utilities is a business matter; it is not a matter for partisan politics. If it is shown that it is advantageous for a city to administer its own public business, then that city is presented with a very simple alternative—either it must deprive itself of the benefits of municipal operation for the sake of retaining its bad politics, or it must rid itself of its bad politics for the sake of profiting by municipal operation.

On this issue of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities there are already forming two parties. The one party declares in effect: Our political methods are bad; therefore the public cannot transact public business. The other party, composed of men bearing varying party names, and many bearing none, is ready to affirm, and by its deeds to prove, this faith: The public is going to transact public business; therefore we will correct our political methods.

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The Infinite in the Finite

Robert Browning, who had the highest good fortune in love, must be counted among its great interpreters. He saw it in its widest relations, in its deepest significance, in its highest reaches of joy and attainment. To him, as to Dante, Shakespeare, and the other masters of life and art, the secret of life lies deeper than the intellect, and has its seat in the soul. Below the action of the mind, consciously directed to ends consciously selected, there lie the deeps of being, out of which rise the great impulses, the master passions, the inspirations and enthusiasms which give life its color and movement. There the tides of life rise and fall as they flow from and return to the sea of being upon which all things float in sublime stability; for every life, as Emerson believed, is an inlet into the universal life; and while each man keeps his soul in eternal integrity, he is forever part of a spiritual unity which is the divine nature of things.

In quiet hours, when what is called inspiration breathes on a human spirit, and that spirit vibrates into a music unheard before, the finite and the infinite blend for a moment, and a fresh wave of life flows into the sphere of mortal striving and seeking. A poet whose genius was of the blithest and wittiest, but who knew, as all poets must, the touch of the mystery and pathos of living, once said, before a cheerful fire in the freedom of friendly talk, that he knew how he wrote verse, but not how he wrote poetry. Writing poetry, he added, is like wading into the sea. You are chilled and reluctant, and tempted to turn back; and while you stand hesitating a great wave rolls in from the infinite and bears you out—you know not how nor whither. Far below the plane of conscious thinking and acting these secret passages open out into the vast, mysterious deeps whence life comes and to which life returns. We skirt the shores of these abysses with daring thought, with watching of signs and seasons, of the rising and setting of stars, with long and painful vigils of study; but how narrow are the limits of our knowledge, and how far off lie the ultimate truths from the heights which we have climbed with painful steps! The wisest of the children of men must still say, with the most ignorant, "Thy sea is so vast and my ship is so small!"

It is this environing mystery that touches the commonest things with poetry and makes each inanimate object a point of departure for the imagination. "All poetry," wrote Ruskin, "is the problem of putting the infinite into the finite." As the boy in his wildest play has sudden intimations of the greatness of the tasks which await him in manhood and the inspiration which is to come with them, and feels his heart leap as if a bugle were sounded from some height in his future, so to the most unimaginative there come at times swift liftings of the veil, stirrings of wings in the air, mysterious hints and suggestions of worlds not realized; while to the imaginative and spiritually-minded all paths are haunted by unseen presences, and the solid earth seems but a film behind which moves the vaster reality of which it is part. That larger world lies so near that a child's hand often holds the door ajar for a moment. A shout of recognition, a cry of distress, the sudden breaking of light on a face when the soul is touched, the pressure of a hand, an unexpected glimpse of sky through the trees, the splendor of a star emerging from a cloud, a breath of sweetness from unseen flowers—how many and how various are the things and times that on the instant make us aware of the infinite which fills and enfolds the finite, and in the light of which alone all passions, relations, aims, and actions have their meaning and value! The final question touching any act, achievement, purpose, or passion is, "How much of the infinite does it contain or suggest?"

Of this hidden wealth, this veiled splendor, love is the perpetual and convincing witness, bearing its testimony where no records are kept and touching obscurities and forgotten places with the same pathos or beauty which it brings to the highest fortune and the greatest station. It is only heaven that is to be had for the asking, and it is love alone that comes to all who summon it by giving it. For the infinite is always striving to penetrate the finite and possess it, and love waits like a flood of light for the narrowest crevice through which it may enter. As the heat of the sun in the early summer searches the earth for the least potentiality of life hidden in its bosom and summons it forth to growth and fruition, so love enfolds the spirit of man, softly laying its invisible fingers on every door and window if by any means it may enter and possess the house. It is never a question of the coming of love, it is always a question of opening the door to receive it. It is never a question of the enfolding presence of the infinite about us like an atmosphere which we do not see but without which we instantly perish; it is always and only a question of our capacity to see and to understand. Here lies the dividing line which separates the prophets and poets from those who toil without inspiration and who live without vision; those who know the hardness of the world, but are aware also of the splendor of the universe, from those who toil in the fields and have no glimpse of the horizon.

The prophets and poets are the true realists and masters of life; they only are the competent leaders and builders; other men are the artificers of their designs, the executors of their plans. The statesman always has something of the prophet and poet in him, for statesmanship is always a matter of vision: the grasp of the interests of a great nation in their entirety, and a forecasting of its fortunes in the light of eternal law. The man of scientific genius, who sets vast masses of fact in order and ascends from knowledge to truth, is both prophet and poet; and so is the great engineer who calculates so nicely that mountain ranges are pierced with unerring accuracy and great bridges are swung in air so harmoniously with the laws of the universe that they respond to the changes of temperature like the strings of a violin.

But the truest of the prophets and the most real of the poets is the lover, who sees the possibilities of growth which are the signs of the infinite and discerns the beauty which is its garment. Love has walked the ways of life in a million forms and worn as many masks; but never yet has it departed without a revelation of its divinity, an exhibition of its power. It came once in the lowliest of guises, bore the heaviest burdens, carried the deepest griefs, was despised through ignorance, and rejected, pierced, nailed, smitten with bitter words and sacrilegious hands, tortured and buried. And, behold, the tomb was empty and an angel stood beside it! Love had passed the gate of death and gone forth again to serve, to cherish, to enlighten, to redeem!

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The Preceptor Idea at Princeton

A year ago the faculty of Princeton University put into operation a new plan of undergraduate studies. It was based on the principle that expert judgment has a place in education as well as in other matters. A group system was established instead of the free elective system which, in a modified form, had prevailed of late in the upper years. Princeton students are now obliged to make a coherent and progressive selection of studies. From all accounts the result has been highly satisfactory. It is, indeed, no small achievement to create in a body of American undergraduates a reasonable spirit of work and a profound sense of obedience. Within one year of the establishment of her new curriculum, Princeton again comes forward with an idea which attracts the attention of the educational world. At their meeting last week the Trustees formally adopted what has been called the tutorial system, worked out by Dr. Wilson, and in September fifty men will have been added to the Princeton faculty with the title of "preceptor" and with a peculiar and interesting duty. Most of them have been already selected.

The general purpose of this step is not far to seek. It is obvious that when a college grows beyond two or three hundred members the ideal relation between professor and student becomes infrequent. There are honorable exceptions, but in most cases the lecture courses which almost fill the upper years are so large that oral tests are impossible and the professor's personal influence is inconsiderable, while freshmen and sophomores are taught in divisions of from twenty to forty. The direct personal touch, through which alone, as by a sort of apostolic succession, the divine flame of learning leaps from one generation to another, never falls on the heads of most American undergraduates. They are educated by their classmates chiefly, in a slow, rude, wasteful manner, and by the good traditions of their universities, and by a faint effluence descending over vast lecture-rooms. Yet there are elements of culture in the atmosphere of large colleges. Evidently Princeton desires, through her preceptors, to combine the advantages of her ante-bellum compactness with those of her modern growth.

More specifically, what are these preceptors for? It seems that they are not to lecture, nor to hold classes, nor to conduct examinations, but to take students individually, or in very small homogeneous groups, and train them to work. The *work* of a course is not to be hearing lectures or preparing lessons, primarily. Apart from the experimental sciences, it is to consist rather in copious reading and preparing careful written reports on the matter read, with such help, in the way of stimulus and direction, as the lecturer may supply, the emphasis being laid on what is now so often slightingly referred to as "outside reading."

The point of approach is thus entirely changed. To expect collegians to enter the world of learning through this avenue without skillful guidance would be vain. The preceptors are to assist their judgment, give them personal encouragement, and keep them steadily moving. Having scarcely any disciplinary function, the preceptors should be able to stand on a pleasant, man-to-man footing with their pupils. They have been chosen for their qualities as gentlemen, no less than for their standing as scholars. Personality will be all-important where the intercourse between teacher and pupil is so prolonged and intimate as it must henceforth be at Princeton. Supposing that each preceptor has no more than eighteen men assigned to him, he should be able, in three solid forenoons, to give about forty-five minutes a week to every one of them, singly. Or, if they came in groups of three, he could meet every man three times a week. Even the ancient classics can be made to live if they are read copiously, with a good teacher, in a very small division. And in such subjects as history, economics, philosophy, and English literature, where original written reports on large quantities of reading are the essential feature of the course, the services of experienced advisers will be very useful. The gain for students of modern foreign languages will be, no doubt, very great. Regular class-room exercises, whether lectures or recitations, will go on as before, under professors and instructors, but will be somewhat reduced in number.

The preceptors will probably save many men from failure by showing them how to work and awakening unsuspected tastes and abilities. To the better class of students they will be an inspiration, guiding their choice of studies, carrying them beyond the mere curriculum, and establishing lifelong friendships. A feature of the new method will undoubtedly be the training in writing. In effect the preceptors in literature, history, philosophy, economics, politics, jurisprudence, and art will all be teachers of English composition.

Obviously, everything in this Princeton plan will depend upon the quality of the men chosen to execute it. Perhaps fifty men ideally fitted for such work cannot at once be found. President Wilson has made the new office as attractive as possible by giving the preceptors a rank in the faculty and offering salaries that average somewhat higher than those of assistant professors in most colleges. If he succeeds in holding them up to a worthy appreciation of their opportunity, a new stage in the higher education of America has been reached. No more radical movement has ever been made in an American university, and yet it is no experiment, but simply putting into practice the recognized truth that a good education is the most genuinely social process in life.

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The Spectator

"I decline to make you any rash promises of winning," remarked the Spectator's host, as he ushered him into the saloon of his schooner yacht, "but whether we win or not, I think that we shall have a mighty fine sail." The Spectator thought so, too; three thousand miles of open sea offer certain possibilities in this direction; the fact that every mile of it would see the long, trim vessel driven to the limits of her strength and stability in the effort to sail homeward with the German Emperor's Cup promised even more. Logic and years of experience with ocean steamers told him that this light, small fabric of wood and steel was a fragile craft in which to brave the wrath of the Western Ocean, yet a giddy lack of equilibrium seemed incompatible with the neat, well-ordered saloon, the luxurious staterooms, and the stately dignity of the towering spars.

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The Spectator went on deck, and viewed the finishing touches of the work of preparation. He regarded with interest the gleaming rigging, the extra spars lashed upon the snowy decks, the lifelines rigged out above the bulwarks. The yacht's handsome boats had disappeared, and in their place were six businesslike fisherman's dories, "nested" one inside the other, three on either side. The Spectator observed with furtive satisfaction that these were equipped with oars and sail, water and provisions. "If we should suddenly get tired of the schooner," observed his host, with a nod at the dories, "it won't take us long to get away from her. There has never been so much ice reported as this spring," he added, with apparent irrelevance, and it seemed to the Spectator that as he spoke the temperature of the air dropped several degrees.

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The start of the race was singularly impressive to the Spectator. Eleven vessels, of types all the way from a light racing yawl to a big, full-rigged auxiliary steel ship, were starting to race under even conditions from continent to continent. The big fellows lay somewhat inertly about the starting line; there was something imposing in their very lethargy. A damp, chill mist was drifting in from the eastward; the sea looked cold and gray and uninviting. A gun was fired from the committee boat, friends and well-wishers on accompanying tugs waved and shouted their farewells, and the big ocean racers slid off into the mist, and before long each was lost to the others. It seemed to the Spectator that they were very much alone; also that they were face to face with a considerable undertaking. To crawl in so small a vessel across the face of this great, mysterious, veiled ocean seemed sufficiently presumptuous; to crawl faster than the other ten parasites seemed profane. The wind freshened, gained weight, and the Spectator glanced aloft; the tall spars were straining, and wove swift figures through the mist. The deck beneath his feet was at an angle which defied even the purchase given by his corrugated rubber soles. The sea was rising, and the bulk of the vessel appeared in some way oddly diminished; in fact, the Spectator wondered that her smallness of size should have so escaped him. He went below; the floor of the saloon was at a giddying slant, and at intervals the whole place seemed to leap in a manner sadly inconsistent with its perfect orderliness. In one corner of the saloon a "gravity table" supported a water-pitcher and some glasses. One of the glasses had been capsized, and as the eddying eyes of the Spectator fell upon it this glass began to roll *up hill;* moreover, the fluid spilled ran after it. This prodigy was disturbing to the Spectator, who retired in some confusion.

⁂

In the night he was aroused by a sickening crash, followed by a roar. He heard hoarse shouts and many hurrying feet rushing to and fro on the deck above his head. Had it not been for the unmistakable notes of disaster the Spectator could have sworn that the watch on deck were dancing a breakdown. "The masts have been blown out of her," he told himself, "also she has struck upon a rock, and at the same time run into an iceberg. The noise I hear is the falling ice crushing in her decks, and the scuffling of feet is caused by the crew rushing for the boats, . . . but I do not care; she is not *my* schooner." Something stirred in the corridor without, and, slightly shifting his position, the Spectator saw his host in pajamas, studying the chart.

"Hullo!" said the Spectator.

"Hullo," replied the host; "not asleep yet?"

"I was asleep, but the accident woke me up."

"What accident?" asked his host in surprise.

"Oh—when we hit that iceberg—"

"You have been dreaming. There's no ice within three hundred miles."

"There! What was that—and that rushing about?"

"The wind is getting light and the sails are slatting. The crew are setting the spinnaker."

❀

The Spectator has been greatly interested in the behavior of the big ocean steamers encountered. Several, some of them mail steamers, have come miles out of their courses to greet the racing vessel; indeed, there is little doubt that friends ashore know more of how the race is going than any of the contestants. A liner sweeps up, reads the yacht's code flags, when her wireless report flits over long intervening sea-miles, perhaps to be received and wafted onward by another vessel two hundred miles ahead upon her course. One of these encounters was amusing; it was during a hard westerly blow that the schooner rapidly overhauled a British tramp steamer which was plowing along upon the same course. The skipper of the yacht, partly in a spirit of mischief, hoisted his code flags as the two vessels came abeam; with them he hoisted the signaled request, "Please report." Inasmuch as the schooner was rapidly passing the steamer, this request was regarded by the British skipper as a piece of sheer Yankee impudence. In desperation he ran up the answering signal, "Go to ——," the last essential word not being given in the international code.

❀

It has been evident to the Spectator that ocean racing is somewhat of a strain to all concerned—a strain to the hull, the rigging, the nerves. The eyes of the skipper became puffy and red-rimmed; if a sail flapped, the echo found him on deck. One day it became evident that the yacht was in the neighborhood of ice; the temperature of air and water fell, the water almost to freezing, the air a few degrees above. Shortly an iceberg was sighted looming through the haze, and this the skipper eyed resentfully.

"There!" he said to the Spectator, "I wish I'd never seen the cussed thing."

"Knowledge is power," quoted the Spectator, comfortingly.

"Maybe; just the same, I wish that I'd never seen it. After seein' that, I don't feel like crackin' on at night."

"But you will crack on, won't you?" inquired the Spectator, who had made a study of the workings of this man's mind.

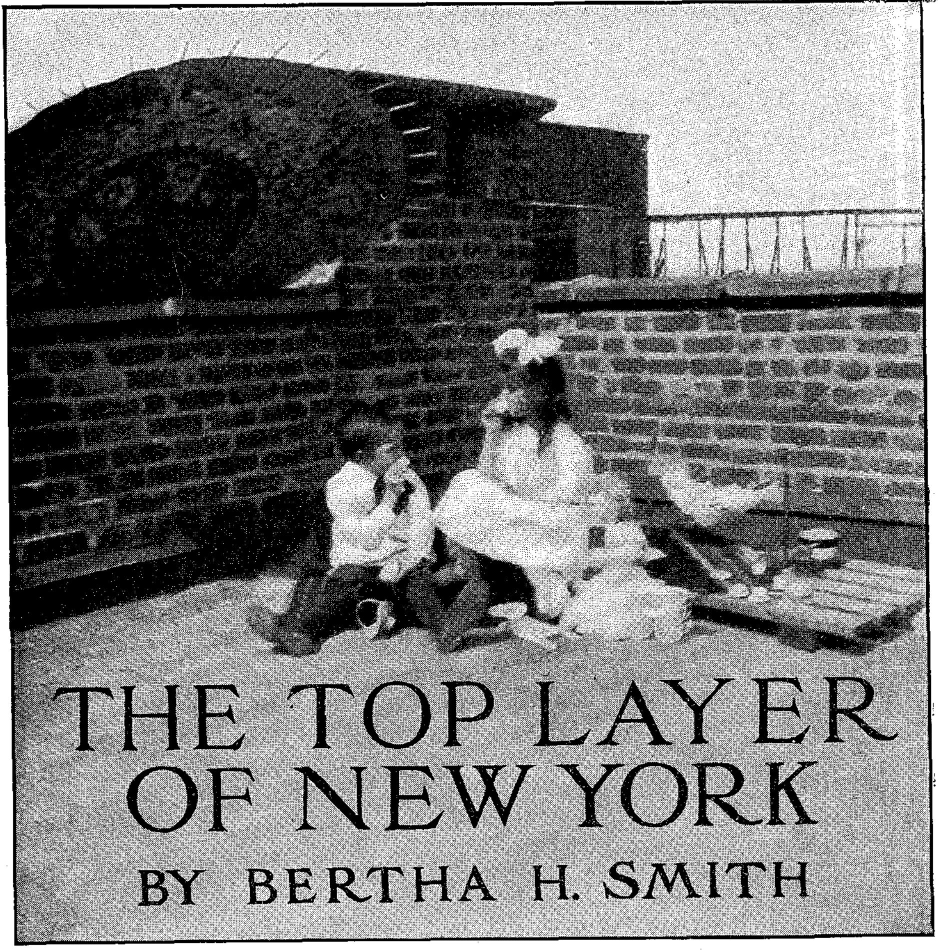
"Oh, of course, I'll sock it to her just the same; that's why I wish I'd never seen the cussed thing."

❀

"I warned you that we might not win," the Spectator was reminded by his host, as the stanch schooner tore past Lizard Head—"but I was right in saying that we would probably have a fine sail."

"Win!" exclaimed the Spectator; "I feel as if we had won the Derby and the Grand Prix and the America's Cup. We may not have beat Atlantic, but we've beat the Atlantic Ocean, and that's the bigger antagonist of the two."

"Your kind words cheer my drooping spirits," replied the Spectator's host. "If we couldn't win the race, we've helped by giving the winner a warm chase, so here's to Atlantic and all swift Yankee schooners, and never mind about saying 'bottoms up.'"



THE TOP LAYER OF NEW YORK

BY BERTHA H. SMITH

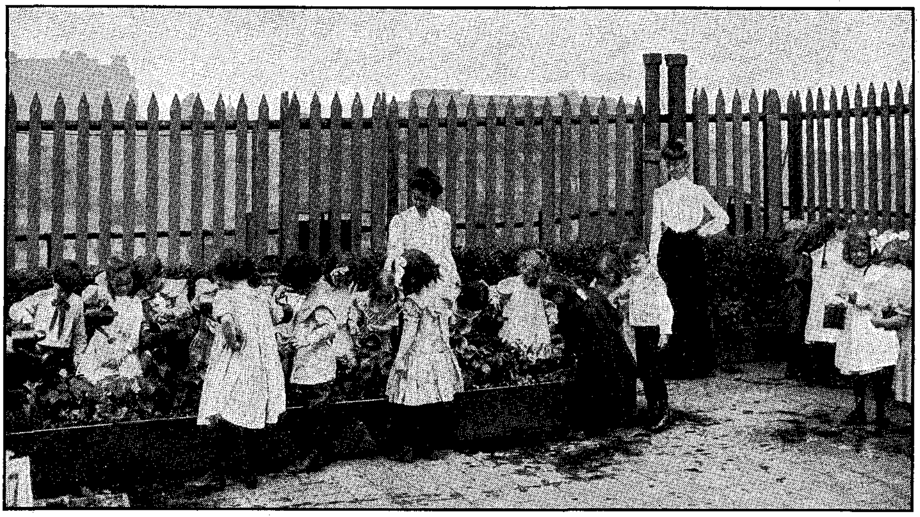
ONCE New York roofs were as others—something for people to live under, not above. The rain slid down their gabled sides; the sun slanted over them to the ground, where grass grew; birds nested under the eaves of them. This was in the days when Father Knickerbocker's wife bleached her linen on the grassy slopes of Maiden Lane, while Father Knickerbocker himself bowled upon the green, of which only a triangular patch remains; then, and for some time after.

But one day the New York roofs got together and reared their heads among the clouds, driving back the sun's rays, offering a flat surface to the rain, sending the birds to other nesting-places. No grass was left for Father Knickerbocker's granddaughters to bleach their linen on; his grandsons must go miles for a golfing green; while their children's playground is the pavement in the hot shadow of flat-roofed apartment rows.

No one will ever know who first saw possibilities in this flat and endless span of roofs—the top layer of New York.

Perhaps it was the East Side tenementer who one night took himself and a few bits of bedding out of the airless, over-peopled room where no sleep could come, climbed the dingy, creaking stairs, and stretched himself out on the warm tin roof, where he could have semi-pure air to breathe and a cool, dark sky to look at if he must lie awake.

Perhaps it was some inventive housemaid who found the area already full when she was ready to hang out her clothes on wash-day, and who thought to stretch a line from air-pipe to dumbwaiter shaft on the apartment roof; or



A CLASS OF BABY GARDENERS ON THE ROOF OF A PARISH HOUSE

the mistress who, coming up to advise the maid, saw in the roof a fine place to sun her hair, or to put the children out to play for an hour or to bring an invalid mother for an airing.

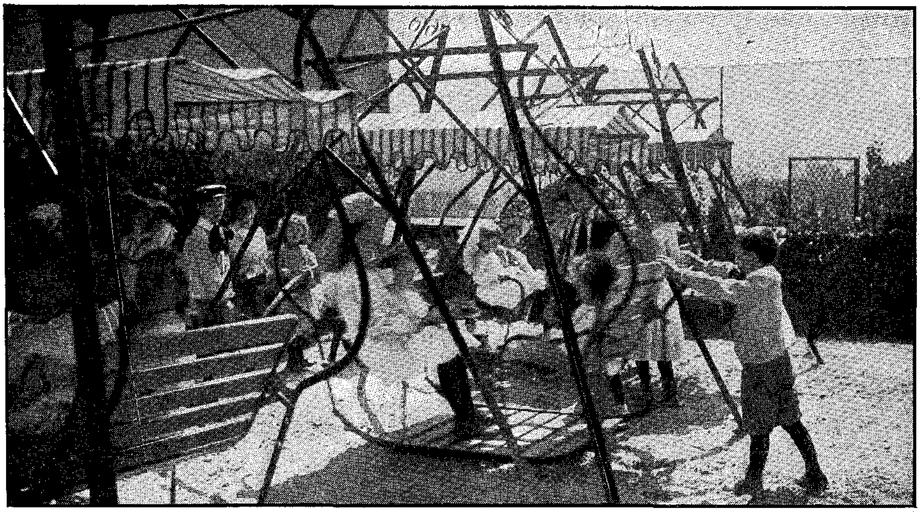
Or it may have been some architect seeking to palliate the sin of planning houses that toe the sidewalk in front and leave scarce space enough in the rear for clothes-lines and back-yard cats; each doing all it can to nullify what should be the inalienable right of a property-owner to light and air.

No matter the who or the why of it. It was about a dozen years ago that New Yorkers began to take to the roof. Since then acres of roof space have been reclaimed and made to eke out this overfull island of Manhattan, whose surface area has proved so inadequate to the demands made upon it that it has of necessity been supplemented by a layer under ground as well as this layer on the roof tops.

The idea of utilizing roof space for other than domestic purposes took concrete form in the opening of a roof garden on top of one of the Broadway

THE ROOF OF A GIRLS' SCHOOL

Covered with wire netting, so that ball games may be played



SWINGS ON A DEPARTMENT STORE ROOF

The store furnishes a maid to look after the children

theaters; and very shortly afterward Madison Square Garden swung its Diana aloft and gave notice to the populace that there, in the heart of Manhattan, was a cool spot where fresh air was to be had at small cost, with a band concert thrown in.

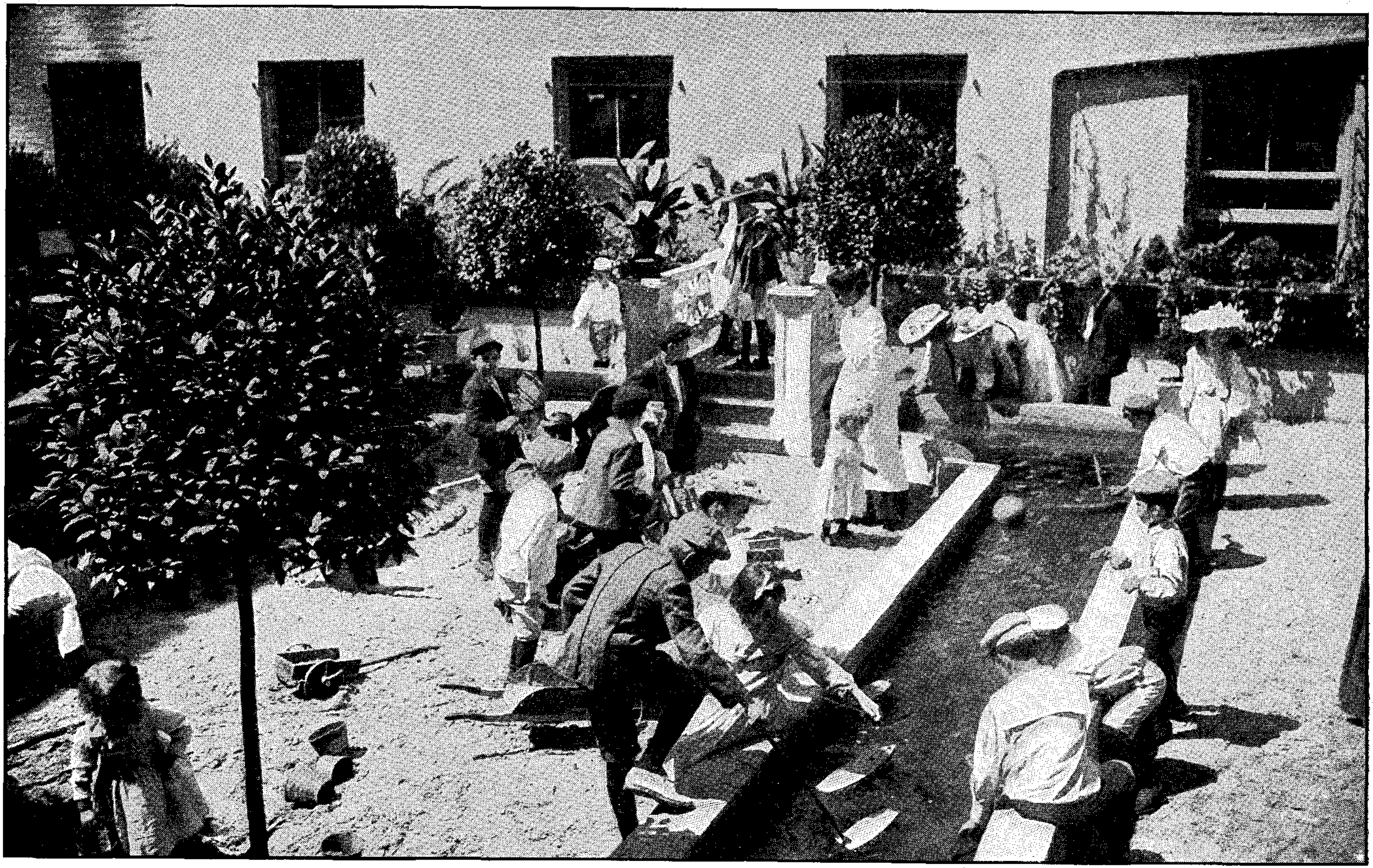
A dozen years ago life was many degrees simpler than it is to-day. For the most part Manhattan Islanders stayed on their island of a summer evening, and sweltered more or less discontentedly on their brownstone doorsteps. Mere keeping cool was novelty enough to attract, and both Madison Square Garden and the Broadway theater roof were crowded nightly, which encouraged other theater-owners to follow their example.

But mere keeping cool could not satisfy long. New York was beginning to demand variety; and as the novelty of keeping cool wore off, and more roof gardens were opened, there came rivalry in the entertainment offered.

The band concert was varied with singing and other specialties until finally it came to be a regular vaudeville programme or a full-fledged musical comedy

A GAME OF FOOTBALL

A dozen or more school roofs in New York are used as playgrounds for summer vacation schools



A DEPARTMENT STORE ROOF PLAYGROUND

Here, while the mothers shop, their children can sail boats, dig in the sand, and play games that people took with their fresh air and cool drinks. The roof gardens were roofed in, and the prices raised to regular theater schedule, and there seemed to be a solution of the problem of the summer season, which before the advent of the roof garden was a dreary waste in the theatrical year.

But while there was money in roof gardens in the days of fifty cents admission, there proved to be little in them at two dollars, if theatrical managers speak truly. Their reasoning sounds reasonable. Then the star-spangled sky was roof enough, and a platform for the Hungarian band was not an expensive item; and people good-naturedly climbed stairs to enjoy the novelty. Now the double-decker theaters, of which there are seven, represent an investment of at least two million dollars for the roof gardens alone, the roof theater differing slightly from the one below, save that there is a little less plush, a little more air from open windows at the sides, and perhaps some mural icebergs instead of the tapestry hangings. The stage equipment is the same, the specialties offered in summer cost more than those offered in winter, and there is the additional cost of the aerial promenade for the entr'acte and the expense of elevator service, for the days of stair-climbing are past.

Meanwhile Coney Island has come forward with its manifold attractions, and there are floating roof gardens and a good baker's dozen of rival attractions for summer evenings, which curtail the profits of the theater roof garden, and make managers shake their heads and sigh for the fifty-cent days.

While the theater roof garden may not be an unqualified success as a business venture, it has amply justified its existence by demonstrating the possibilities of the top layer of New York.

When the theater roof garden was in the first flush of popularity, the Metropolitan Club was building its new marble club-house at the Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park. The builders saw that the roof idea was good, and arranged the roof of the building for use as a garden. For a dozen summers now the members of this club, whose monogram cut in the cartouches of the window arches is more often read Millionaires' Club than Metropolitan, have dined on the roof on those evenings when business keeps them away from their country places or their yachts. No other roof in New York affords such a view as this. To put it in the words of one of the Club members:

"We can see Fifth Avenue from end to end, and that's New York. We have Central Park for a garden; and at night we look out on the New York lights that radiate from us in every direction till they meet the stars."

Other clubs have followed the example of the Metropolitan, and members of the Union Club, New York Yacht Club, City Club, and University Club have joined the swelling army of roof-dwellers. All these club roofs are open, with only an awning between the diners or loungers and the weather. Now and then it rains at dinner-time, and rain is no respecter of persons. It has a way of falling alike on the just and the unjust, on tenementer and millionaire, on all who will not go in out of it. When this happens, the only thing to do is to carry the tables downstairs.

And they tell of one evening at the Metropolitan when the roof was full of diners, and it began to rain. Among the diners was one of the Club's big-game men, in town for a few days from the wilds of northern Canada. He had with him at table his Canadian guide, and the two went on with their soup, with the rain dripping through an opening in the awning in little puddles on the table.

One by one the other tables were carried down, the diners following, stepping gingerly, as a cat picks its way over a wet floor. Still the hunter and his guide ate their soup as unconcernedly as if it were not growing weaker with every splash of rain. The waiters stood about uneasily, but the hunter made no sign. At last the superintendent of the Club went to him and said, "Don't you want your table carried downstairs?"

The big-game man looked at him in surprise, and all he said was, "Why?"

Why, indeed? What was a bit of rain in his soup to a man who lives for months of every year in the last row of woods this side the Arctic Circle, who trails bear and moose and caribou wherever they may lead him, without waiting for it to stop raining, in luck to have a tent over him and some tinned things to eat when he stops for the night? He and his guide sat on through the dinner, and had their cigars there, with the rain in pools under their feet.

When the men of the Metropolitan Club tell this story, they always add: "But that's the only man in the Club who hasn't sense enough to come in out of the rain."

From theaters and clubs the contagion spread to hotels, and the roofs of most of the newer ones have been built strong enough for a floor. As a rule, the hotels have roofed in their roofs, leaving them open only at the sides, that they may be used rain or shine. One of the big family hotels that faces Central Park, however, with a view to emphasizing the advantages of New York as a summer resort, has left its roof entirely open; and by building kiosks and arbors, and training vines over them to keep out sun and wind and rain, has made it a delightful place for all weathers. Elaborate landscape effects have been introduced on this floor, transforming it into a veritable garden; and all sense of its being a housetop is lost until one looks over the parapet to the street below, or out upon the broad, sweeping view of the city from river to river, from the huddled sky-scrapers of the lower end to the scattered dwellings of the suburbs. This roof has cost something like twenty-five thousand dollars, and is far and away the most perfect example of a roof garden in New York among many that are admirable.

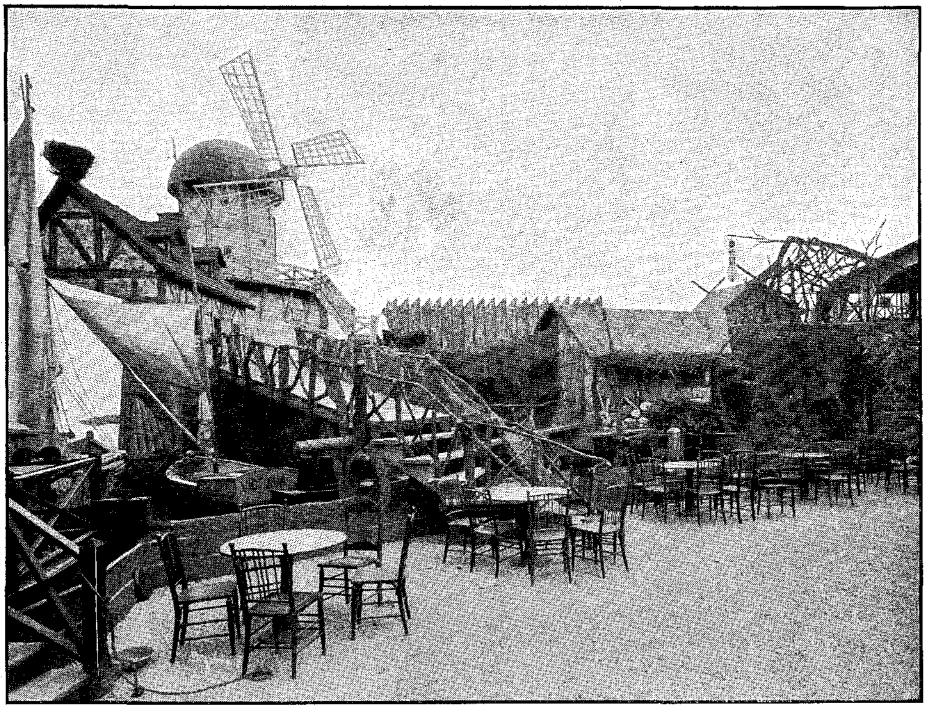
In the elaboration of the roof idea, architects and landscape gardeners are coming more and more into competition. Where the former prevails, there are more kiosks and arbors and pergolas, more ornate parapets, pillars, and arcades, than when the gardener has his way, and uses the space for shrubs and vines and flowering plants.

That New York's newest and most exclusive hotel has no roof garden is prophetic of nothing at all. It does not mean that hotel roof gardens are not popular. Rather the reverse, for, to quote an attaché of the St. Regis, "I suppose the reason we haven't one is because roof gardens have become so common. It is so ordinary to have a roof garden, and the one thing we are not is ordinary."

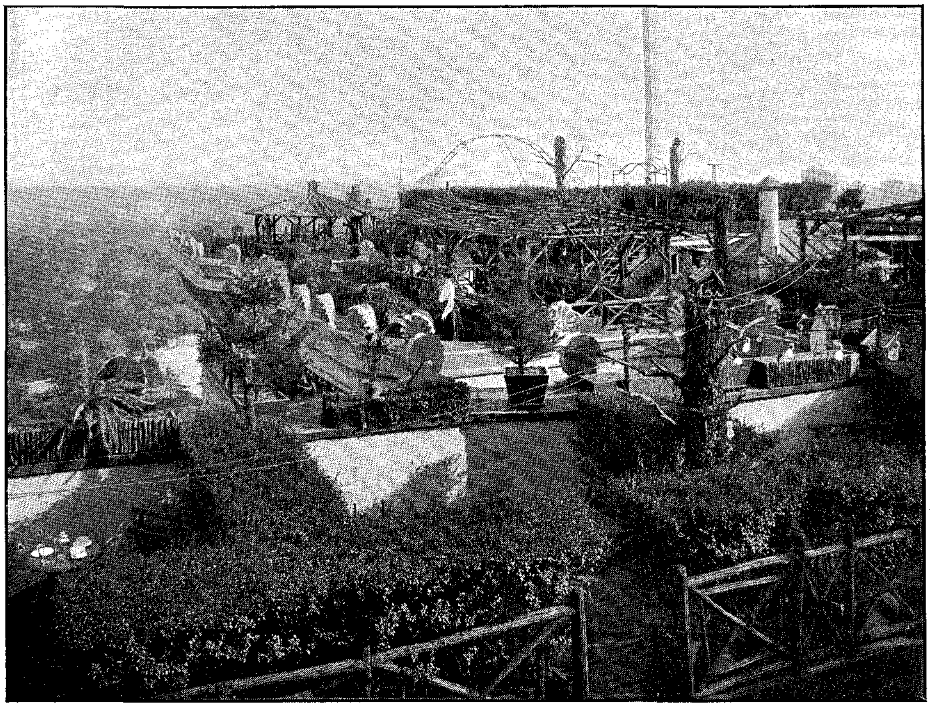
A HOSPITAL ROOF
A valuable adjunct to recently built hospitals

This consideration has in no wise governed the recently built hospitals, which are realizing more and more the benefits to be derived from the sun bath taken in the open; and where the buildings have no grounds, the roof forms a very excellent substitute. The new Mount Sinai Hospital has the most spacious roof of any, but the Lying-in Hospital, the new Red Cross Hospital, and the French Hospital have used what space they have to good advantage.

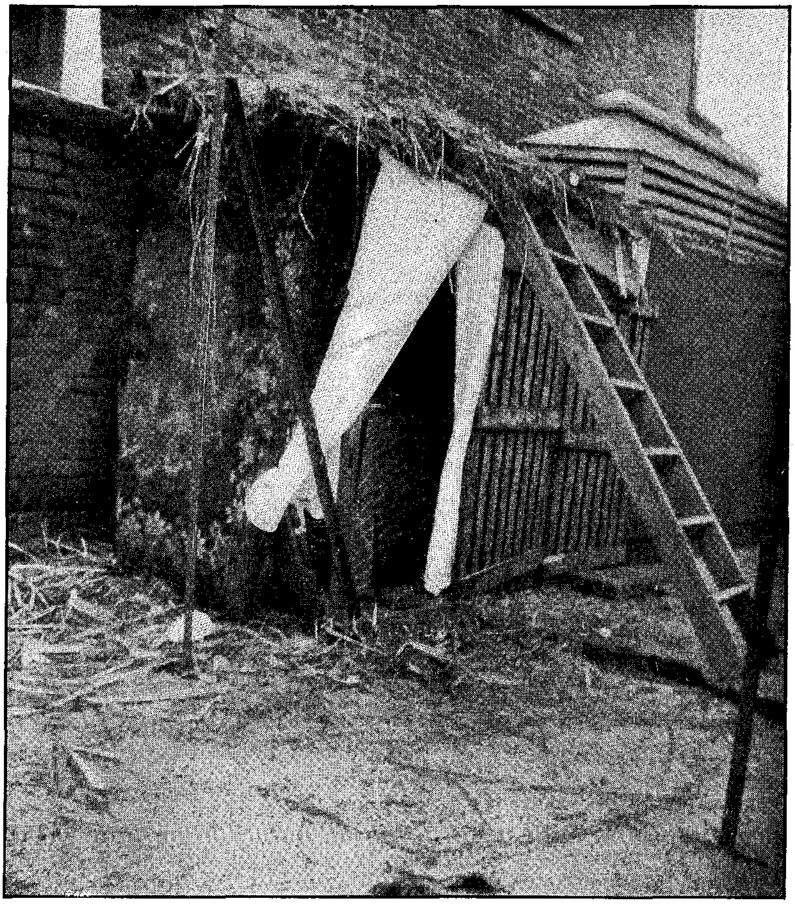
Public school roofs have also been pressed into service to supplement cramped play space, and on at least a dozen buildings in the more crowded districts the work of the vacation schools is carried on on the roof, the only inclosure being a wire netting, which serves not only as a protection for the children, but for the people below, who might



A THEATER ROOF GARDEN PROMENADE



A HOTEL ROOF GARDEN



A JEWISH "SUKOTH"

Erected by an orthodox Jew on a tenement-house roof in commemoration of the Hebrews' journey out of Egypt

otherwise prove too great a temptation for the missiles of the mischievous.

The roofs of parish and settlement houses have been put to similar use; and here in the air and sunshine little ones are taught their kindergarten games on summer mornings, or helped to plant seeds in flower-boxes that later in the season serve to beautify the roof; and it sometimes happens that the lesson is carried home, and on some miserable tenement roof a little garden is started, to be watered and tended and loved by children, who thus unconsciously protest against the dingy surroundings in which their lives have been cast.

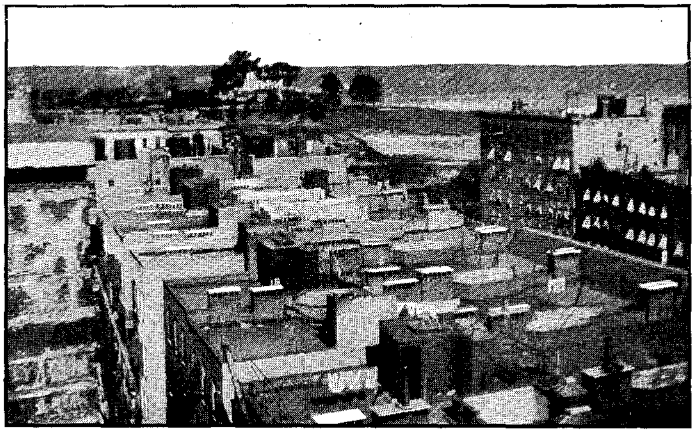
These settlement and school roofs serve at night as recreation centers for the neighborhood, and are filled nightly with thousands from the crowded tenements, who willingly trudge the many flights of stairs to get away from the noise and heat of the street below, which is the only alternative from rooms which are far from inviting on a summer night. On most of the school roofs band concerts are offered as a special attraction, and out of the school fund men and women are paid to direct the children in their games, and see that order is maintained, the roof gardens being the counterpart of the winter recreation centers.

In these districts the tenement roofs are a network of clothes-lines by day, a vast camping-ground by night. Over these roofs many a Raggsy Reagan has fled from his pursuers; while tax-collectors, tenement inspectors, census men, and others on like errands use the roofs as a thoroughfare to save a climb of stairs in going from tenement to tenement. At the close of the Jewish holiday season the roofs find a new use. Wherever the orthodox Jew is found, on his roof may be seen a rudely built shed thatched with long wisps of marsh grass. This is his "sukoth," in which for eight days he eats his meals and reads his prayers, in commemoration of the journey of the children of Israel out of Egypt.

One of the really unique developments of the roof-garden idea is that of a Sixth Avenue department store, which has fitted up its roof as a play-place, where shoppers may leave their children in the care of a maid while they rummage for advertised bargains. To give it a park-like appearance, tons of Coney Island sand have been spread over the roof, a large pile of it being left in the center for the children to dig in with their shovels. Around the sand-pile is a moat, in which turtles crawl lazily, keeping well out of the way of boats which the children sail on its surface. A menagerie of small animals such as children love—rabbits, parrots, white mice, monkeys, birds, and a goat—make the children forget all about their mothers, and the noisy tunes of a street-piano man stationed there fail to drown their shrieks of delight. One section of the roof is given over to swings, and another to a Shetland pony, on which the children have a free ride. To judge by the patronage of this roof garden, where everything is without money and without price, it would seem that the $10,000 it cost was well spent in this novel method of advertising the store. In winter the roof is stripped of its greens, its toy lake and sand-pile, its swings and animal cages, and is flooded for sledding and skating.

This roof and the school and settlement roofs indicate the real need for the reclamation of the waste space on the roof tops—a play-place for children. In the economy of things New York has made little provision for children. The apartment-house answers more or less satisfactorily the question of wherewithal shall city folk be housed. The apartment-house has been accepted as the city home—now and as far ahead as we can see. The best apartment-houses deal with the problem of children by prohibiting them. The cheaper ones allow them—that is all. There is no recognition on the part of landlords of the child's natural right to a place to play, and tenants are too thankful to get a roof over their heads to dare ask for more.

The result is that with the closing of school every afternoon during the school term, and all day during the summer vacation, a half-million children find their way to the streets to play. It is then that the juvenile courts get their grist and the death-rate from accidents moves upward. It is then that the morals and manners of school and home give way to the pavement and cobblestone code, which is one of grimy hands, quick tongues, and ready fists; and the few summer months of the latter are stronger



NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

in their influence than the many months of the other.

While these children are on the street, miles of apartment roofs are unused save by the laundress. Here and there one may discover a little group of children playing in the shade of a chimney or dumb-waiter shaft, and by night strings of Japanese lanterns swung from the clothes-lines show where a roof party is in progress; but children have not yet come into their own so far as roofs are concerned. Their day has but dawned.

It only awaits a general demand on the part of tenants for apartment-owners to go to the comparatively slight expense of making roofs safe for children to play there in numbers, when the roof will become to city children what lawn and veranda are to those of the suburb and small town.

This has already been done on many private houses, whose roofs have been fitted up by way of experiment by summer stay-at-homes, the furnishings varying from a few inexpensive rustic seats, some rugs and hammocks and an awning, to more expensive mission furniture and the complete appointments of a living-room. The matter of cost is optional. It may be a few dollars or a few thousand dollars.

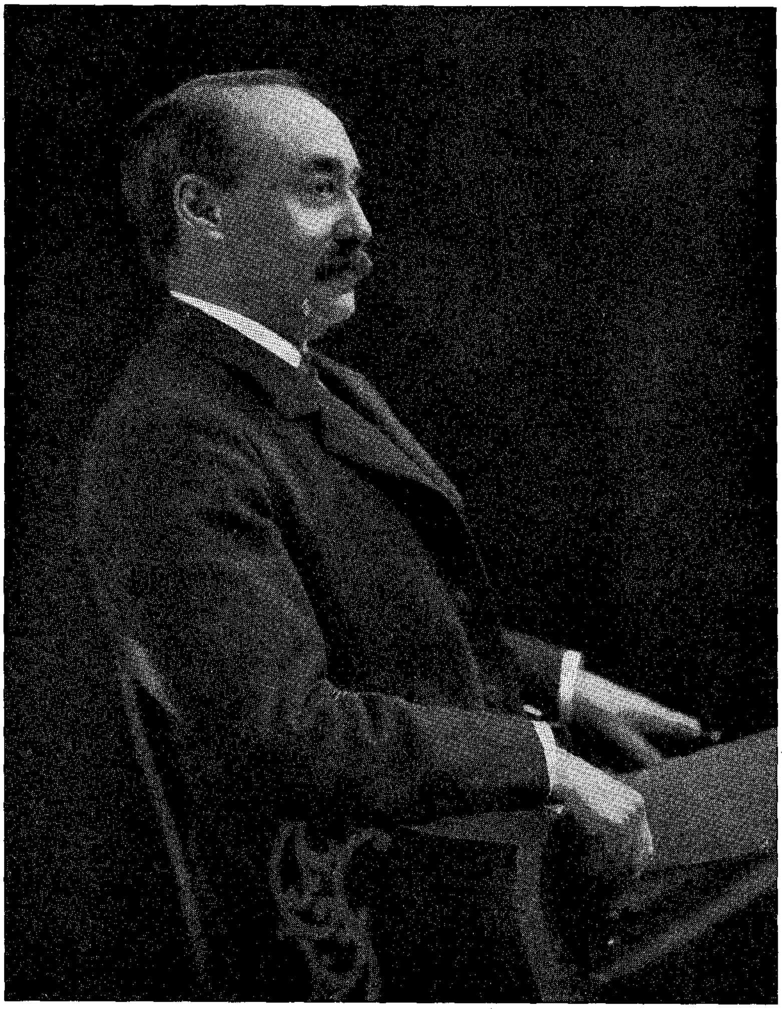
At present the roof garden is entirely a summer institution. It appears with the first day of summer and vanishes with the straw hat. Theater, hotel, and club roofs are turned over to the florist the first day of June; and in accordance with the New Yorker's custom of living by the calendar, with a set date for leaving town and another for returning, a date for turning on the heat in the fall and a date for turning it off in the spring, regardless of temperature, September 15 is the date set for dismantling them. On this day Wall Street takes off its straw hat, and no self-respecting New Yorker would be seen on a roof garden after he had left off his straw hat.

But when children are transferred from the gutter to the roof, their season will doubtless be a more elastic one—more like that of the washerwoman than that of the amusement-seeker. By means of a portable glass roof for winter, it might even be made to cover a twelvemonth.

The New Secretary of the Navy

MR. Charles J. Bonaparte, who has been selected by President Roosevelt for the post of Secretary of the Navy, made vacant by the resignation of Secretary Paul Morton, is a lawyer, a politician in the best sense of the word, and a practical reformer. While he is a Republican, he has never hesitated to criticise his party, and even to fight its organization when he felt that it was not taking the right course. In his own State and city he worked hard to overthrow the corrupt machine which was intrenched in power, and had no small part in its final defeat in 1895. He early identified himself with the movement for Civil Service Reform, and he has been and still is one of the most prominent and active foes of the theory that in political life "to the victor belong the spoils." It was in this field of reform that Mr. Bonaparte and President Roosevelt first became closely allied. From this association arose a friendship cemented by their identity of purpose and their common hatred of "graft," corruption, and the exploitation of public office for private ends. Mr. Bonaparte has already been honored by President Roosevelt by his selection as special counsel for the investigation of frauds in the Post-Office Department, and by his appointment as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. He is President of the National Municipal League, a member of the National Civic Federation, and is actively interested in many movements for reform in city, State, and National government. His uprightness, singleness of purpose, and lack of self-seeking ambition command the respect of men of all parties. The Baltimore "Sun," a Democratic paper, pays him this tribute:

> In Maryland he stands for the best that can be gotten out of politics, and he has



CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

> risen to power and influence in his party without compromising his self-respect or truckling to any boss. . . . He is a trained lawyer of distinction, of ripe scholarship, thoroughly acquainted with men and their methods; he has never faltered in the effort to beat down crookedness in politics, and is, like the President, honest and desirous of reverting to the plain and clean way of dealing with public affairs.

Mr. Bonaparte's ancestry is not without interest. His father was the only son of Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon I., and Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a wealthy ship-owner of Baltimore. Mr. Bonaparte was born in 1851, was graduated from Harvard University twenty years later and from the Harvard Law School in 1874. He has practiced law in Baltimore for thirty-one years. He has a strong personality, quietly forceful and genial, with a keen sense of humor which must have been of great value to him in his profession and his political activities.

This appointment is noteworthy because it will strengthen the Cabinet on its advisory side, because it adds to the President's official family a representative of the South, and because it calls to a position of influence in the National Government a man whose wide experience in political life has not, as so often happens, lowered his moral standard, impaired his judgment, or debased his honesty.

My Cow-Path

By Helena Crumett Lee

RIGHT out through the fields and up the hill this particular cow-path runs. The hill is called a mountain by the inhabitants, and it is named the Gruppsberg. That does not affect the cow-path, however; it lies out its leisurely length, twisting to escape a bush, and turning a bit to dodge a hollow. It passes through a brook in the next field to the barn, and in dry seasons you can trace its muddy line distinctly through the shallow water.

When we first came, the cow-path did not especially impress me. There was so much to see; there were so many things to marvel at. Every night, when the sun was setting and the whole hillside was golden yellow, the cows came down the path, silhouetted against the bright sky. It was said they went up in the morning. Most of the farmers finish their milking by five, and the cows' morning constitutional was a myth to me. They were always on the top of the mountain, and they invariably came down at night. That was all.

They never were enticed far from the path. One night the father of the herd was nibbling at some clover which grew beside the path, when a bee, lighting on a flower near by, grazed his ear. Instantly that ear stood at attention, and his tail was raised. One eye rolled weatherwards, until the little red line showed at the corner. Down went the head, and that eye and its mate looked menacingly at the careless bee. Still the call of the path was loud enough to drown his anger, and he went on.

When the day was hot, the cows loitered in the cool brook, and the flies stayed with them. Even then they did not go far from the path.

One summer afternoon the sun was covered, and of a sudden a sharp wind sprang up. The trees swayed and moaned, and a hiss and crackle came from the forest. Kitty grabbed her sunbonnet and started after the cows. Rover, her dog, followed. The rain was upon them before they were half-way up the mountain, and the quick lightning played about their figures. The cows had hoped she would think of them. They were waiting near the bars. Bang! Crash! went the thunder. The zigzag lightning darted down and buried itself in the mountain. The rain beat upon the earth. It was running in great rivulets down the hillside, but, dazed and blinded as they were, the cows still stuck to that path, and instinctively felt their way over the uncovered stones.

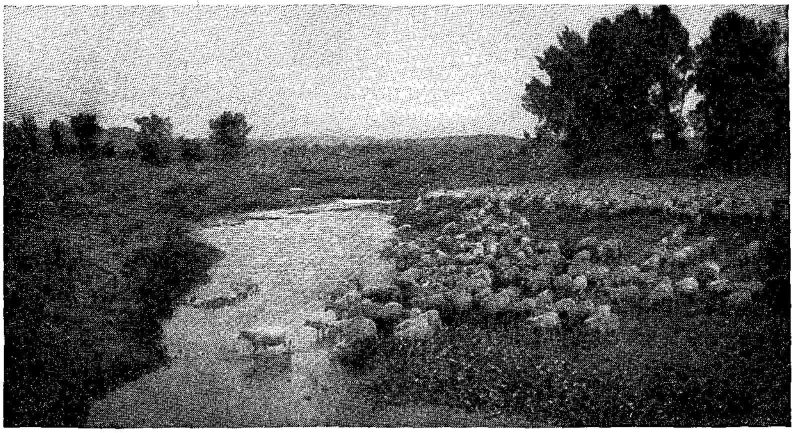
Then it was that the real use of the cow-path dawned upon me. In sun and shower, glad or sorry, contented or angry, the feet that had been trained to walk along the trodden track in the grass kept to it. If the clover on the right smelled sweet, it did not matter. What an economy of nature it was!

There was a boy who could not see why a task should be done regularly every day, even when there was no present need for it. The boy and I had thrashed the subject over without much result.

"You remember the cow-path?" I asked.

There was a pause. "Yes," he said.

THE SHEEP HERDERS OF THE WEST



By Arthur Chapman

ONE after another the great cattle strongholds of the West are being given over to the sheep-herder and his flock. The ranges that ten or fifteen years ago were dotted with cattle now undulate with tens of thousands of woolly backs. The cowboy, who once made such a brave and picturesque figure on the plains, has been succeeded by the herder, who seldom travels horseback, but who can shoot and ride and swear and be quite as genuinely likable as his predecessor. Indeed, it will be found in many cases that the cowboy is now the sheep-herder, for the cow-puncher has overcome much of his once deep-seated prejudice against the sheep man. It is by no means uncommon to find old-time cowboys herding sheep to-day, and they explain it simply enough by saying that it is better to go into a business that pays better and that promises to last longer than a business that is "shot to Hades"—such being the term expressive of the cattle industry in the West to-day.

Even northern Wyoming, the home of "The Virginian" and of Lin McLean, has been conquered by the sheep men, or rather, one should say, by the sheep men and the small ranchers combined. The small ranchers cut up the great cattle ranges, and made it next to impossible to run great herds, for cattle are not close feeders and require much grazing space. Then along comes the band of sheep that feeds out every spear of grass, and, behold! the unfenced quarter-sections and townships are utilized to good advantage. Therefore the triumph of the sheep man must be regarded as simply the triumph of economy over waste. In Johnson County, Wyoming, where Owen Wister found the setting for so many of his delightful tales, the cattle-man is no longer supreme. To be sure, one meets with round-ups in the spring and fall, but they are small in comparison with the round-ups of the days when there were few ranches in the Powder River country, and when the great plains that stretched eastward from the Big Horn mountains were never overhung by the dust-clouds that tell of moving bands of sheep. And when the sheep men secure the upper hand in such an ideal cattle country as that of the Powder River, there is no denying the fact that the Gibraltar of the old-time cowmen has been lost, and that there is a new order of things in Cattle Land.

The sight of a band of sheep in the northern Wyoming country is something not soon to be forgotten. It may be a band of stalwart, black-horned bucks trudging swiftly along the road toward the mountains that are swimming in purple to the west. The bucks have just been dipped, with tens of thousands of others, at the Government dipping station, and are being taken back to the Big Horns for more mountain grazing ere winter sets in. Behind them, staff in hand, stalks the herder, while in and out, with tireless feet, flit the sheep-dogs, bullying the stragglers and strays.

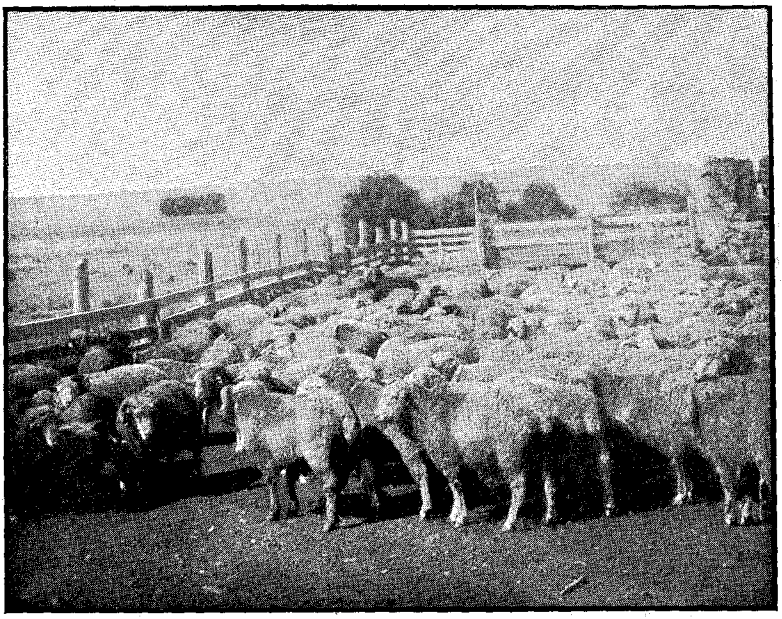
Or one may see an immense herd "feeding out" an adjacent hill. Near at hand is a canvas-covered wagon—the traveling home of the sheep-herders—and on a near-by knoll sits the flock-master, idly building a miniature monument of stones, with his dogs sitting at his side. Only for the faint, confused cry of the sheep, the whole might seem like a giant scene done in wax in some Brobdingnagian Eden Musée. Or one may happen on the flock at sunset, when the sheep are feeding among the cottonwoods in a river bottom. If so, it is worth while to stay until the sheep-herder gathers up the far-flung edges of the band and sends the scurrying, bleating ewes and lambs across the stream to their bed-ground. The long line of sheep

"BIG JIM" EVERETT, A TYPICAL WYOMING SHEEP-HERDER, AND HIS PRIZE SHEEP-DOGS crowding across the little stream, each woolly back set in a glow by the last rays of sunlight filtering through the red dust, is a scene to make the conventional pastoral painting seem anæmic in comparison.

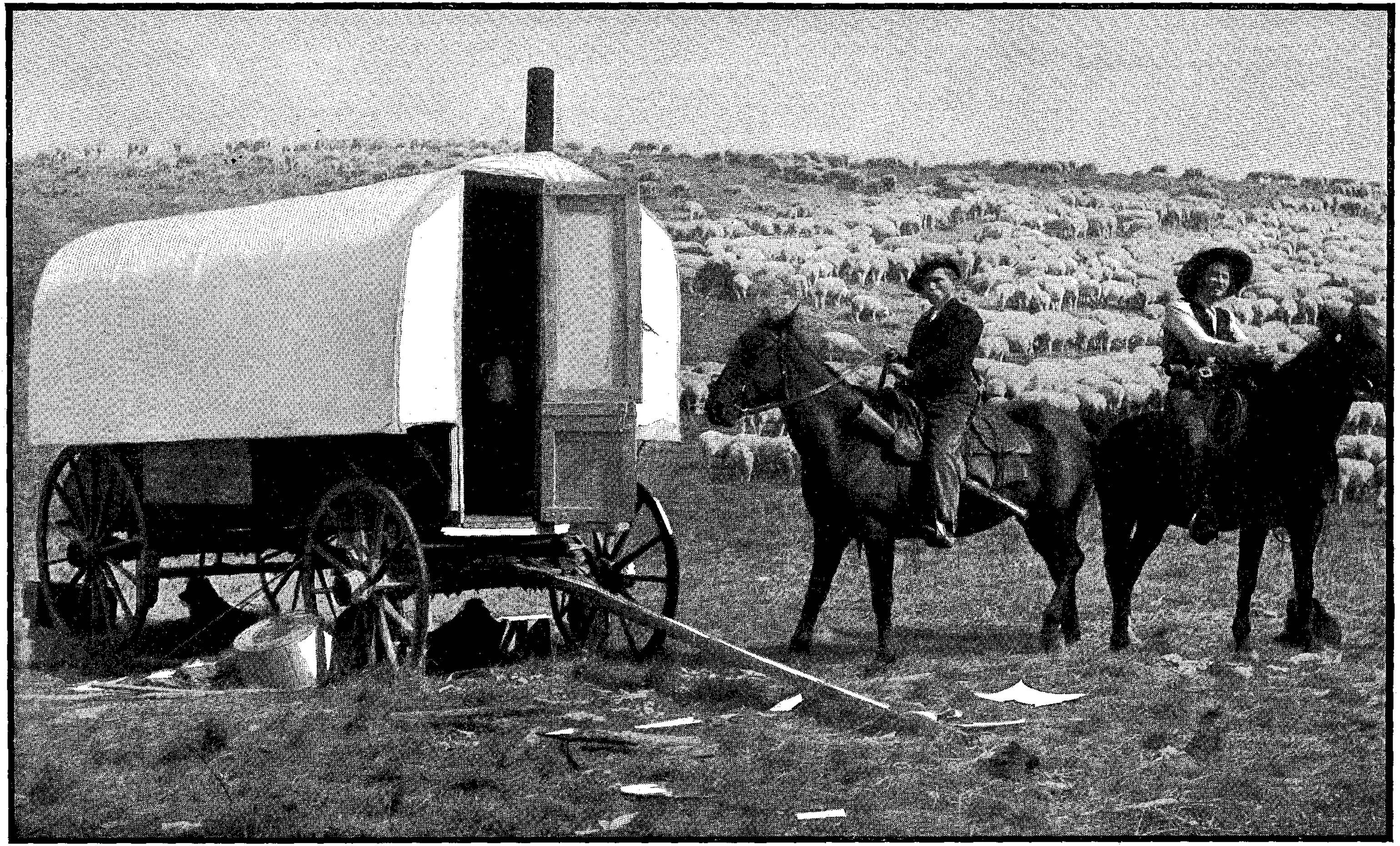
The life of the sheep-herder has been pictured as one of lonesomeness and monotony, and many stories have been told about men going insane owing to lack of companionship. These stories are true only in part. A herder is never alone longer than a few days at a time, as the company's "camp-tender" is constantly visiting him to see that he is supplied with the necessaries of life and to take notes as to the progress of the herd. These camp-tenders are in the nature of general overseers. They take the herder's order for food and see that it is delivered, and they confer with him regarding changes of location, condition of range, and other questions affecting the well-being of the flock. One herder will be assigned to a flock of about two thousand sheep. He lives on the best the market affords, and any time he desires fresh meat he can kill the choicest lamb in the herd. He gets from forty to sixty dollars a month, in addition to his "keep," and the camp-tenders receive more. It is a poor sheep-herder who cannot save enough in a few years to start a little bunch of sheep for himself. Most of the sheep kings of Wyoming have made their start in this way. There is nothing that runs into money so rapidly as a herd of sheep, and fortunes are being won in the business every year in these days of high-priced wool and mutton.

The sheep-herder has been pictured by writers of "car-window" Western fiction as a surly, uncommunicative individual, whose mind has been warped or dwarfed by the oppression of great solitudes. But, as a matter of fact, the sheep-herder, especially in Northern States where Mexicans are few, averages very well in comparison with the ranchman or cowboy. Some of them are equal to a debate with any city resident on topics of the day, or even on literature. The writer remembers seeing a young sheep man "moving camp" in northern Wyoming. The camp belongings were piled into the big sheep-wagon, and the youth in charge was following the herd to a new grazing ground. As he stopped to water his horses, the sheep man fell into conversation, and soon brought the subject to literature.

"I have about sixty dollars' worth of books in that wagon," he said, simply. "I get most of the magazines, too. They



A HERD OF SHEEP IN THE DIPPING-PEN



SHEEP HERDERS AND THE WAGON IN WHICH THEY LIVE WINTER AND SUMMER are a week or so late in reaching me; but this life on the plains is not so frenzied that one must be up to the minute in everything."

These sheep-wagons, which are used in all the sheep-raising States of the West, are models of strength and utility. They are the outgrowth of the rude experience of the frontier, and there is nothing about them that is not vital. They are strong, wide-bottomed vehicles, built to withstand the jolting that one gets in traveling across plains that are innocent of roads. Each is covered by a rounded top of canvas, like the top of an emigrant wagon, serving the double purpose of a tent in summer and protection against the winds in winter. At one end is a stove on which the herder displays his skill as a cook. A folding shelf can be let down as a bunk, and there are lockers at the sides and underneath the wagon-box. The amount of material that can be stowed in one of these wagons, and still leave room for the herders, is something astounding. When camp is moved, the sheep-wagon resembles a moving-van, it has such a conglomeration of material inside it. In such a wagon the herder can live comfortably winter and summer. The Wyoming wind-storm may rock the wagon on its springs, but nothing can tip it over. Lying in their bunks, with a merry fire going in the stove, the herders can defy the fiercest blizzard that ever swept across the plains.

The sheep-wagons are continually on the move. In summer in the Big Horn country the flocks are taken to the mountains, where the grazing is excellent, the water pure, and the climate ideal. Here the lambs gain strength rapidly. In the fall the herds are moved down to the plains, where the winters can be withstood to best advantage. The most trying time of the year for the sheep-herder is in the early spring. Lambing time is when the herder's sinecure vanishes. He must work hard and faithfully if he is to serve the best interests of his employers. The lambs generally come when the early March blizzards are likely to arrive, and the time is one of anxiety. One blizzard, swooping down on a lot of new-born lambs, may wipe out a whole season's profits, or may even spell utter ruin for the owners of the herds. The lambs must be carried to places of safety when they are born, for the coyotes become unusually daring at lambing time, and are constantly watching a chance to dash into the edge of the flock and make way with a dainty morsel. At night the herder must circle his flock again and again, and sky-rockets must be fired occasionally to frighten the lank and hungry beasts whose eyes sometimes make a circle of flaming dots around a herd. The faithful dogs are overworked at this time of the year, also; but they seem to realize that more is expected of them, and they give their energies uncomplainingly, fighting off coyotes, and worrying and bullying foolish ewes and staggering lambs into their places of safety.

Lambing time over, the routine begins again for the sheep-herder. He must occasionally bring his flock down to the dipping-pens, where every sheep is made to swim through a long vat containing a mixture of sulphur and tobacco. Once dipped in this, the sheep is supposed to be proof, for a few months at least, against the dread sheep disease, scab.

The coyote is the worst enemy of the sheep-herder. Although utterly lacking in courage, the coyote is not without a certain determination. He is the Sherlock Holmes of the animal world when it comes to craft, and he will maneuver all day with the twin objects of keeping out of range of the herder's rifle and getting a sheep where he can kill it. The coyote knows sheep nature as well as the herder himself. He is aware that every herd can easily be stampeded, and that if a single sheep can be worked a few yards away from the herd it can be readily run off on the prairie to be devoured at leisure. Indeed, an occasional sheep will, without any reason whatever, make a break from the herd and bolt out on the plain. Sheep are full of silly alarms, and have not the intuition that teaches cattle to remain close together in time of trouble. Once worked away from the herd, and behind a convenient knoll, or in an arroya, where the keen eyes of the herder or the herder's dogs cannot see, the coyote swoops down upon his prey. The sheep sinks to the ground and "sulls" or plays 'possum, and the coyote will literally tear it to pieces without getting so much as a bleat or a struggle from it.

The bucks are not like the ewes, however, in this respect. They can take fairly good care of themselves, and will even fight off coyotes. Their formidable horns are too much for the coyote to combat, and consequently the scavengers of the plains devote themselves almost entirely to the herds of ewes and lambs.

The deadly rattlesnake, so dreaded by other animals of the great plains, is not much feared by the sheep. Right after shearing time, when the hides of the sheep are exposed, some of them fall victims to the rattlers, but generally the thick wool is ample protection against the fangs of the snake.

At night a herd of sheep is constantly on the move.

"They're like a woman who is in the habit of hearing burglars," said a sheep-herder to the writer. "It is no sooner dark than they begin seeing and hearing things. I remember one night a sheep was trying to get some oats out of a nose-bag that had been thrown on the ground. He got the bag fastened over his head, and his struggles started the whole herd of three thousand sheep on a stampede."

Unlike stampeded cattle, however, the sheep do not run far. They will stop and tremble and ask each other plaintive questions, and then they will return slowly to their bed-ground. But in the meantime several of them have been run off by coyotes unless the herder and his dogs are on the spot in a hurry.

A HERDER WATERING HIS DOGS IN THE DESERT BY POURING WATER INTO THE CROWN OF HIS HAT

The sheep-herders themselves have to be constantly on their guard against rattlesnakes. In midsummer, when the rattlers go blind for a time, the snakes are the most vicious. Many a herder has been struck, with no possible help within miles, and has sat down to await the coming of a swift and agonizing death.

A herder was bringing his flock down from the Big Horn mountains in the hot sunshine of early September. Wishing to hurry a straggling sheep, the herder picked up an empty tomato-can which was lying in the hot dust of the road. As he swung the can back to throw it he heard the rattle of a snake. He flung the can with all his strength, and, when it struck, out bounced a lively and decidedly angry rattler.

Without his dogs the sheep-herder would indeed be helpless. The Western sheep-dog not only has all the intelligence of "Bob, Son of Battle," but has developed a lion-like courage that does not come to the collie on his native heath. For he must close with coyotes and wolves, and must even show fight to a bear if his master's sheep are in danger. In everything is the dog held responsible, and in everything does he meet the demands upon him.

If one wishes to get a glimpse of the Western sheep-dog at his best, he should make a trip down on the alkali-whitened shores of Crazy Woman Creek in northern Wyoming, and hunt up "Big Jim" Everett, ex-cowboy and present sheep man, whose dogs are admitted to beat anything of their class in Wyoming. "Big Jim" is himself a character. Inches over six feet in height, and with the girth and wit of a Falstaff and the iron strength of a Hercules, this good-natured giant is known to every sheep man in Wyoming. Jim's constant companions are two rather small dogs, one all black and the other with a white breast. These are Jim's prize sheep-dogs, whose prowess is the talk of the one-time cattle center of Buffalo, now the headquarters of the Wyoming herders.

These sheep-dogs are not of the regulation collie stock. They are half Australian shepherd and half black wolf, their dam being a wild thing of the prairie, raised from cubhood by "Big Jim" himself. The wolf strain in the dogs shows in their gait and in the alert pointing of their ears, and it is also evidenced in their preternaturally acute sense of hearing. Standing at a distance where the human ear could not detect the sounds of a loud conversation, these dogs will hear and obey the faintest whisper. A softly spoken word will carry to them a hundred yards on the brown prairie. Let "Big Jim" murmur, "Where's that coyote?" about as a man would say, "Have a cigar," and Nig and Lady will be flying about the prairie, scanning every point of the horizon in the endeavor to catch sight of the chief enemy of the herd.

But "Big Jim" has trained his dogs to obey a much more subtle code than mere conversation. Words are not of much use in a Wyoming wind-storm, when sand and gravel are being slatted along almost horizontally. The dogs obey a set of signals that would be the admiration of any brakeman. When "Big Jim" wishes to send them out to round up some sheep or to look for a coyote, he waves his hand in the direction he wishes covered. Instantly the dogs trot out across the prairie to do his silent bidding. If "Jim" wishes the dogs to stop, he gives a side wave of the hands, from the shoulders down. The dogs—or a single dog if only one is being worked—will stop and look back for the next order. If "Jim" wishes the dogs to sit down, he drops his hands at his side. Instantly the dogs drop on their haunches and look as indifferent as if nothing in the world interested them. Raising the hands over the head is a signal for the dogs to come in.

These dogs, obeying this silent code of instructions, will go over a hill, out of their master's sight, to get a lost sheep. They will cut out any single sheep that is designated by the master's finger, and will bring it to him. They will separate a sheep from the herd and will lie down and watch it for hours. Their wolf blood makes them hardier than the unmixed collie. Their feet, in particular, will stand much work among the cactus. Despite the fact that they worship "Big Jim," if he told them to go with another herder they would obey, and would work faithfully for their new master.

One day last fall, while "Big Jim" was eating his breakfast in a Buffalo restaurant, a drunken cattleman strode in and purposely kicked one of the herder's dogs. The cattleman was burly, but he proved a child in the hands of "Big Jim." The first blow that was struck sent the cattleman crashing into a corner, where he lay with pitifully battered face, all unconscious of "Jim's" almost tearful entreaties to get up and be hit again. It is a bold man in the West who will slap a cowboy's horse or kick a sheep-herder's dog.

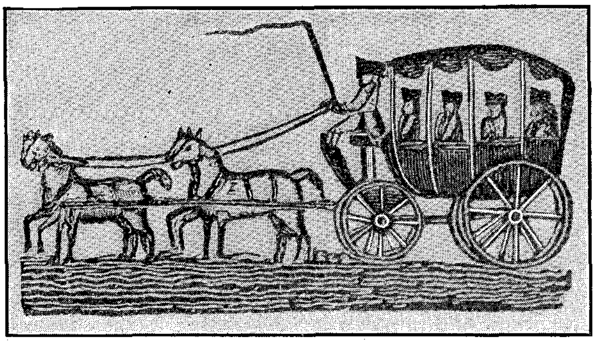
A year or so ago a great blizzard swept over the Red Desert in southern Wyoming, catching a herder named William Moody and his flock. The sheep perished by scores, and at last the herder himself fell in the snow and died. His two dogs remained beside the dead body over a week, keeping themselves alive by eating the flesh of frozen sheep, and fighting off coyotes that would soon have left only the herder's skeleton. When a searching party found the dogs, they were almost dead from exposure.

Near Greeley, Colorado, a herder was struck by lightning—a common death for herders to die. His two dogs guarded the body for a week, and succeeded in fighting off the coyotes.

Only a little while ago a stage-driver who drives between Saratoga and Dillon, Wyoming, would have perished but for a sheep-dog. The driver became helplessly snow-bound in the mountains. His horses were down, and night was coming on. The driver told his dog, a collie, to go back over the trail to a miner's cabin and summon assistance. The dog obeyed instructions to the letter, running back several miles and giving the miners to understand by his actions that something was wrong. He headed the party back to the stage-driver, who was rescued, almost frozen.

Favored with the companionship of such animals, and not lacking in communion with fellow-beings, the sheep-herder's lot is by no means as dreary as it has been pictured. And there are ten thousand charms which cannot be found in any other calling. The long summers in the mountains, and the long, delightful autumns and the short, crisp winters on the plains, put a man in touch with nature in her most admirable moods. Every knoll and every arroya comes to have a meaning for the sheep-herder, just as the apparently harsh features of the Scottish moor have their charms for the ancient herders of that ancient land. The herder knows the ways of the wild things of the mountains and prairies, and his hours of solitude give him a contemplative cast of mind which one finds in few men to-day.

"BIG JIM" WORKING HIS DOGS BY SIGNALS



SLOW COACH OF 1790

Along the Hudson in Stage-Coach Days

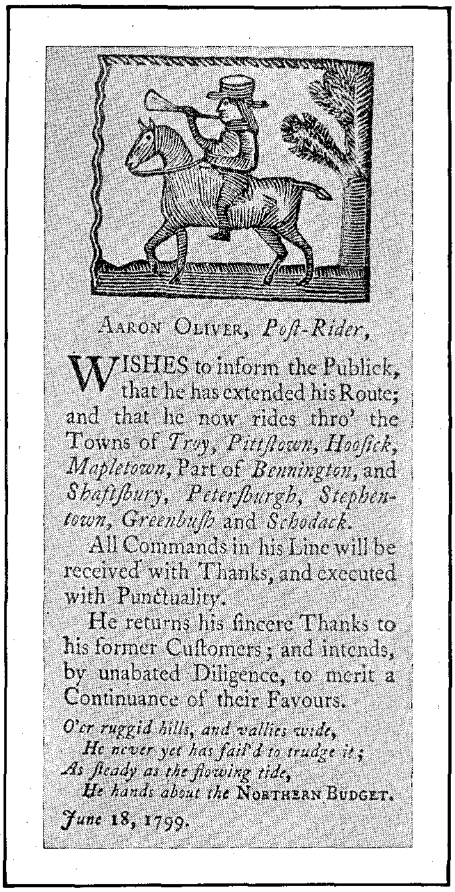
By R. P. H. Vail

Illustrated from old prints and from paintings by E. L. Henry

IN these days of the "Twentieth-Century Limited" and the "Empire State Express," with a railway on either side of the Hudson transporting thousands of passengers and many thousand tons of freight every day of the year, it is hard to realize that so late as the Revolutionary War there was not even the poorest kind of a wagon road connecting New York and Albany. Of course the splendid waterway which Henry Hudson had discovered and explored in his ship the Half Moon, in 1609, offered good transit facilities then as now; and in the summers an occasional sloop made use of it, carrying passengers and merchandise from one city to the other, the time of the journey being as uncertain as the wind which furnished the motive power. But on the land there was only an old Indian trail, with its blazed trees, through the woods and over the hills of the east side—a lonesome and winding way which had but few travelers.

The first regular mail communication between the two cities was established about 1730. The letter-bag was carried by foot-post, and the service was once a month. A few years later, the hob-nailed shoes of the white settlers having done better work than the moccasins of the Indians, the foot-path developed into a bridle-path, admitting horse and rider. The carrier was then mounted; a bi-monthly mail arranged; and "post-haste" speed was made, the time being reduced to one week each way. The post-rider was a most important personage to all the people along the route, forming their connecting link with the outside world. If there was any news to carry, he gave it out by word of mouth to eager listeners. As his pay was small, like his mail, he eked out a living by executing commissions in either city, and his saddle-bags were always stuffed with little packages as the result of his shopping errands. Occasionally he served as the trusted escort of some lady traveler. With the dawn of the newspaper era he carried papers for sale. The earliest American woodcut of the post-rider appeared in the "Northern Budget," of Troy, a journal which yet renews its youth despite its heavy weight of years.

During the Revolution there was much coming and going in the settlements, and the bridle-path expanded into a wagon road. While this was a great advance in highway connection, no civil engineer had anything to do with its layout. Its course was meandering rather than direct, its grades were nature's own, and its bridges were fords. The first "stage-waggon" was put on within a year of the close of the war, and made the round trip twice each month. Fortunately, its patrons were of a hardy stock and used to roughing it; for the board benches



AARON OLIVER, *Poſt-Rider,*

WISHES to inform the Publick, that he has extended his Route; and that he now rides thro' the Towns of *Troy, Pittſtown, Hooſick, Mapletown,* Part of *Bennington,* and *Shaftſbury, Peterſburgh, Stephentown, Greenbuſh* and *Schodack.*

All Commands in his Line will be received with Thanks, and executed with Punctuality.

He returns his ſincere Thanks to his former Cuſtomers; and intends, by unabated Diligence, to merit a Continuance of their Favours.

O'er ruggid hills, and vallies wide,
He never yet has fail'd to trudge it;
As ſteady as the flowing tide,
He hands about the NORTHERN BUDGET.

June 18, 1799.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF A POST-RIDER

had no backs, there was no place for the baggage, and the wagon, being without springs, was as comfortless as an ox-cart, bumping along over a road equally rough and crude with itself. Nevertheless, the spirit of travel was so aroused by the vehicle that the next year it was necessary to double the equipment by the addition of a second stage-wagon to provide for the increasing number of travelers.

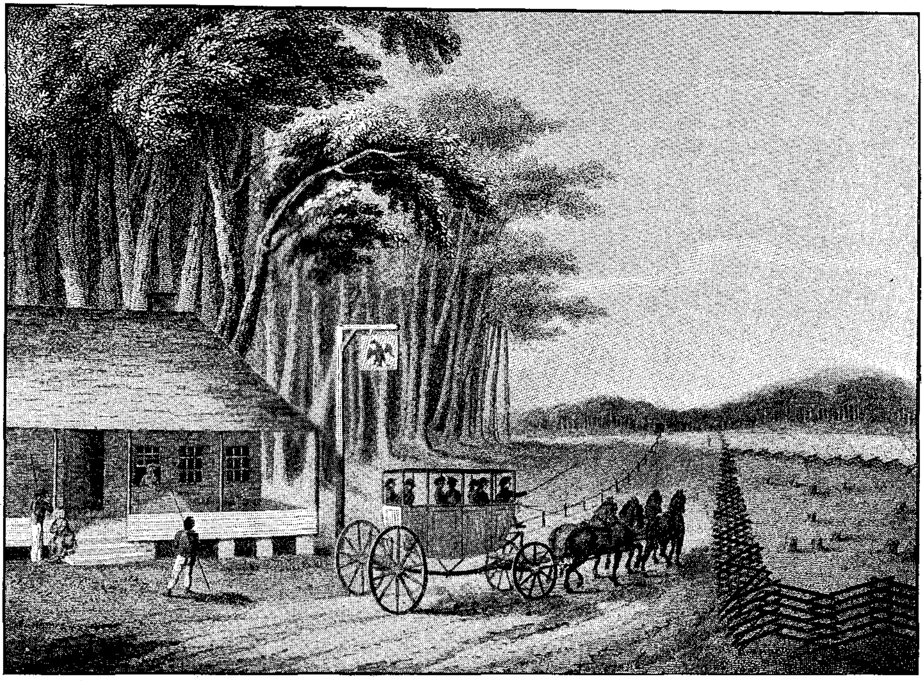
Iu 1785 the proprietors secured from the Legislature the first transportation charter granted by the State of New York. This gave them the right "to erect, set up, carry on and drive stage-waggons between Albany and New York on the east side of the Hudson River for a period of ten years." They were to "make the land passage most easy and agreeable, as well as most expeditious, by performing the journey in two days, at threepence a mile." They were to have at least two covered wagons, each drawn by four able horses, with suitable relays, and the trips were to be made once a week each way. It was soon found that between the rough wagons and the rough roads a time-limit of two days meant literally "breakneck speed" for driver and passengers, and that a rate of threepence a mile meant bankruptcy for the company. Accordingly, "for ease of passengers," the Legislature extended the time to three days, and allowed a fourpence fare. Not only so, but it passed an act granting the stage-coaches a right of way over all other vehicles at the Albany ferry, so that "the Ferryman shall forfeit and pay the sum of forty shillings if he neglects or refuses to transport said stages in preference to any other carriage whatever, whether the same be by night or by day."

So prosperous was the enterprise that in the following year, 1786, a bi-weekly schedule had to be arranged, and within ten years daily stages were run, as appears in the New York "Commercial Advertiser" in 1797.

The route seems oddly roundabout nowadays. Instead of keeping near the river bank, as the railroad does, the old wagon road at once climbed the hills opposite Albany and ran southeast to the village of Kinderhook, which is several miles back from the Hudson. Thence on the high plateau, now famous for its farms, to Hudson, Red Hook, Rhinebeck, Poughkeepsie, Fishkill, Peekskill, Tarrytown, and across King's Bridge to the Bloomingdale Road and New York. Stops for a part of the night were made at Rhinebeck and Peekskill, where the taverns were said to be exceptionally good, but the sleeping accommodations of which were so limited that two men, though strangers, were generally put in one bed, and sometimes four men in a room. Later on there were no stops at all, except for relays and meals. But how welcome those halts must have been to the cramped and suffering passengers, especially in stormy and freezing weather, as they emerged from the buffalo robes in the stage wagon or sleigh to ease their stiffened joints and warm their benumbed limbs before the tavern fire of blazing logs, and to obtain some steaming comfort, both solid and liquid, for the chilled and weary inner man.

In the early years of the last century a continuous road was opened on the west side of the river by way of Catskill, Kingston, Newburg, Goshen, and Hackensack, which, though even more winding than that on the east side, soon had its line of stages. Rivalry between the competing lines soon resulted in quickened speed, cheaper fares, increased misery to passengers, and a demoralization of equipment. In 1816 "two days and one night were painfully disposed of in the journey," and in February, 1820, the east side company boasted of having made the shortest land passage from Albany to New York—in fifteen hours.

Grant Thorburn, a racy Scotchman and noted character in his day, made the journey to Albany by the west side route in the winter of 1831. He describes it in part as follows: "It now commenced raining, and by the time we got to the next stage we looked like moving pillars of salt, our hats and coats being covered to the thickness of an eighth of an inch with ice transparents. At the town of Goshen we changed the mail, thawed our garments, and ate our dinner. As we got north the sleighing got better, so we were accommodated with a covered box on runners; but, alas! it was like the man's lantern without a candle. The cover was of white wood boards placed a quarter of an inch apart, without paint, leather, or canvas to protect them from the weather.

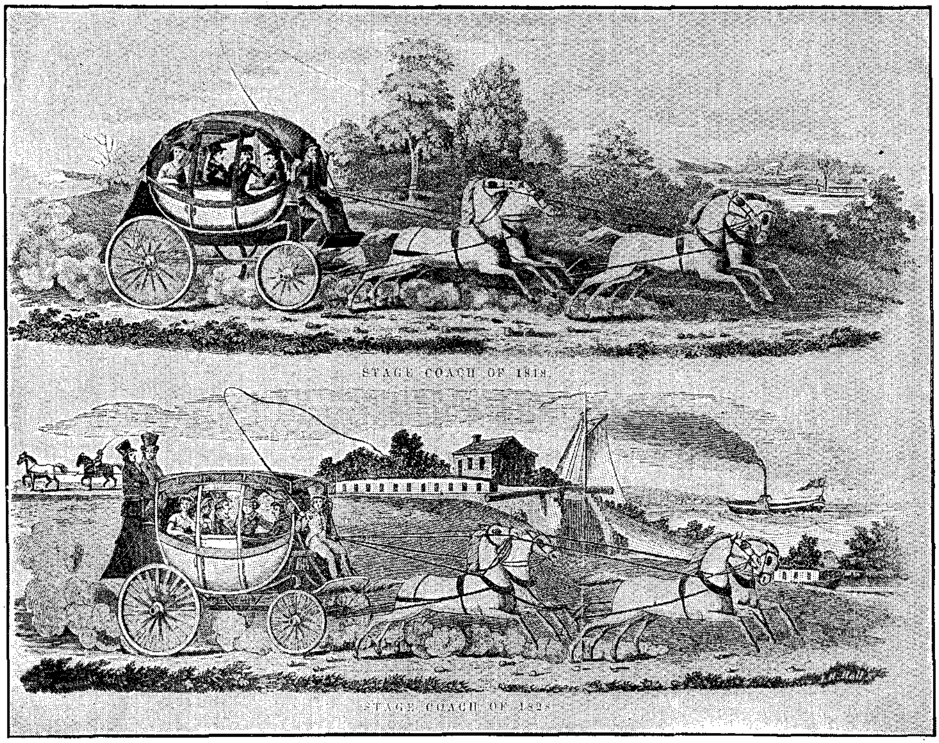


AMERICAN STAGE WAGGON

From an English print published in 1798

"We traveled all night. The rain and snow descended through the roof, our hats were frozen to our capes, and our cloaks to one another. In the morning we looked like some mountains of ice moving down the Gulf Stream. And this is what the horse-flesh fraternity advertise as their safe, cheap, comfortable, and expeditious winter establishment for Albany."

These conditions of discomfort and disrepute were quickly changed in 1835, when Charles L. Beach, of Catskill, then twenty-seven years of age, with his father Erastus, under the firm name of "E.

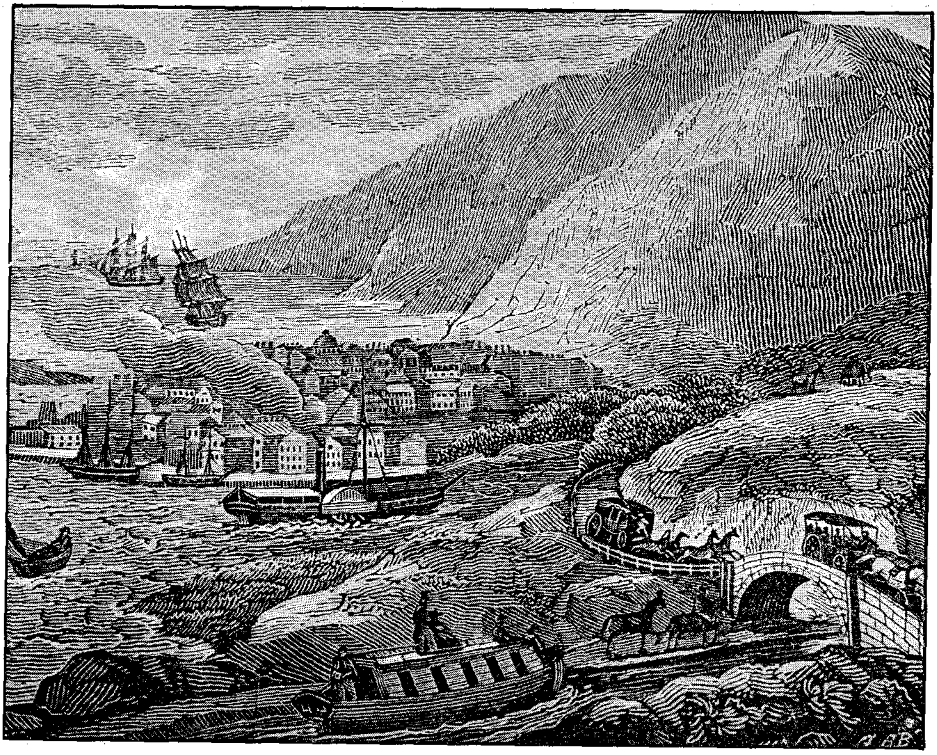

STAGE COACH OF 1818.
STAGE COACH OF 1828.

STAGE-COACH OF **1818** AND **1828**

Observe in the second woodcut, which was published ten years after the first, that while the style of the coach and men's hats has changed during the decade, the Erie Canal has been opened, a sloop has come down the river, and two travelers have climbed up behind the stage, the 1818 passengers—even to the pose of the woman on the back seat—and the horses, even to the prance of their legs—remain unaffected by the lapse of ten years

Beach," secured proprietary control of the stage and mail lines, not only on both sides of the Hudson, but also of the line between Catskill and Ithaca, which, connecting with the steamboat on Cayuga Lake, was the most expeditious and popular route to the western part of the State, and to the Great West in general. This gathering of several lines in one hand was the most famous "merger" of the time; and, while decried by conservative people as a piece of audacious effrontery on the part of so young a man, was really one of the most advanced and important transportation enterprises in the country. As developed by Mr. Beach, it meant nearly two hundred horses, over twoscore coaches on wheels and runners, relay stations by the dozen, and a great force of employees. The platform wagons, with leaky roofs and bumping running gear, were displaced by Concord coaches, well protected against the weather, swinging easily on strong leathern straps, and with comfortable seats on top and within; four sturdy, swift, and well-kept horses to a coach, with fresh relays every dozen or fifteen miles insuring good speed; attractive taverns, with well-cooked meals; and the time reduced from thirty-six hours to twenty-eight, and sometimes twenty-four. These improvements promptly accomplished the expected result; within a year the public patronage had increased threefold, and the journey had become quite an enjoyable affair.

The New York headquarters for the Albany stages was the old Western Hotel in Cortland Street, where the Delaware and Hudson building now stands. The starting hour was 8 A.M., which was observed with the utmost precision. The number of coaches varied according to the number of passengers—sometimes only the mail coach and one other, sometimes a line of five or six, the mail always in the lead. The head



THE HUDSON RIVER

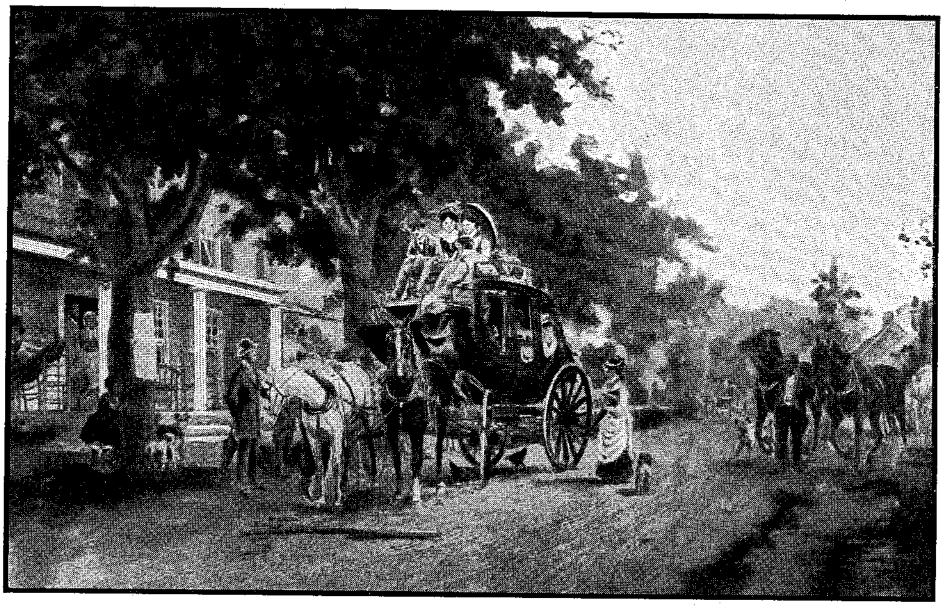
From a woodcut made in 1839

The better to emphasize the advanced transportation facilities of the period, the artist has thoughtfully introduced a section of the Erie Canal among the Highlands of the Hudson

coach, followed promptly by the others, went at once to the Post-Office on Nassau Street (formerly the old Middle Dutch Church, on the site now occupied by the Mutual Life), where the mail and guard were taken on board; for an armed guard, a government official, always rode beside the driver, not simply as a protector of the mail, but also to see that schedule time was made, as nearly as possible. Then past the City Hall, up the Bowery to the Bloomingdale Road, across the Harlem by King's Bridge, and on by the Post Road to Albany.

The mail business was an important item, involving honor, responsibility, and a good pecuniary reward. It is noteworthy that the contracts between the Government and Mr. Beach for carrying "Uncle Sam's mail-bags" covered a period of over thirty years. The postage on a letter of one sheet from New York to Albany was one "York shilling" (twelve and a half cents); two sheets, double that amount. Postage-stamps and envelopes did not come into vogue until 1852. The entire mail from New York and the South to Albany and way stations, to Montreal, Utica, and the North and West in general, was carried on the two Beach lines, and averaged ten tons per week. At the present time a part of the corresponding mail, going by the New York Central alone, amounts to one hundred and fifty tons a day.

The freezing of the Hudson was an event of more notable importance in the '30's and '40's than it is to-day. As soon as this occurred the stage route was changed at some safe point, leaving the land with its hilly and often circuitous road for the smooth ice and straightaway course, saving both time and strength. Tavern shanties and relay stables were set up on the ice, sometimes in mid-river, at about every ten or fifteen miles, and abundant provision was made for the comfort of man and beast. The winter of 1836–37 was especially remarkable in



THE RELAY

From a painting copyright by E. L. Henry. Published by C. Klackner

this respect. For nearly four months the stage sleighs traveled on the frozen Hudson between Poughkeepsie and Albany, and for over two months from Peekskill northward. That was the banner year for midwinter travel between Albany and New York.

And also for the quickest trip. This was in connection with the famous and ridiculous "Caroline" incident, when President Van Buren ordered General Scott to rush from Washington to the Niagara frontier with utmost haste to prevent further riot and bloodshed. On arriving in New York the General bade Mr. Beach have a sleigh ready at eight that evening to take him to Albany, and to combine comfort with speed. Mr. Beach immediately drew up a special schedule, and sent forward a swift courier to arrange relays. Promptly at eight General Scott appeared at the hotel, and so did the sleigh, with the four fleetest horses at command. The seats had been taken out, and a bed substituted, with mattress, pillows, and blankets. The horn gave a blast, and the sleigh was off. According to his own statement, the General was asleep before they were out of the Bowery, and never awoke until morning. The night was clear and cold; the roads were good; the river was frozen from Poughkeepsie northward; the relays were prompt; drivers and horses were on their mettle. At eight the next morning the door of the sleigh was opened at the hotel in Albany, and the proprietor greeted his distinguished guest with the words, "General Scott, your breakfast is served."

A few years later yet better time was made. It was about 1840 that a wholesome rivalry was developed among the New York papers in being the first to get the news. An article of prime desire was the annual message of the Governor, delivered in Albany a hundred and fifty miles away. No advance copies were given out in those days. So when once the idea started, the strife and fun began. The swiftest couriers were engaged, and all sorts of combinations—horse, rail, and boat—resorted to. The climax was reached and the best time to that date was made in 1843. The New York "Sun" was the proud and enterprising paper; Mr. Beach was the contractor and manager; Dimock, the famous driver, was the man to do the important work. The contract was to put the message in New York within eleven hours of its delivery in Albany. This was more than fulfilled. The document was received by Dimock a little after two o'clock. The day was fine and the way was pleasant. Taking the west side route, with relays of horses for his sleigh every six or eight miles, he covered one hundred and seven miles to Goshen in a little more than six hours. There Mr. Beach was in waiting, and also a well-fired engine on the Erie Railroad, then completed between that point and the Hudson. Mr. Beach seized the message, mounted the engine, and away the special sped. The miles were rushed over as never before, and for some days afterward the engine was in the machine shop for repairs. At Piermont there was a steamboat in readiness at the wharf with steam up. A dozen printers with fonts of type from the "Sun" establishment were on board, and the work of "setting up" the message was performed as the boat hurried to the city.

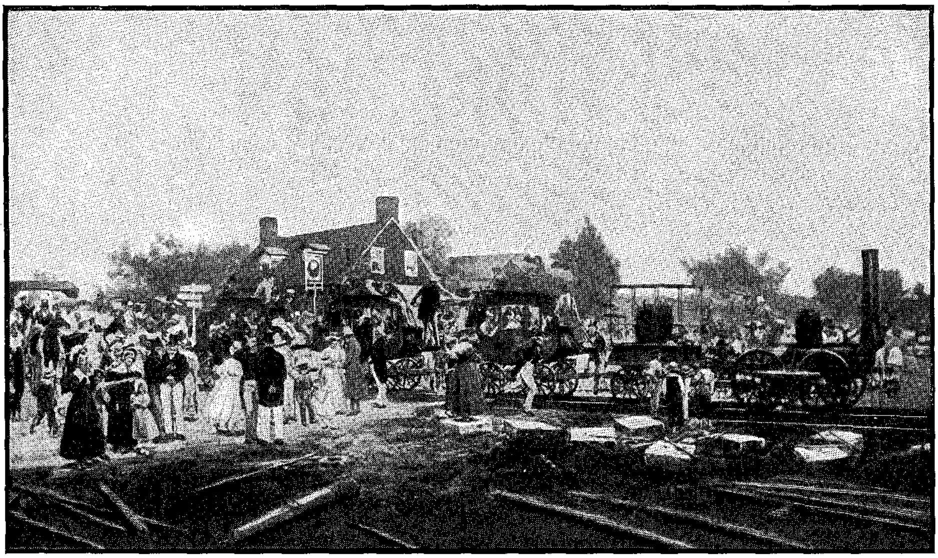
The next morning, January 4, 1843, the "Sun" shone with unwonted brilliancy in these proud headlines and the words following:

> BY THE SUN'S EXCLUSIVE EXPRESS.
> FROM ALBANY THROUGH BY HORSE AND SLEIGH IN 10 HOURS AND ½.
>
> By our Exclusive Express at half past eleven last night we received the particulars of the organization of the State Legislature and the message of Gov. Bouck delivered to the Legislature at 12 o'clock yesterday. At the time Mr. Dimock left Albany the express of the "Combined Powers" of the city left the east side of the Hudson via the Housatonic R.R. with two locomotives. But as usual our exclusive express was at our door far in advance of all competition. At the time of our going to press this morning the locomotive express of the "Allied Powers" has not been heard from.

It was stalled in snowdrifts at State Line.

The decade of 1840–50 saw the stage-coach enterprise at the height of its prosperity and glory, and marked also the commencement of its decline. By 1854 a combination of steamboat, railroad, and stage had become the popular method of making the journey between New York and Albany; a rival line was established over a somewhat astonishing route, involving the waters of Long Island Sound and the hills of Connecticut (*vide* advertisement); and the body of the Concord coach set on car-trucks became the railway carriage of the day, as shown in Mr. Henry's accurate picture.

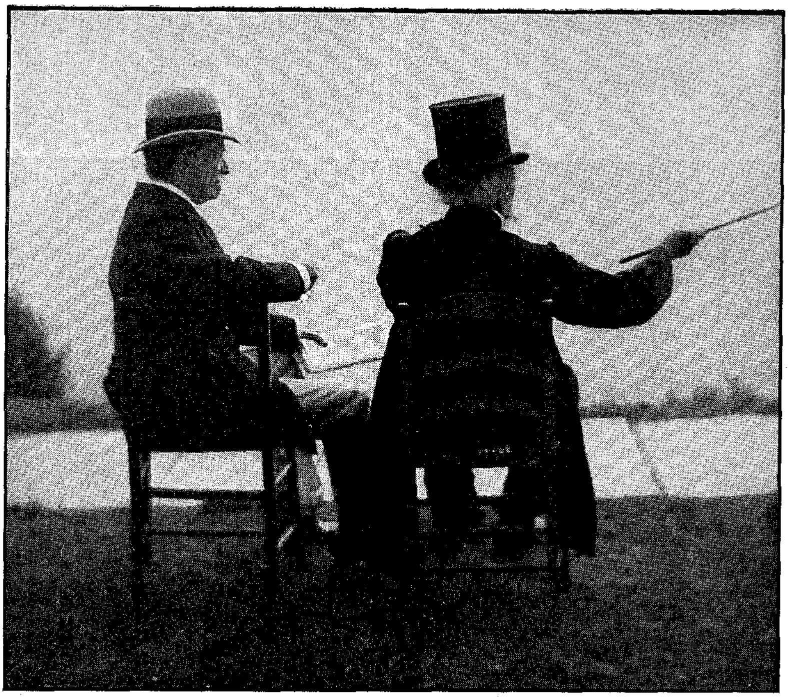
For upwards of sixty years the stage proprietor, Mr. Beach, was also pro-



THE FIRST AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAIN

From a painting copyright by E. L. Henry. Published by C. Klackner

The memorable trip of the "First American Railway Train" was made on the Hudson and Mohawk Railroad from Albany to Schenectady, Sept. 9, 1831. The locomotive "De Witt Clinton," the third built in the United States, was from the West Point foundry. The picture represents the start from the "Old Hickory Inn," Upper Albany. Ex-Governor Yates and Thurlow Weed were in the first carriage. The conductor, John J. Clark, is seen running to the engine, with a fish-horn in his hand, used to signal passengers and engineer.



THE STAGE-COACH VETERAN, CHARLES L. BEACH, ON THE CLIFF IN FRONT OF THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE

prietor of the Catskill Mountain House, and as such was known to thousands of the present and two previous generations. You would always find him on sunny summer afternoons—even in the first years of the present century—sitting near the edge of the famous plateau in front of his hotel, attired in old-fashioned black broadcloth and a tall silk hat of ancient date, talking with friend or stranger, and pointing out features in the wonderful view. From his observation point on the cliff his eyes could sweep along seventy-five miles of the Hudson valley, whose land travel he so long controlled in the stage-coach days. To the very end of his long life he was a capital conversationist, and his reminiscent talks about people and traffic in old times were intensely entertaining. It was but two years ago, in October, when the leaves were failing on his native hills, that this Old Man of the Catskills fell with them, and the Stage-Coach Veteran was gathered to his fathers at the great age of three and ninety years.

The Hazard

By Aldis Dunbar

The course once trod lies well surveyed, and clear;
  Plain—safe to journey in, around and round,
With much content, for him who cannot hear
  From heights afar the call for *men* resound.

Yet know that in the rugged upward way
  Grim, strange brute forces compass one and all.
Stride forward as a master—they obey;
  Once hesitate—they grip you as a thrall!

A CONFERENCE IN CHAMBERS

The "Kid Judge" of Denver

By Henry J. Haskell

A DENVER school inspector recently sent a boy to the blackboard to write three proper names.

"Of great men?" asked the boy.

"If you like," replied the inspector. And the boy wrote:

"George Washington,

"Abraham Lincoln,

"Ben. B. Lindsey."

Denver appreciated the compliment, with the exception of the professional politicians, who hate the Judge of the County Court for his exposure of official corruption. Last spring public opinion forced his nomination on every ticket save the Socialist. In the fall election, made necessary by a technicality, when the Supreme Court had finished throwing out fraudulent votes, his opponent had fifteen, and Judge Lindsey had the rest—more than sixty-one thousand. The legal contest hasn't yet been decided, but, whatever happens, "Ben." B. Lindsey, as he signs himself, is to remain in office for the next few years.

Colorado thinks its juvenile laws the best in the Union. They are. They provide for the paroling of young offenders and for compulsory school attendance; they prohibit child labor and the confinement of children under fourteen years of age in jails, and they penalize contributory delinquency on the part of parents and other adults. The capital city, moreover, maintains an admirable detention school, where delinquent children may be sent temporarily. Besides, there is a State Industrial School for boys at Golden, and for girls at Morrison. But the chief factor in the Colorado situation is not the laws, but the personality behind them. For this short, slight, boyish man of thirty-five, in the frock coat, with the keen eyes and the soft voice, has his finger on every troublesome boy in the city, and under his wise management the leaders of the "gangs" have been transformed into pillars of the law.

Early in the court's history the street railway company was having trouble from boys who were derailing cars and smashing windows. Officers finally caught seven and took them to the juvenile court.

Now, Judge Lindsey never asks one boy to "tell on" another. "Snitching," as the street calls it, is against the ethics of the gang, and the Judge assumes that a boy's sense of honor is as sacred as a man's.

"I don't want you to tell on the other fellows," he said to the seven, "but you get them to come into court to-morrow, and I'll give them a square deal."

The next day they returned alone. The other boys were frightened, they reported; but they believed, if the Judge would write them a letter, they would come.

"All right," he said. "What shall I say?"

"Begin," replied one, with the evident intention of refuting a charge already brought against him, "begin—'No kid has snitched, but if you'll come the Judge'll give you a square deal.'"

A day or two later fifty-two boys crowded into his chambers. He explained the character of their offense, and then organized a Little Citizens' League to maintain order in the neighborhood.

"Now, we're not going to have any more policemen out there," he said to the League. "I've told the company that I'll be responsible for their having no more trouble. I'm depending on you, now. You won't throw me down, boys, will you?"

"You bet we won't, Judge," they shouted. And they didn't.

"I don't see how he does it," said a Denver man, after recounting Judge Lindsey's success in getting a gang of boy thieves into court after the police had given them up. "Why, the little rats fairly swarm up there."

But his success is no mystery to any one who watches him in the court-room. The county court of the city and county of Denver is a probate court, with jurisdiction in certain other cases. And every second Saturday it sits as a juvenile court—"Lindsey's Sunday-school" the police used to call it. They speak more respectfully of it now.

The comparison really isn't bad. The Juvenile Court in session looks much more like a Sunday-school than a court of criminal procedure. The Judge comes down from the bench to a camp-chair on a low platform. Beside him, keeping a record of the cases, sits Mrs. Gregory, a probation officer. Two other probation officers and one or two truant officers are in the room, but there is no policeman, and no officer of any sort in uniform. Teachers and principals from the ward schools are present in force to advise and explain. For the rest, there are one hundred and fifty boys—the few girls come on another day—most of them between the ages of eight and fourteen, sitting in camp-chairs and swinging their feet. It is a clean crowd, though it wasn't so originally. Judge Lindsey found a room in the basement where the engineer stored his oil. He had it emptied and cemented, and water-pipes put in. Now the boys crowd there for shower-baths before going into court. These probationers are required to appear every second Saturday with a report from the teacher of the ward school.

"The boys from the Webster School," calls the Judge, and half a dozen little chaps crowd forward about him, ragged, perhaps, but clean.

"Here, Sam, come up here," says the Judge, pulling to his side a boy with a faded coat and patchwork trousers. "You had only 'fair' in your last report, Sam, but I'll bet it's 'excellent' this time"—tearing open the envelope and glancing at the slip inside. "That's the stuff. I knew you wouldn't t'row me down, Sam, would you? Put it there." And the boy gets a hearty handshake and stands aside, grinning all over.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" to the next in the group. "We've stuck together a long time since that day I caught you shooting craps at the depot. Remember, Johnny? But your teacher says you've been playing hooky some lately. Don't you know that boys that play hooky get to swiping things next?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you're not going to do that? No, sir, of course you're not. I've given you a square deal, haven't I? And you're going to give me a square deal, aren't you? I know I can depend on you, Johnny, can't I?"

"You can, Judge."

"That's right. That's the way to talk. You'll bring 'excellent' next time, won't you?"

"I'll try."

"Sure, you will"—slapping him on the back. "You're my kind, Johnny. Now don't forget."

So they pass in a long procession, each one called by name and greeted with a handshake or a slap on the back; those who have done well encouraged by the exclamation, "Bully," "Good for you, Linder," "Fine; that's out of sight;"

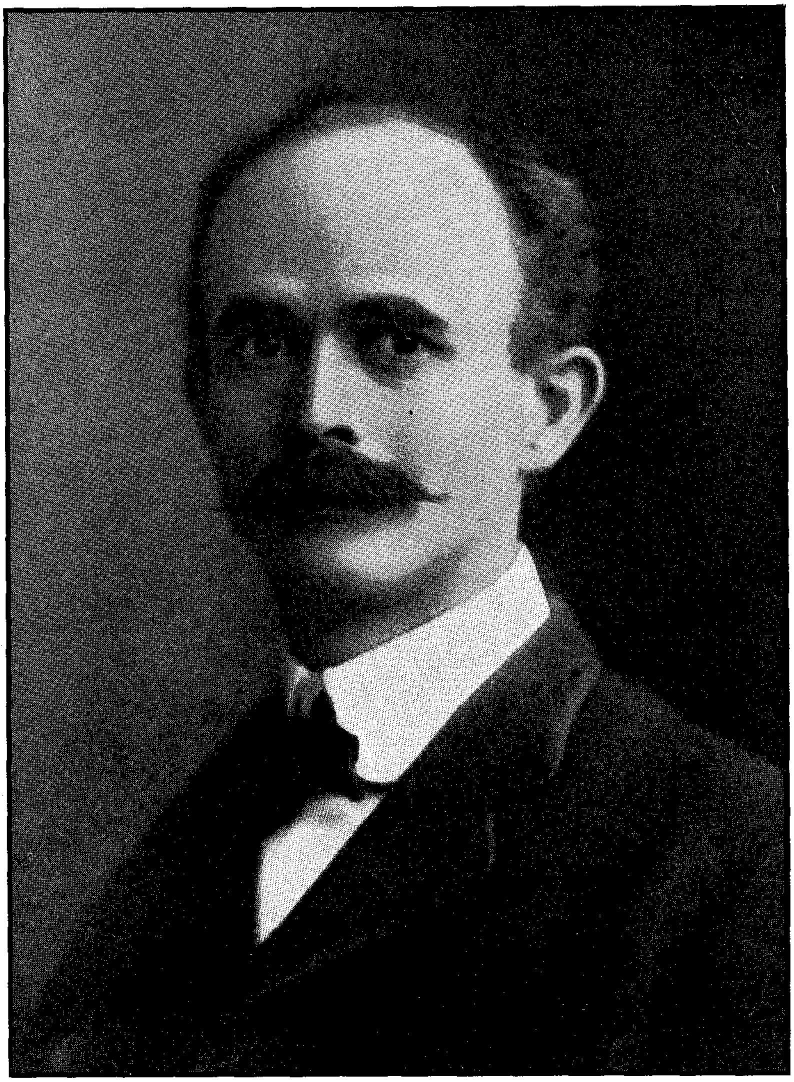
the few less fortunate braced to do better with, "I'm mighty sorry to hear this, Tom," "Oh, pshaw, that'll never do," "Say, you won't throw me down, Skinny."

Sometimes a boy's physical condition attracts the Judge's attention. "Son, why don't you like to go to school?" he asks one with a long truancy record, drawing the boy to his side.

"I have bad headaches," is the reply.

The Judge looks him over carefully. "Is his mother here? Oh, yes. Well, have you ever had George's eyes examined? No? Come around to chambers to-night and I'll give you a note to Dr. Smith."

Many such cases occur. The most remarkable, perhaps, is one the Denver alienist proposes to report at length to the profession. A boy who was so morose and unruly that both parents and teachers had given him up became tractable and happy under the care of the physician whom Judge Lindsey called in when he learned that in early childhood the lad had had epileptic fits.



JUDGE LINDSEY

The school-teachers are the Juvenile Court's faithful allies. They have learned that the truant is under special temptation to petty thieving. Each teacher has a list of the boys on probation. If one fails to appear at morning roll-call the fact is telephoned to the Juvenile Court office within ten minutes and the case is at once investigated by a probation officer.

After the school cases are disposed of, the complaints of a more serious character are heard. At a recent session of the Court after Judge Lindsey had been out of town for five weeks and the docket had been accumulating, only two criminal charges were brought, and these were for minor offenses. Two boys were charged with robbing a drunken man of a bottle of beer and a small sum of money, and four others were accused of implication in the breaking of a suburban merchant's window.

"Well, Isaac, how was it?" said the Judge to one of the first two.

"I took the bottle, Judge, but I didn't take any money."

"Honor bright?"

"Yes, Judge."

"Well, I believe you, Isaac. I believe the cop was mistaken about the money. Where did you get it?"

"It was only a dollar twenty-two, Judge. I made it selling thirty extras."

"All right. Just wait a few minutes over there. But we can't have any more robbing of drunks. That was wrong, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Judge."

"And you're going to cut it out, and the drinking, too? We aren't going to have to send you to Golden?"

The boy promised, and later a messenger sent by the Court to the newspaper office returned with confirmation of the story of the purchase of the extras. The prisoner and his companion were released on probation, with instructions to appear at the chambers the next week for a private talk. The four boys involved in the window-smashing had been questioned by police and probation officers in vain. They didn't break the window, and they knew nothing about it. Tearful yet defiant, they faced the Judge, and began repeating their denials. He set the leader on his knee, and a little kindly talk brought out the facts. The boy who really threw the stone was to be persuaded to come in and talk with the Judge, and the gang were to pay for the window.

The boys are encouraged to regard the Court as their friend. One day, in the midst of litigation involving an estate worth more than a million dollars, a youngster, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, burst into the room, shouting, "Judge, Judge, I want an injunction!"

The attorneys were shocked and the bailiff started to put the boy out. "Hold on," said Judge Lindsey; "a live boy is worth more than a dead man's millions. "We'll adjourn court for five minutes and hear what he wants."

The lad explained that a "fly cop" had just come on the beat and, because he was jumping on cars to sell papers, had driven him from the corner which had been his business stand for several years. He was losing fifty cents a day and wanted an injunction against the policeman. The Judge took an injunction blank and wrote a note to the patrolman explaining that Morris was a good boy who reported regularly to the Court, and asked that he be allowed to get on the cars. "The cop dropped dead when he read it," explained Morris the next day, "but it was all right."

Judge Lindsey never sends an officer with boys committed to the detention school or to the institution at Golden. He trusts them to go alone, and only once has one ever failed him. A probation officer found "Moochey" asleep in a cheap restaurant the day after his commitment to the detention school. "Why aren't you at the school?" demanded the officer, shaking him awake.

"Oh, I clean forgot," said the penitent boy. "Gimme the writ an' I'll go right along."

When "Ben" Lindsey was appointed to the county bench five years ago, Colorado had a weak law governing the treatment of juvenile offenders. No personal attention was given to the boys. They were bundled off to the State Industrial School at Golden, or sent to jail, or put on probation, and that was all. The new judge had been on the bench only a short time when some boys were brought before him on the charge of robbing a farmer's pigeon roost. It happened that as a boy—he has lived in Denver from his ninth year—he had started out to rob the same roost. The coincidence startled him. "I wouldn't have wanted to go to jail or to the reform school for that," he said to the prosecutor. "I guess I must talk to these boys." That was the beginning of Denver's juvenile court. The important juvenile and contributory delinquency laws, the establishment of the detention school, and the abolition of the imprisonment of children in jail have all come since that time, and are largely due to his efforts.

The police looked on the "kid judge" as mildly insane at first. An officer one day brought in a boy of fifteen who had been in jail thirteen times.

"Yes, that's serious," said the Judge. "I must have a long talk with that boy and start him to reporting to me."

"Surely, Judge, you're not going to put that tough kid on probation," expostulated the policeman. "You're crazy. He needs to go to jail."

"He's been in jail thirteen times," was the reply, "and it hasn't done him any good. Suppose I try my way and fail; I'll still have twelve times the best of you fellows."

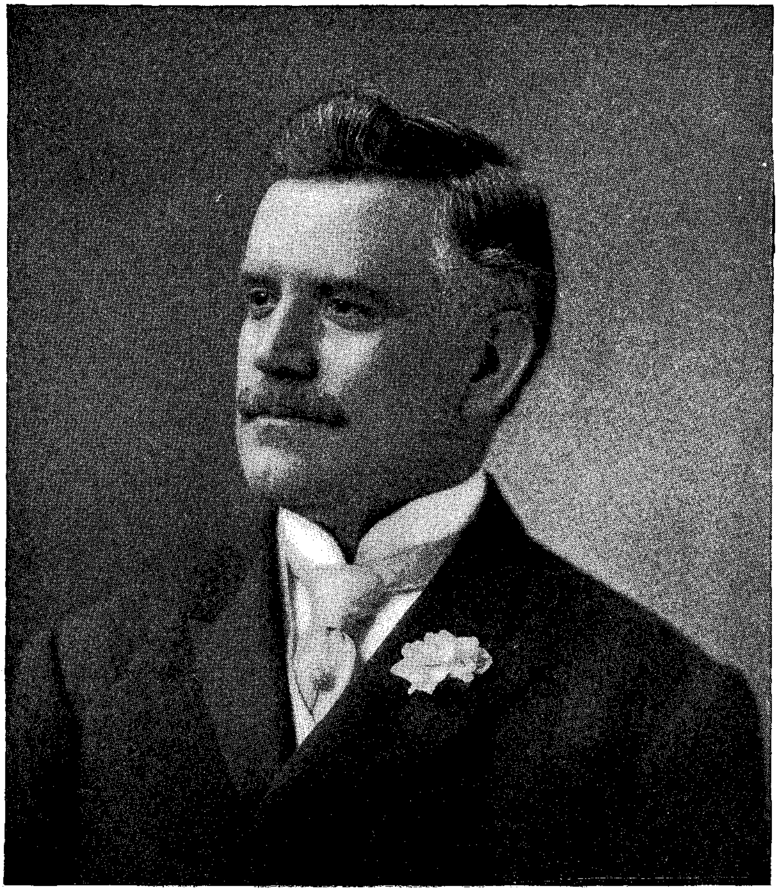
He didn't fail. The boy is now at work and has a clean record. The Judge fails sometimes, of course, but not often; for his work does not stop with office hours. The boys come to advise with him in chambers or at his home nearly every evening. He takes them to dinner or to the "show." Through his friends and through the Juvenile Improvement Association which he has organized, he finds them work in town or in the Colorado beet-fields.

As for tangible results? Well, there is a letter on file from a railroad official telling of the discharge of a yard detective because the boys no longer give trouble. The District Attorney's office reports a marvelous falling off in fees from the Juvenile Court, and the Court's annual reports are crowded with statistics showing an unbelievable saving in money to the city every year, and an incredible reduction in the number of serious offenses among the boys of Denver. Yet figures do not tell the story.

"A few years ago, in another city," said Judge Lindsey recently, "I asked a young fellow of twenty, under sentence of death for murder, about his first criminal offense. He had been arrested when he was twelve for stealing a razor to use in whittling kite-sticks. 'It was this way,' he explained. 'The guy on the high bench with the whiskers says, "What's the boy done, officer?" And the cop says, "He's a bad kid, your Honor, and broke into a store and stole a razor." And the guy on the high bench says, "Ten dollars or ten days." Time, three minutes; one round of a prize fight.'

"I couldn't forget those dramatic last words," added the Judge, "and I decided his story wasn't to be duplicated in Denver if I could help it." There is no danger.

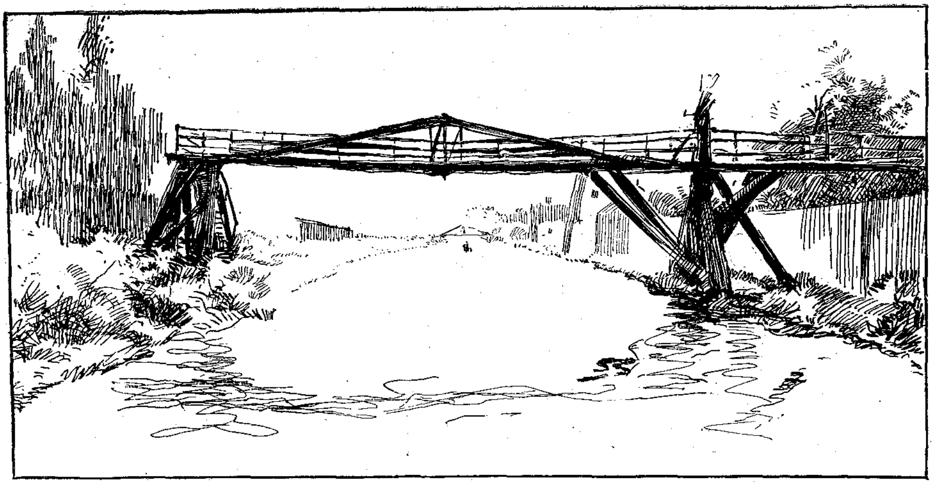
"WARDS OF THE COURT"

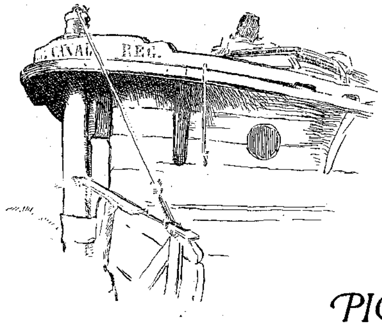


MAYOR WEAVER

The Leader of a Peaceful Revolution

MAYOR WEAVER, of Philadelphia, has in the past seemed to waver between "politics" and independence. But the attempt of the "gang" to defy the people in the matter of the proposed gas lease roused him to evidently sincere indignation. The stand Mayor Weaver has taken is positive and unqualified, and he is accepted to-day as the fighting chief of the forces which demand honest administration. In response to an address from a committee of business men which hailed him as "a tribune of the people," he said: "The fight has just started. With a united people in our city we shall and must go forward. Let us stand together for a pure and honest government for the people and by the people." The story of the fight against the brazen attempt of the Common Councils to sell out the interests of the people has been told from week to week in The Outlook and need not be here repeated. Where the Mayor had been expected to present only the feeble resistance of a veto sure to be overridden by Councils, he struck at the root of the evil by removing peremptorily important office-holders whose retention was a matter of enormous political importance to the machine leaders. The people of the city, already aroused, recognized the fact that a worthy champion was in the field for their cause, and under Mayor Weaver's prompt and active leadership the "gang" retracted their action in the gas lease matter, and confessed defeat.





BACKSETS IN JERSEY

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

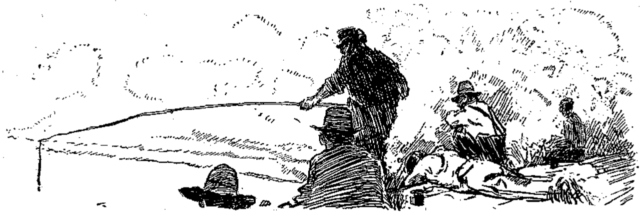
Author of "THE MERRY ANNE" etc

PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THAT is an odd bit of the 1830's which still clings to the river front between Communipaw and Jersey City. If you are a foot-passenger to the Morris Canal basin, you must cross the Gap ferry in a boy-power small boat, at a charge of two cents. It will pay you to go. They could not wholly keep out the spirit of to-day—a sugar refinery closes in on both sides of the canal and contributes modern odors to the mellow ancient effluvia of the basin. A cobblestone street crosses over where the canal emerges from the factory yard; and under this street is the lock. But when you stand over the lock, you do not look at the factory; you turn your back to it and face the water.

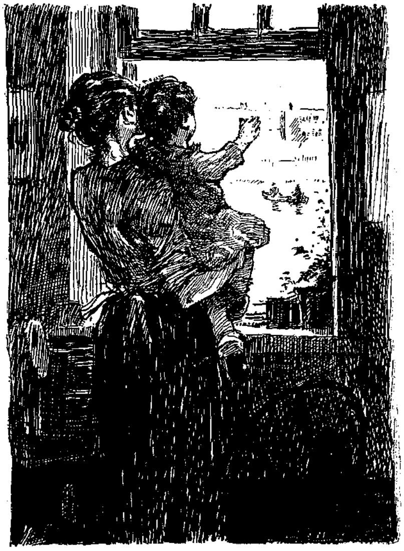
Standing there you may see the ferry-boats and the sailing craft and the car-floats and the yachts and the excursion steamers and the liners which give the North River its air, and beyond these the nervous sky line of New York. But drop your eyes to the quaint canal basin at your feet, with its rotting wharves and its crazy old canal-boats—one, the "Time, of Phillipsburg," lying, nose in the mud, a symbol of decay—and the bustle and color of the present century seem to slip away. The men who sit alone or by twos and threes—heads drooping, eyes listlessly resting on the ground, glancing up at the locking through of a mud-scow, then looking down again—bear evidence of their ancient calling. The loungers of the railroad yards across the Gap cannot hide a sense of having at one time trifled with work; but these men have always sat here, floating down the years. The tooting, the bell-ringing, the varied life of the brilliant river, approach their eyes and ears, but cannot enter. There is no clock in the canal basin.

Friends had not been wanting to warn us against canoeing through the cities, but we were set on beginning where the canal begins. We paddled through Communipaw—not without a sense of intru-



"THEIR INEVITABLE FISHERMEN"

sion, for boats seldom pass that way now—where tenement-houses crowd thick along the bank. Boys hung over sills and watched us pass; a mother held a crowing two-year-old at the window for as long as he could see us; a young woman, hanging out the week's wash, started, paused, then leaned forward in wonder; a friendly horse extended his head through a sort of port-hole and raised his ears. Dogs barked, and made to spring in after us, then ran stupidly growling along the tow-path. Trolley motormen waved at us from the bridges. Italians, working like ants on a sand-pile, shouted good-humoredly. Soon, on our winding way to Newark, came the first hints of the real canal country — odd foot-bridges, simply a light timber truss carrying a single plank, the whole set high on posts that the mules might pass beneath; and wagon-bridges, with the same characteristic of height above the tow-path. Very old some of them were, and very decorative as we saw them outlined against the sky. Canal bridges are nearly always painted white, and here among the thick foliage—the first trees we had seen—they swung across in a light span which was reflected white in the water below.

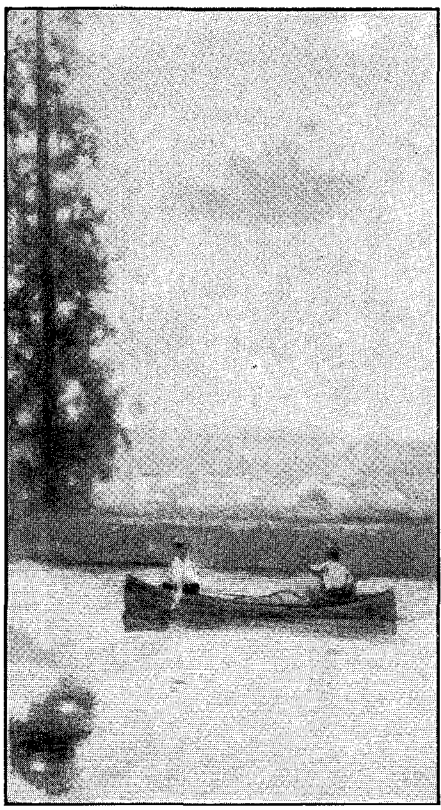


"A CROWING TWO-YEAR-OLD AT THE WINDOW"

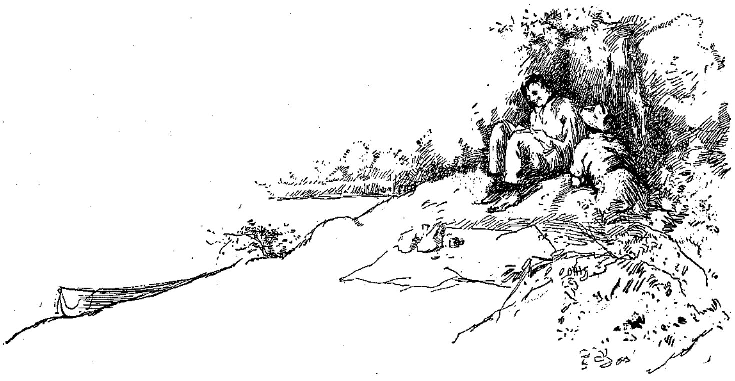
Soon the foliage closed in overhead. The city might have been a dozen miles away, or a thousand. Our stroke relaxed into the dreamy rhythm which later, on the country levels, was to carry us far into the spirit of the old canal. Already we were touched by the undying charm of canoeing. It is a charm which must not be pressed for explanations. It first comes to the novice when he finds that he can yield to the capricious movements of the little boat as a horseman yields to his horse. One may feel a hint of it in an afternoon's paddling, but to come wholly under its influence he must go on day after day watching the trees slip by and the banks blur off into dream boundaries; he must pass under the endless succession of bridges, with their inevitable fishermen, who seem in spirit so like the patient cattle that stand hoof-deep at the water's edge. He must slip through the quiet farm centers, the snug havens where the old lock-tenders live and die—and lock-tenders are always old—surrounded by their children and their cows and their chickens, and shaded by towering old weeping willows. He must go to bed at night tired, without a care. The busier world with its activities will be a matter that he cannot, for the time, comprehend. He will sleep like a child, and rise early to another day of gliding through a life where all that he sees makes an impression by its picturesque quality and not at all by its reality; for reality does not interest your canoeman in the least. That canal men are loose of talk and possibly looser of morals will not disturb him. He will have no wish to found a canal mission. He will simply laugh in his simple way, and paddle on.

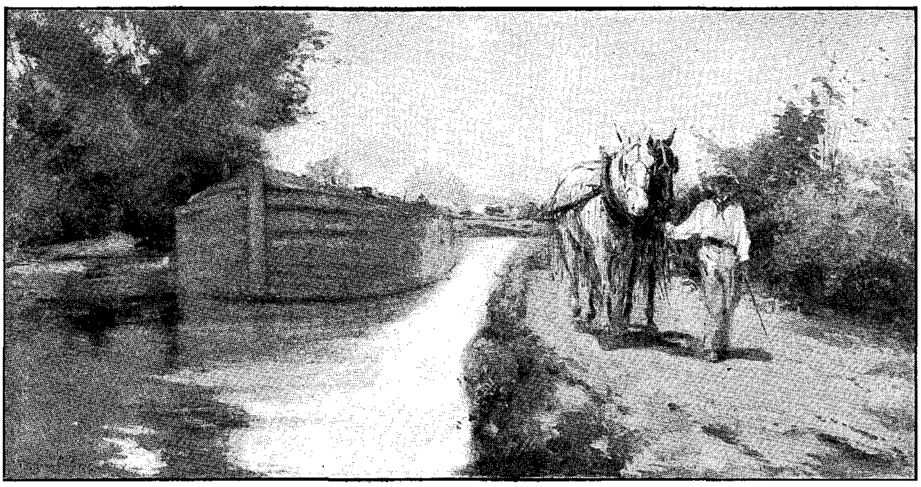
The second morning saw us well into the country above Newark. Our fortunes had changed. The cities, excepting Paterson, lay behind us; before us was Canal Land.

A river lies inevitably at the bottom of a valley; it is the charm of canal cruising that you may paddle along the heights. Now, in some hollow, you are buried in the shadow of the hills; again, with a sharp bend, you are high in the open air, with the valley of the Passaic falling away below you. At your left you have the hillside with green June foliage billowing and billowing up to the summit. Turn your head, and over the green-edged tow-path you may see the blue-and-white sky, set off by the tips of the tallest trees and by the cobalt hills far beyond. The horrors of suburban architecture are lost beneath the leaves and in the kindly distance. You are not of the world, up there on the canal. A railroad train crawls over a steel-and-masonry viaduct; you will smile languidly, hardly seeing. For you are breathing mountain air; you are paddling as the Hurons and Delawares paddled before railroads were thought of; you are floating on into the insidious life of the canal, where nothing matters very much. If you make twenty-five or five miles a day, what is it to you or to anybody? Circling around the mountain-end over Paterson, looking out over the factories and office buildings and houses, over and beyond these to the line of hazy blue hills somewhere off in the north, it seemed that the city had strangely little to do with the landscape. It did not matter whether those thousands of souls with their busy-ness were there or not. Your particular canoeman felt as a mellow old man might feel in looking out on life, tolerant, hardly interested, but somewhat amused, not sorry to pass quietly on to where he should see only tree-tops and blue-and-white sky.


"THE VALLEY OF THE PASSAIC FALLING AWAY BELOW YOU"

We stopped to eat our lunch that day at a broad, flat rock which juts into the canal somewhere between Paterson and Little Falls. When we had eaten, we read—or tried to—Hazlitt and Lamb. You cannot read a story on a cruise.

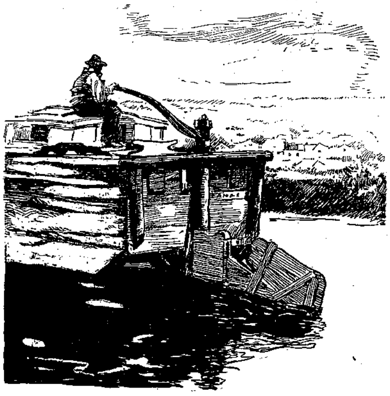

"WE STOPPED TO EAT OUR LUNCH AT A BROAD, FLAT ROCK WHICH JUTS INTO THE CANAL"



" A CANAL-BOAT RUNNING LIGHT TO PHILLIPSBURG "

It must be something desultory, in which you may dip about as a bee dips about in a garden. And you will be doing well if even then you can make much of it, for you will find that your conscious mind is sound asleep and your nerve-tips alive to the thousand sights and sounds of the world about you. An ant-hill will absorb your attention for an afternoon. The paddling of the morning was so little effort that you are surprised to find how hard it is to resume it. You will learn that lying on your back and watching the clouds pass and swinging your arms with a paddle at the end of them come to the same thing; and that, whichever you may be doing at the moment, it calls for some determination to stop it and take up the other. There is a little possibility—which is possibility enough—in the trite witticism about the man—or may it have been a woman?—who starts his mouth talking and then goes off and leaves it. For that is what you do with your arms; you start them paddling and then you go off and leave them; and it is not without effort that you get back and stop them.

A canal-boat passed our rock, running light to Phillipsburg. The two mules that were drawing her could not better have exemplified the canal spirit. They made a great business of shuffling their feet along rapidly, but the steps they took were so short that they hardly got forward at all. The tow-line sagged behind them. The boat, unpainted, out of repair, moved along with some dignity, but the wake it threw off was not enough to rub our canoe against the rock. Over the open-air stove amidships leaned an old man with snow-white beard. Another man, younger in years, but canal-seasoned, sat on the cabin trunk and with one hand idly swung the tiller. His other hand supported his chin. His eyes were fixed on the cobalt hills. Then the boat slowly disappeared around a bend, and the feeble wake subsided; and we had seen how they do things on the canal.



"SAT ON THE CABIN TRUNK AND WITH ONE HAND IDLY SWUNG THE TILLER"

"Alice! Alice!" It was a shrill little voice up the slope behind us. "Alice, see the clowns!"

We turned in some heat, for our light clothing and soft hats had before this proved a bit conspicuous; but we were disarmed at once. Two little girls, of four and six, perhaps, in brown and white checked dresses, stood gazing down in wonder.

At a greater distance a girl in her later teens was slowly approaching, and motioning the children to pass on. She was quaintly dressed in a crimson waist with a broad white collar and a black velvet skirt. She wore no hat, and her thick light-brown hair was gathered back into a braid. "Come, children," she said.

But the children, reassured by a closer view, drew nearer to our rock. Were we going to the St. Louis Exposition? asked the six-year-old. Could we give her a ride in the canoe boat? And did we know why no boats had come down for two days?

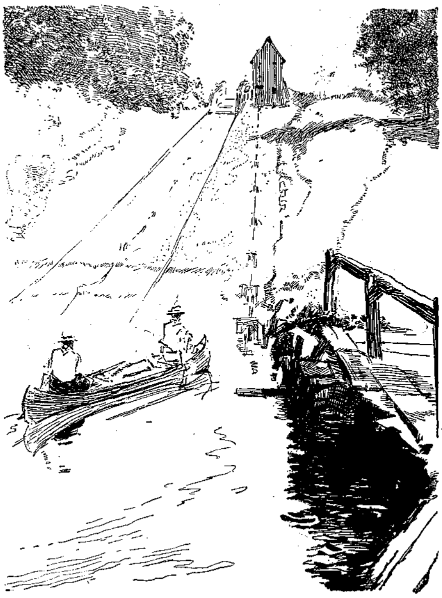
This last question we could answer, for we had been told that the Boonton lock had fallen in, completely blocking traffic.

Then the little eyes began to sparkle with mischief. "I know something!" she cried. "I know something Alice said!"

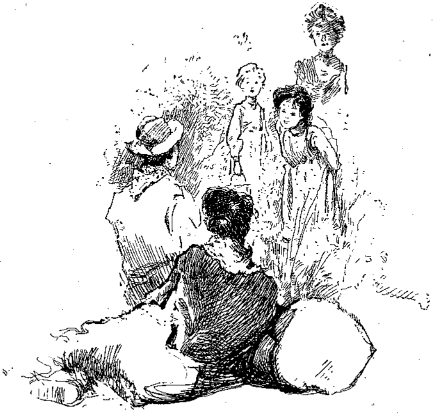
We glanced up at this, in time to see the color surge into Alice's pretty cheeks. "Children!" said she, "you must not talk to those men. Come here!"

"I know something Alice said!" repeated the six-year-old. "She said—she said—to tell Howard she didn't mean what she said about Buck."

At the moment we heard a light step, and turned to see the retreating Alice with a child grasped in each hand, and a crimson flush spreading to the back of her shapely neck on either side of the yellow braid.



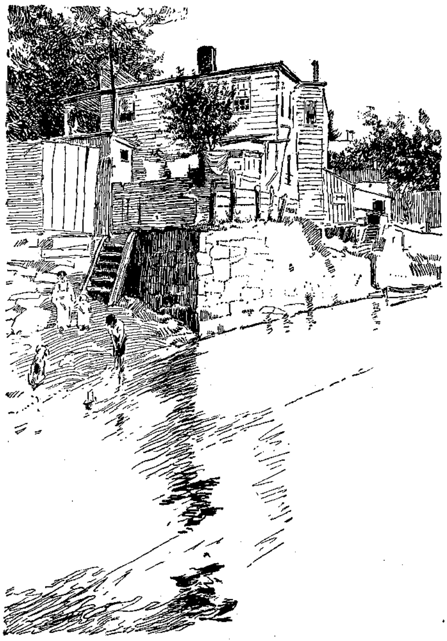
A PLANE, UP WHICH THE CANAL-BOATS ARE RAISED BY CABLE



"'I KNOW SOMETHING,' SHE CRIED"

The approach to Little Falls was through the haze and the long shadows of early evening. We came unexpectedly upon the town on rounding a bend. The elms were close here and the shade thick overhead. But of a sudden we swung into a straight course. On the right the dense green wall continued. Far ahead a moss and vine covered stone embankment cut squarely across the view. To the extreme edge of the left bank crowded a row of buildings and barns and sheds, here with a projecting porch, there with an outside stairway, the whole of a weather-beaten color and massed in picturesque confusion. High in the air, over the canal, there hung, from the third-story windows on one bank to the elms on the other, line upon line of snow-white washing. And the picture—buildings, white counterpanes, embankment, and elms—was perfectly reflected in the water. In that soft light, and viewed with half-closed eyes, it did not seem that we could be floating on the Morris Canal in northern New Jersey. It might almost have been the Arno, or a narrower Loire.

This introduction led us to seek an evening's acquaintance with the town, which to our eyes wore the air of a one-time canal metropolis. Too small and too provincial for any consciousness of evil, its saloons stood frankly open across from its residences and a certain



"A ROW OF BUILDINGS AND BARNS AND SHEDS"

old brick church; the click of pool-balls punctuated the Friday evening hymns. Mingling by twos and threes with the street loungers were the factory girls, passing their evenings in what seemed a very harmless sort of banter. The sidewalks were in part but cinder paths, with the pitfalls in which one would doubtless in time become acquainted. There was no air of sprucing up, of presenting the city's best side to the seeker of a suburban home or of a summer cottage, rather the rust of long and not over-violent use. At nine o'clock the streets began to quiet down; the infrequent trolley-cars from Paterson threw their yellow light on empty pavements and dusty foliage; the young people came flocking out of church, leaving two young couples to spend a long twenty minutes in putting out the lights, and, with some lingering on the steps, in locking the wide doors. By half-past nine only the confirmed loungers were left, with perhaps a late caller hastening homeward. Little Falls, easy-going, good-natured, not wholly wanting in the charm which must have been hers in the real canal days, seemed ready for sleep.

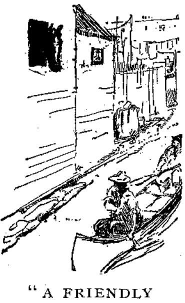
And this pleasant impression lingered on into the following morning, when we were paddling through green door-yards, and over the aqueduct where a fine old green-brown stone span, moss-covered, dripping always, bears the canal in a timber cage upon its back.

It was at Montville that we came upon the blockade of light boats which were waiting for the rebuilding of the Boonton lock. For a thousand feet the boats blocked the way. Beyond them rose the two inclined planes, together fully a half-mile in length, up which the canal-boats are raised by cable. From the upper level, they told us, the water had been drawn off by the repair crew. If true, this meant a carry of perhaps as near two miles as one. The afternoon was getting on, and Boonton was our immediate aim. A good-natured tow-boy, known to his familiars as "Smoke," finally lent a hand in advancing us as far as the foot of the planes by running and leaping from boat to boat and poling them over against the left bank. This much accomplished, we disembarked on the tow-path, lifted out the canoe, and sat down to a council of war, while a dozen and more ragged, jovial canal men awoke from their slumbers and, sleepy-eyed, gathered about us.

After some haggling, Smoke agreed to hitch up his tow-mules, and while he sought a wagon, we rested and listened. For these rough fellows, we soon saw, were not mere laborers; there was flavor in their speech.

"Wot do youse want of mules?" queried a twelve-year-old mulatto, who lay sprawling on the tow-path, chin propped on hands, eyes rolling from side to side, his face shaded by a wide, ragged straw hat. "Buck here'll carry it up for you quicker'n any mules. Buck's a Chicago hustler, *he* is."

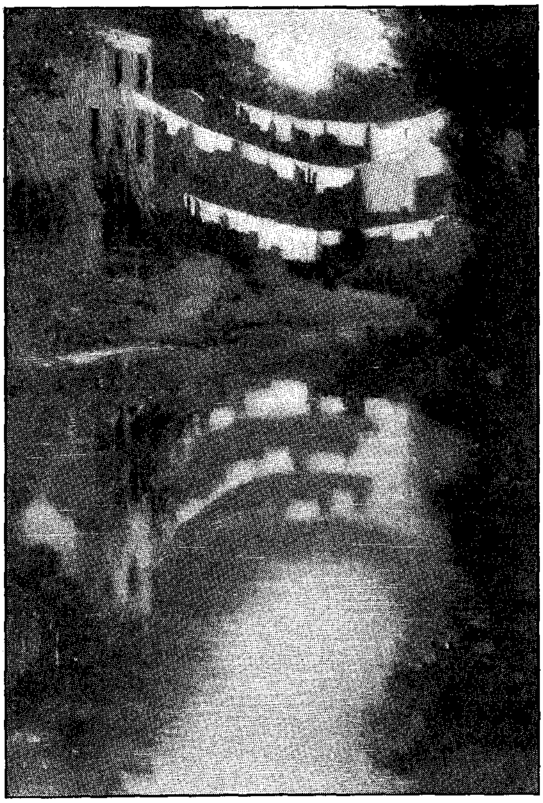
"Hush up, Wink!" put in a thin, freckled, shy-looking man, who had not spoken before.



"A FRIENDLY HORSE"

"Don't guy him because he's windy. Buck's sensitive about coming from Chicago."

A laugh broke out at the expense of the Chicago man, but Buck himself checked it. He was a stocky, bow-legged young fellow, who might have sat, with a change of clothes, for a pirate. "That's all right, Howard!" said he. And then, "Don't you mind him. *He* comes from Philadelphia.—Once they was a Philadelphia frog out visiting a Chicago frog, and he was a-showin' him the sights, and they hopped up into a freight-car that was a-standin' by. Now they was a lot of milk cans in the car, and while they was explorin' around, the Philadelphia frog he hopped into one of 'em, by mistake like. And then the Chicago frog *he* hopped into another, and begun a-swimmin'. He was a-gittin' along fine, but first thing he knew he heard old Philly hollerin' 'Help! Help! I'm a-sinkin'!' But old Chicago, he was a-gittin' along fine, and he didn't see nothin' in it fer him. So he says nothin' and tends to business, like they do in Chicago. Pretty soon old Philly he begun a-sputterin' and a-gurglin' and a-hollerin'—'Help! Save me! I'm a-sinkin'!' That makes old Chicago purty tired, because he was a-gittin' along lovely, and so he sings out, 'What you hollerin' about? Why don't you hustle?' 'I'm a-drownin'!' says Philly. 'Hustle! Hustle!' says Chicago."


"HIGH OVER THE CANAL HUNG LINE UPON LINE OF SNOW-WHITE WASHING"

Buck paused and drew a long breath, then looked about the circle. He had his audience—every eye was fixed on his face.

"And then, what do you s'pose?" he concluded. "In the mornin', when they come around to seal up the car, they looked into the cans of milk, and there was the Philly frog drownded dead at the bottom of his can. And when they come to the next can and looked in, there wasn't any milk there at all, but jist old Chicago a-sleepin' on a big pat of butter."

The circle burst out into a shout of laughter, first at the story, then at Howard, who was painfully racking his brain for the retort that would not come. Buck sat modestly studying the ground, with an occasional sly glance at his adversary.

"Hi, youse!" came a voice down the tow-path. We all turned and saw Smoke standing by his two mules. "Can't get no wagon!" he shouted. "These farmers about heres is a lot of ginnies!"

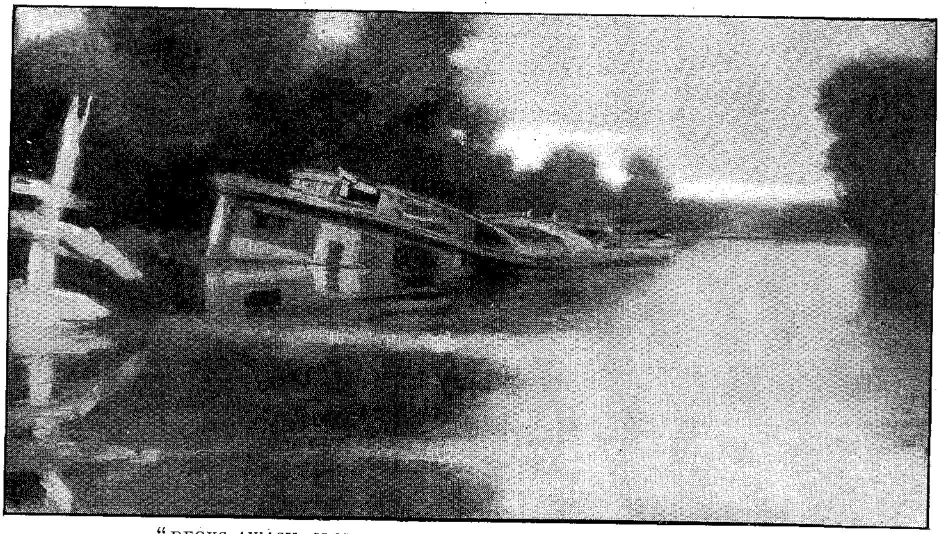
"Well, then," said we, "we'll carry."

"Youse will?" queried Buck, in surprise.

"Certainly. That's the way you mostly travel on the Morris Canal." We were thinking, as we spoke, of the many locks and "planes" which lay behind us, as well as of those to come.

"Not in one trip, eh?" asked Wink, with a glance at our duffle.

"Hardly that."



"DECKS AWASH, SLOWLY ROTTING AWAY AND SINKING INTO MUD"

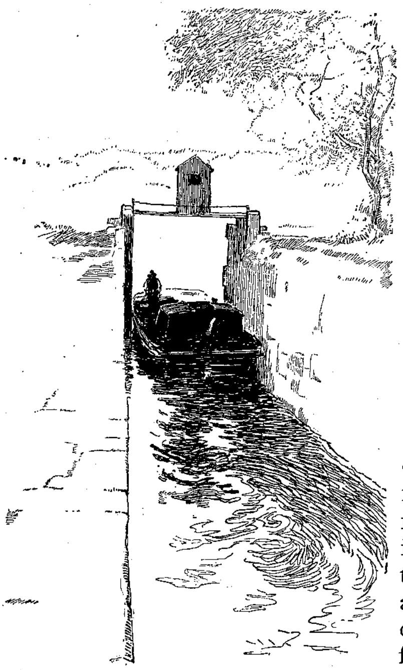
"You'd better not leave your stuff here," Buck remarked, with a touch of bitterness. "It ain't safe. When we was a-comin' up here yesterday the folks all run in and locked the doors and winders."

"They're ginnies!" muttered Smoke, who had drawn near.

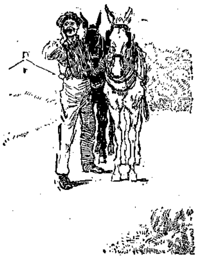
But the hearts of men like these are locked with a very simple combination. "There will be some of you around here, surely," said we. "Would you mind having an eye on the things while we carry the boat?"

"Sure thing," replied Smoke and Wink, as their eyes met. "We'll watch 'em."

They did better. For when the two canoemen made a stop for breath, and set the canoe down midway of the first of the two inclined planes, they looked back to see Buck and Howard toiling up the slope, each with a brown canvas bag on his shoulder, while Smoke, scenting some part of the payment his mules could not earn for him, followed with the blanket roll and paddles. Rumor, so generally wrong, was right that day. There was no water in the upper level. On the bottom timbers of the plane-car—the sort of movable dry-dock which conveys canal-boats up the hills—dry and comfortable, sat the daughters of the plane-tender, turning the leaves of a picture-book. We had hoped to paddle over that spot. As a choice of evils, the travelers took up the clothes-bags and left the two canal men to shoulder the canoe. And thus, boat and baggage, we marched on Boonton. There came a moment, in the third half-mile, when the canoe could be floated in a shallow stream at the bottom of the canal bed. Another eighth of a mile and the luggage could be put aboard. The canal men, with unfailing good nature, removed shoes and stockings, rolled up their trousers, and waded ankle-deep in mud, in order to tow the craft, for there was not yet sufficient draught for



A LOCK



"CAN'T GET NO WAGON"

human freight. And in the course of the march, Howard, who, in spite of freckles and shy manner, proved to be a man given to thinking, talked of the canal.

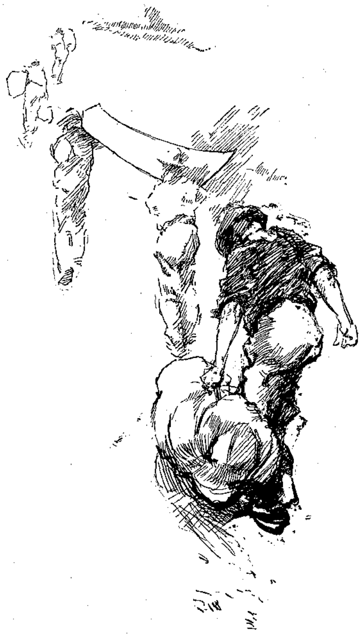
"It's a good thing you fellows didn't put off your trip until later in the summer," said he. "If you had, maybe you wouldn't have found any canal."

"Not found any canal?"

"No. You see the railroad company's been trying for twenty years to get it out of the way, and it looks some now as if they were going to succeed."

"But, as I understand it, the railroad has leased the canal. Can't they simply give up the lease?"

"No," said Howard, thoughtfully; "that isn't what they're after. When this canal was built, a long time before we were born, land wasn't worth much, and the farmers all along gave up the right of way for nothing. But there is a clause in the charter which says that when the canal is abandoned this land must go back to the heirs of the original owners."



"THUS, BOAT AND BAGGAGE, WE MARCHED ON BOONTON"

"Ah!"—I was beginning to understand. There was piracy, then, on the canal. Howard went on to explain.

"Didn't you notice, as you came along, a lot of old boats gone to wreck and ruin?"

Yes, we had passed a series of canal-boat graveyards, where the Walkaway and the Alert and the Skipping Susan and the Slow Step lay, decks awash, slowly rotting away and sinking into the mud. One in particular, lying up against the bank, and evidently, from the slant of the deck, resting on the bottom, had drawn our attention. The paint was gone excepting a gay bit of color about the stern windows; and, looking in through these windows as we drew near, we had seen that the water lay stagnant within. Across the stern, slanting down into the water, were the words, "Morris Cannal, No. —." Spelling does not matter on the canal.

"You see," Howard continued, "when the railroad took the lease in 'eighty-two, there was something like fifteen hundred boats on the canal. Now they are running forty-four. They took it, of course, to stop competition in bringing coal down from the Lehigh Valley. And just as soon as they can get a Legislature that will fix it up for them, that will be the end of the Morris Canal. I suppose maybe the railroad company don't call it stealing."

"What will they do then?"

"Don't know. Some say they want to use it to pipe water from Lake Hopatcong, others say they'll lay tracks. I think myself it'll mean a new freight line. Time and again the railroad has bought up the Legislature, but there's always a few men from Morristown and around that fight 'em off. But they'll get it. You can't stop 'em."

Howard is probably right. Sooner or later the canal will go as stage-coaches went, leaving the small landowners with a helpless sense of injury, leaving some of the others of us to a moment of whimsical regret. No honest American will believe in a vehicle of commerce which makes at best but thirty miles a day. The hundred millions to be spent on the Erie Canal will change its character, much as a certain flavor has been lost in

"BUCK"

France by the network of modern stone-lined waterways. It is of no use to complain; and then there is always Holland for that inconsistent American who has moments of wishing to stop and draw a good breath. There is a place not so far from Dordrecht where one may find board in a toy cottage with a doorstep which is scrubbed daily, where he may take his fill of milk and cream without a thought for the city analyst, and at a cost of five dollars a week, "including laundry." They have nothing there which may be the biggest in the world, or the swiftest in the world, or the most costly in the world, but simply the most charming. And there, when the railroad shall have made away with this last of our sleepy old industries, the inconsistent one will have to go, and he will have to sit at times on the bank to watch the boats pass by, propelled by a pole against a man's shoulder at a rate of considerably less than our thirty miles a day.

It happened that one canoeman, with Buck and Smoke, was down at the water's edge making ready to embark, while his comrade stood for a moment on the tow-path with Howard, just out of earshot. "Well," said this second traveler, "we are greatly obliged to you."

"Not a bit," Howard replied, returning to his shyer manner. "We've enjoyed it."

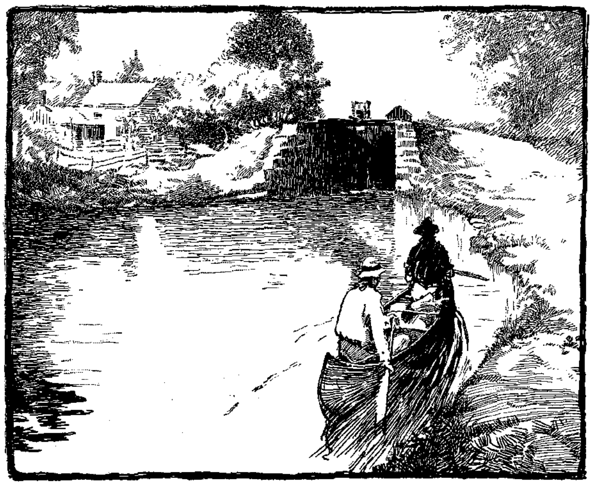
It was time to go. The canoe was waiting, but the canoeman, looking into the freckled face, was suddenly conscious of a jog at his memory. "I don't mind telling you," he said, in a very low voice, "that Alice said she didn't mean what she said about Buck."

It was a moment before the honest fellow grasped the significance of what had been said. Then he looked up, surprised, bewildered, and the color came slowly into his face and spread until it had all but concealed the freckles.

"Well, good-by. Good luck to you!" The canoeman, who happened to be the steersman, scrambled down the bank, stepped to his place in the stern, took up his spruce paddle, and pushed off, to complete this day's stage in the voyage towards Lake Hopatcong.

What with hunting out a friendly barn for the canoe, and allaying the doubts of a hotel man as to the advisability of receiving guests who enter in strange garments, bearing stranger packs on their shoulders, the evening was well advanced before the travelers were bathed, dined, and out for a glance at the hilly little city of Boonton. In the course of their wanderings they were about to enter a candy-shop, when one of the two abruptly drew back. For through the screen doors they could see that Howard, dressed in a store suit and a white collar, was on the point of purchasing some candy in a red heart-shaped box.

The impulse of concealment prevailed. It was not for these wayfarers to probe through the crust of unreality which gives the canal its quaint, old-time charm.



WESTERN PORTAL, CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES

THE ADORNMENT OF THE CHURCH

BY MAURICE B. BISCOE

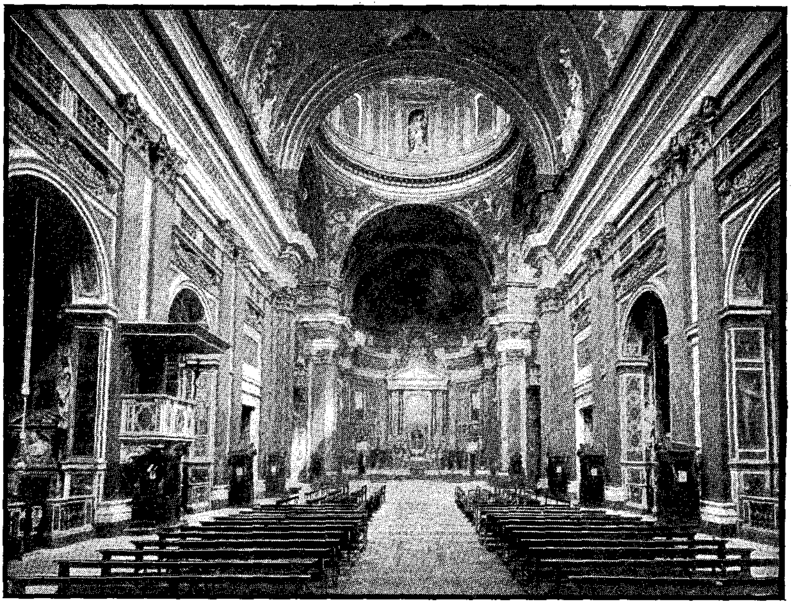
THE church building, in view of its purposes and the uses to which it is put, should be the dominant structure in its community. While it should be dignified, simple, permanent, and truthful, as well as beautiful in proportion and detail, it is also desirable and appropriate that it be adorned and enriched by the work of the artist and the craftsman, and thus receive a new quality of grace and an added glory.

Church decoration is governed by certain definite, fundamental principles. Some of these are of general architectural application, while others are essential mainly in ecclesiastical design; and it is the intention in this discussion to dwell upon some of the virtues to be especially desired in such work, as well as some of the requirements of particular kinds of ornamentation.

In the first place, church decoration should be distinctly serious and formal in character. Gayety in form or color, caprice and lack of restraint in design, are equally to be avoided; and though the decorations need not be somber, such an effect is better than to have them trivial and superficial. They may be rich, intricate, or even brilliant, but never pretty or gay. Neither is that semi-Oriental and somewhat theatrical gorgeousness which some commercial decorators of great reputation affect in any way fit for the church. The Chiesa di Gesù at Rome, though nobly proportioned, fails to move the observer and is anything but reverential because of the gayety of its coloring and the meretricious character of its decorations. Even St. Peter's itself needs all its tremendous scale to overbalance the inappropriately high key of some of its decoration. To attempt religious effect in bright and gaudy decoration is like performing church music on a fife. It is interesting to compare with these buildings the Spanish Chapel in Santa Maria Novella in Florence, or St. Mark's at Venice, both of which are enhanced in grandeur and reverence by their matchless decorations.

The quality of richness in decoration is sometimes a stumbling-block in the consideration of the merits of a building. One is apt to forget that richness in itself is neither a virtue nor a fault, and to confuse it with beauty. Elaboration of ornament is merely a means to an end. Skillfully employed, it augments the interest and beauty of architecture. Thoughtlessly applied, it is vulgar. The interior of the church shown on page 524 is an instructive example of the misuse of apparently unlimited funds. Here it would seem that elaboration has been made an end in itself and the utmost display of costly carving the highest aim. That some of the decoration is studied from good models does not make the effect of ostentatious opulence less striking. In a modern metropolitan hotel showiness like this is an amusing commentary on American taste; in a church it is unbearable. Compare with this work the screen in St. Paul's Church, Chicago. Here too is richness, but it is solely for the purpose of adorning and giving religious character and significance to the building. The rich pierced frieze and cresting contain all the elaboration, and they are skillfully contrasted with the simple vertical lines of the panels below.

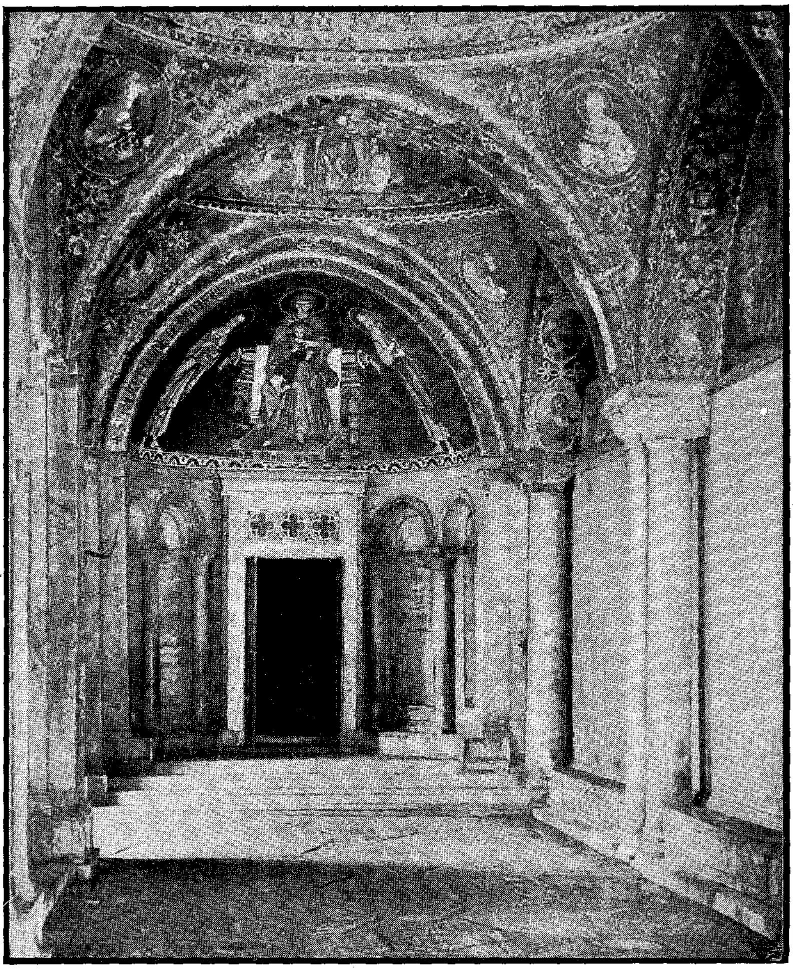
It is a common error to suppose that simple and rich work are inharmonious and should not occur in the same building. If it is the good fortune of the church, otherwise plain, to have a pulpit, communion-table, or lectern ornamented with fine carving, there is no inconsistency. In fact, there is a certain individuality in a church whose various accessories are obtained at different times and under different circumstances, which is not possessed by a building completed all at once and possessing the sort of unity obtained by the obvious means of having everything match. A preferable kind of unity is that where a general harmony prevails as to color and scale of detail, and yet, upon examina-



THE "GESÙ" AT ROME

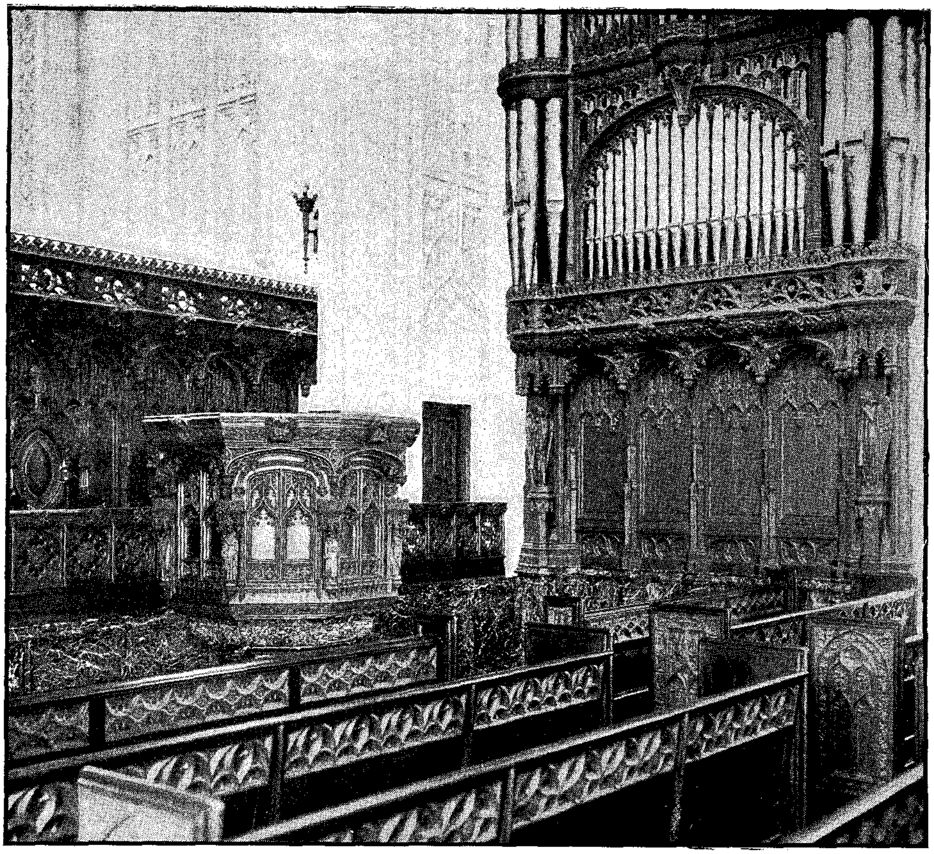
Though one of the most gorgeous and splendid of Roman churches, its high coloring and the triviality of its baroque decorations destroy what religious grandeur might otherwise have accompanied its fine general scheme tion, each piece of decoration shows its own individual character corresponding to the personality of the artist who executed it.

Beauty, human interest, and religious quality in church decoration can be secured only through the direct personal work of artistic craftsmen. There is almost no feature of the building which, when lovingly wrought by the hands of skillful men, does not become finer, more vital, and more potent subtly to move us. Each piece of carving or painting is then a sort of record of a bit of a man's life. He has put, if he is earnest, a little of his soul into it; and if, as most craftsmen are, he is happy in his work, a little of the joy of his life will have crept in, too. It is partly this that makes the Gothic churches so personally appealing. One sees the individual man in all the ornament. Each part varies according to the work done by different men, or by the same man in different moods. The work shows a true perception of the essentials of design, coupled with a disregard for needless accuracy in repetition of detail, which always marks the direct work of men's hands. Things which are machine made can never have this quality. It is a little difficult in this commercial age to realize the value of craftsmanship. We appreciate readily enough the worth



THE VESTIBULE OF ST. MARK'S, AT VENICE

The mosaic decorations of St. Mark's, applied as they are directly to the masonry vaults and domes, enhance by color and symbolism the already fine architectural lines

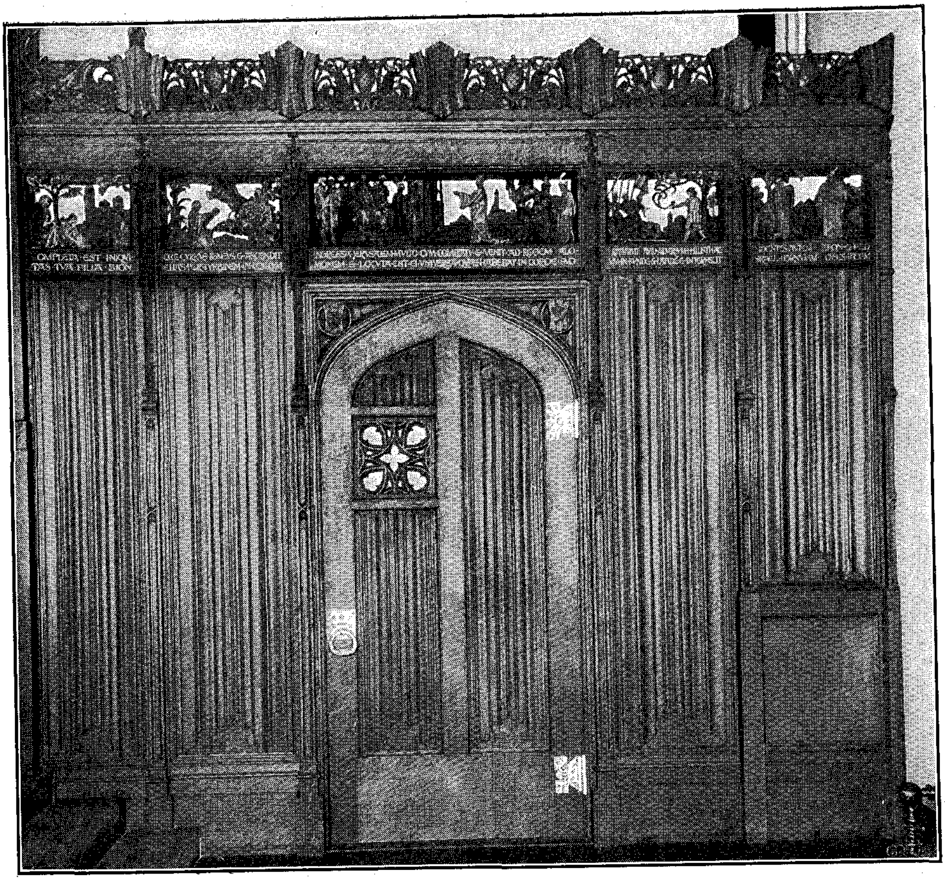


INTERIOR OF AN AMERICAN CHURCH

An excess of ornamentation and a lack of plain contrasting surfaces give to this interior an unfortunate air of worldly display

of precious materials, such as fine marbles, metals, gems, or rare woods, but we do not always have as clear a notion of the excellence of material of any sort when fashioned in forms of beauty. The silversmith can find many persons who will buy articles of great value because of weight and fineness of metal, but those who will pay a corresponding price for excellence of design and patient, skillful workmanship are few. The richest things are none too good for the church, and certain places and objects therein require as fine material as can be afforded; but the value of any rare stone, wood, stuff, or metal may be enhanced and common things made priceless by artistic workmanship.

It must not be concluded, however, that decoration is a means of covering up cheapness and shabbiness, or of imparting grandeur and richness to a poor and mean building. On the contrary, true decoration should be the crowning glory of a fine architectural conception accenting and emphasizing its beauties. Every one has seen examples of that type of church, unfortunately too common, with plastered walls enriched with stencils, bands, borders, and all-over patterns; floors carpeted, and ceilings treated like the walls, but divided by sham vaulting ribs or trusses cased up of thin boards for decorative purposes only. A common plaster wall is not objectionable, but for a church it is only a substitute for the more substantial and enduring brick or stone; and its ephemeral quality, making it unfit for fine decoration, is only exaggerated by such cheap ornaments. The carpeted floor, for reasons both sanitary and artistic, should be abandoned. It inevitably conveys the idea of a parlor, and causes the building to look domestic and homelike, instead of



SCREEN IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CHICAGO

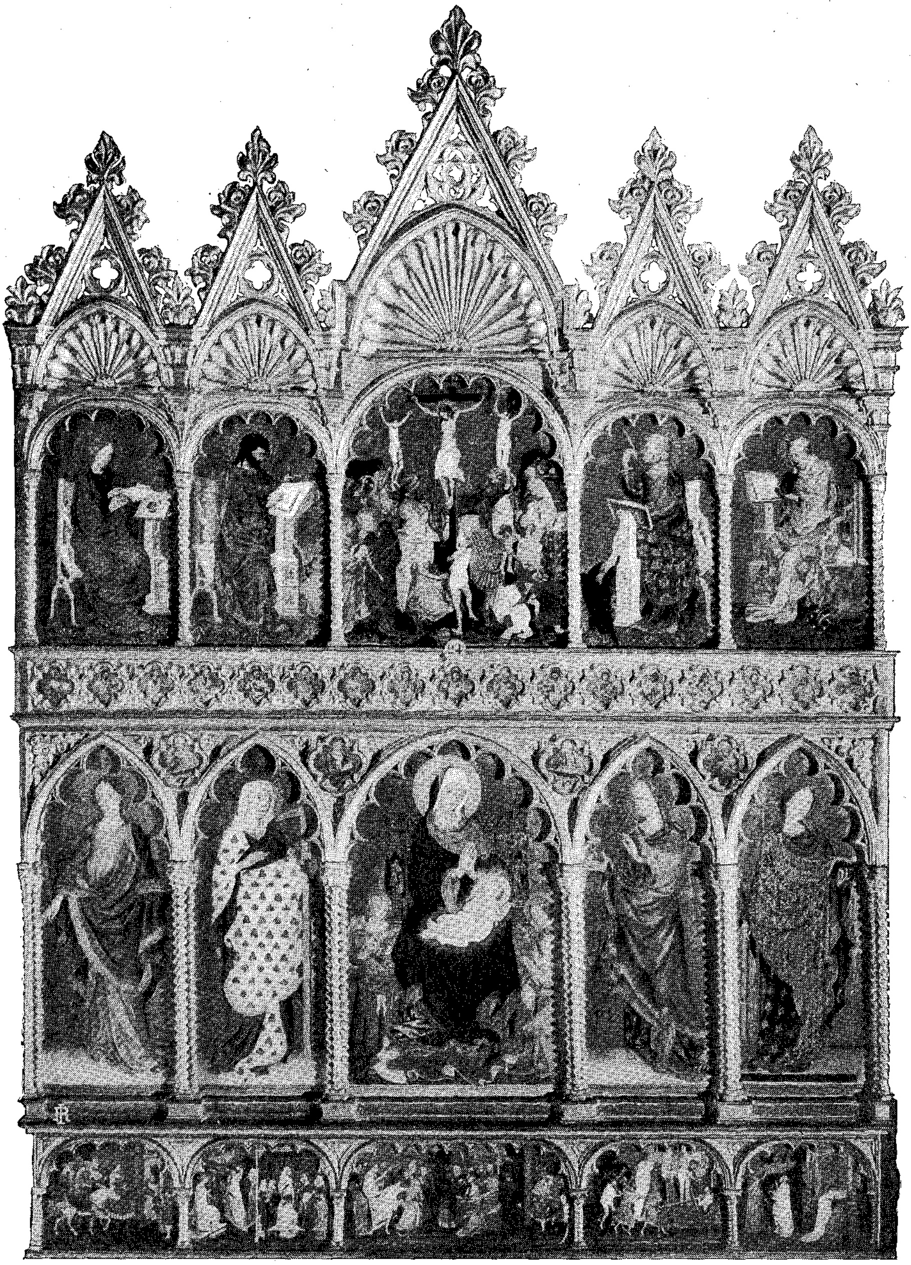
Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, architects. Carved by I. Kirchmeyer

An excellent example of good modern ecclesiastical decoration conceived in the true Gothic spirit

solemn and church-like. Better than this is a floor of hard wood, and much better still one of stone, brick, or tile, which is susceptible of excellent decorative treatment, and whose permanent character is in keeping with that of the building.

There is almost no limit to the opportunities for the employment of decoration in the church. Beyond the structure itself, with its stone carvings, glass and painted or mosaic surfaces, its floors in marble, stone, or tiles, there are wooden screens, the organ case, and all the various sorts of furniture in stone or wood, which give such excellent chances for carving, and even the use of color. There are also the vessels for the communion, candlesticks (if such are employed), the Bible and other books used in the service, which lend themselves so admirably to the arts of fine printing, illuminating, and binding. In fact, there is nothing in the church which does not offer a field for artistic work. Everything, however modest, simple, and plain, should be the best in design, material, and workmanship which can be obtained. And when circumstances permit, it is highly proper that the details of the building and its furniture be wrought with all the skill, patience, and art that the best of craftsmen can command.

Good decoration of any sort is costly, but it is singularly appropriate that materials too precious for common use and workmanship, too rich and elaborate for the simple life of every day, should find a place in the church to express the honor in which it is held, and to aid in giving it a sacred, monumental character. Cheap substitutes are inadmissible.



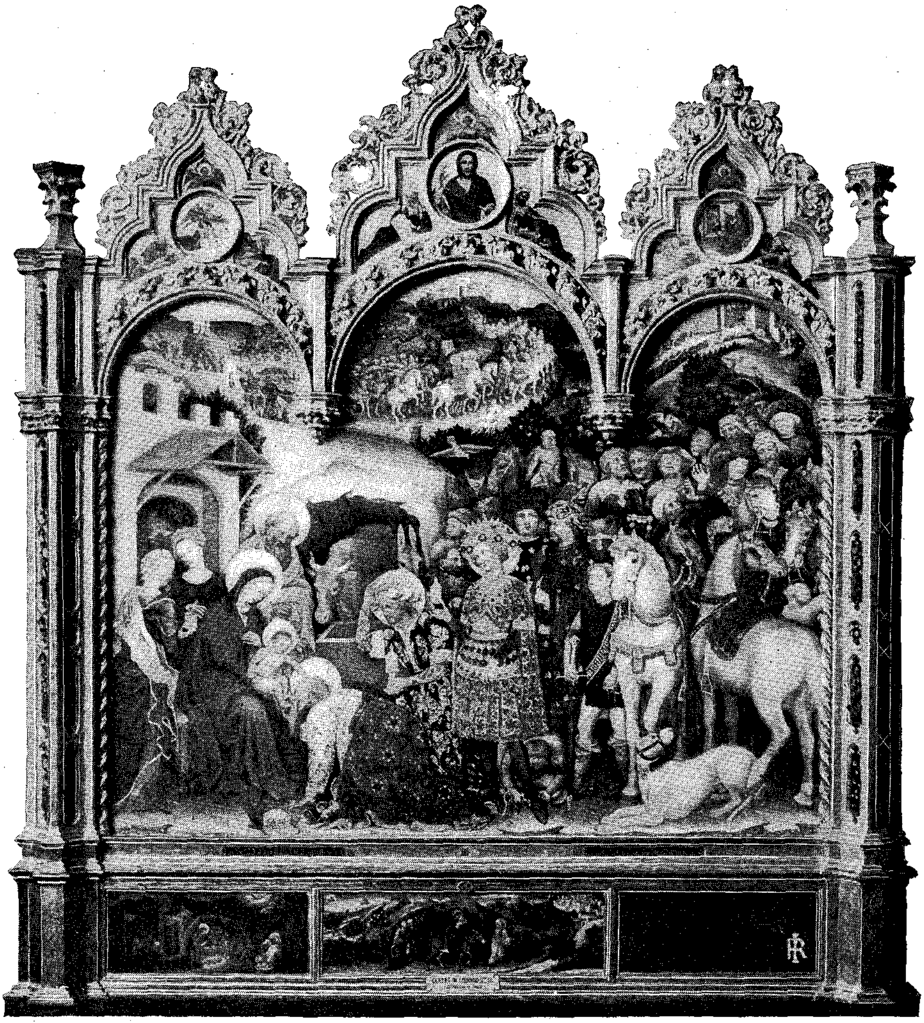
FIFTEENTH CENTURY VENETIAN ALTAR-PIECE

Faulty drawing and ignorance of perspective do not detract greatly from the fine decorative quality of this work. The ornaments of the robes and the minute details of the Virgin's throne are not pictorial, but purely decorative

Men can be found to do glass work or wall-painting at almost any price, and machine carving is much cheaper than the work of the hand. In fact, in this ingenious age there is almost nothing which is not imitated, and many of these imitations have, through our carelessness, found their way into our churches, to their serious detriment. A simple church, with good architectural lines, may be worthy in every way without ornament, or its beauty may be enhanced by good decoration, skillfully placed; but an attempt to obtain inferior substitutes for the work of real artists is sure to result in loss of all dignity and reverence.

In the mediæval churches there was nothing too unimportant to receive decoration. Each object, great or small, was the work of a man, not a machine, and each man, because he had pleasure in his work, put a little more into it than was required by mere utility. The carved stone capitals and belts became alive with an infinite variety of plant forms, beasts, and figures. Iron hinges, screens, and locks grew into beautiful examples of the work of the smith; on the floor-tiles were drawn symbols and inscriptions skillfully designed, and clergy stalls, pulpits, and lecterns were richly carved. Missals and breviaries were glorified by illumination, and the vessels for the altar and the lamps before the sanctuaries were often the highest examples of the metal worker's art. While it may not be fitting, or, in fact, possible, to carry out this idea to any such extent to-day, it is certainly fitting, as well as possible, to see that the various details of the architecture are finely executed and the objects used in the service are in any case not unworthily commonplace, tawdry, or vulgar.

Among the various means of decoration, the use of stained and leaded glass is perhaps the most characteristically religious, and both custom and propriety have marked this art as primarily ecclesiastical. Its development in America has been similar to that of other handicrafts in the remarkable ingenuity displayed in the solution of difficult practical problems. The variety, depth, and richness of some of the colored glass which is made to-day has hardly been surpassed, and the glass worker has at his command a palette which contains glass of almost every conceivable color, and of great variety in texture and translucence. In the combination of the elements in the window a vast amount of skill and cleverness has been displayed. Different colors are plated one over the other to soften or modify the tones, or a sheet of a certain color covers several other sheets of different colors to "pull them together" and to soften or obliterate the lines of the leading. Opalescent glass has been introduced in figure work, so as to give a striking realism to hands and faces, as well as to clouds and mountains. Glass is now made in great folds an inch or two thick, and is used to simulate draperies in a most telling fashion. Some of these windows are remarkable works of ingenuity. Gorgeous in color, often harmonious in tone, and almost startling in their realism, they leave little to be added to make them perfect—as translucent pictures. Unfortunately, however, pictorial quality is the last thing needed in a church window. In our interest in the mechanical problems of glass making and glazing, we have failed to consider what the basic principles of the art are, and what the end is that we should endeavor to reach. To copy a painting and strive for effects of perspective and atmosphere, to make the figures look as if they might step down from their places, is to degrade a noble art to a feeble imitation of easel painting, and to make the ideal of the stained-glass window a colored photographic transparency. Glass working is a decorative art, and as such its object is to ornament rather than to illustrate. Pictorial quality, which is always obtained at the expense of true decoration, is thus a fault, not a virtue. It is a primary essential that church windows shall not be realistic pictures, but formal designs harmonizing with the architecture, wherein figures are introduced in accordance with the principles governing such designs. Illusion, a necessary quality in an easel picture, has no place here. I recall a window, in a church otherwise excellent, which includes the figure of an angel reflected in a pool of water. The blue water, the summer sky, the reflection of the figure, somewhat blurred by the shimmer of the water, are imitated most cleverly. One can hardly realize that it is glass at all. As a clever illusion it is a success. As decorative art it is nothing. Another fault in our glassmaking has been the endeavor to diminish the number of lead lines by the use of large sheets of glass, and to obliterate them by plating. A stained-glass window is primarily a mosaic of small pieces of various colors joined by fillets of lead which form, when seen against the light, a pattern of black lines varying accord-

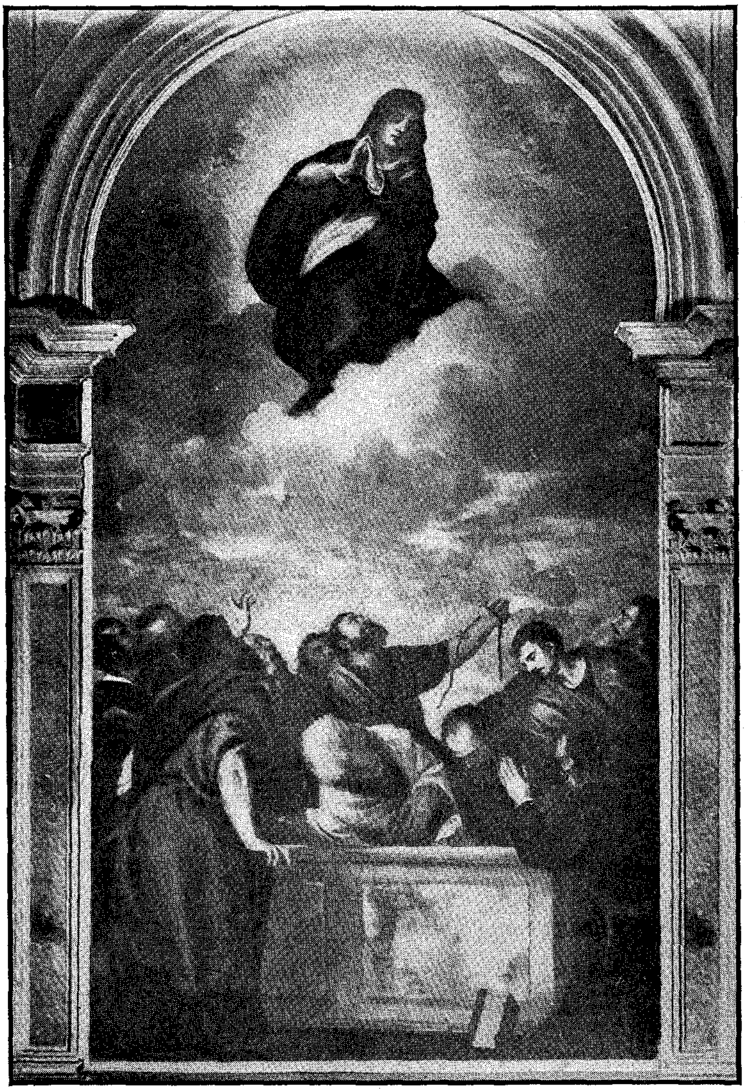


THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, FLORENCE

Painted by Gentile da Fabriano

Even if the subject were of no interest, this picture would be beautiful merely as decoration. Note in this and the preceding illustration that the frame and the picture are inseparable parts of a decorative whole

ing to the design of the window. From a fear of losing pictorial quality, the leads have been narrowed to the limit of strength and made as few as possible. The mediæval glass workers, on the other hand, valued these lines as necessary elements to be utilized to the utmost, and supplied with them the firmness of outline necessary in decorative work. A window, as a part of the wall of a building, and subject to the same principles of ornamental treatment, should be flat; that is, effects of modeling and perspective should be avoided, and shadows are equally inadmissible. We should also be careful to preserve the peculiar brilliancy of glass in our windows, a quality which seems to have been almost entirely lost sight of by some of our best-known glass workers. Their attempt to obtain depth and softness of color has sometimes resulted in windows which have more the effect of oiled paper than of glass. It is only necessary to compare with them the masterpieces of the mediæval churches, or even the best work of a few Englishmen and one or two Americans who have clung to the tradition of true Gothic work, to appreciate what this quality of "glassiness" means. It is not the intention to urge the adoption of the peculiar window design of any particular style, but only to point out that the only glass worthy to serve as a model for our churches to-day is the product of the Gothic period. Whether the windows be dark and rich with medallions containing small figures, or light and delicate with a single figure in each opening surmounted by intricate canopy work, the same broad principles should govern. Pictorial effect should be avoided, paint be used sparingly; effects of perspective, distance, and imitative texture are out of place, and illusory tricks abominable. In short, church windows should be considered, not as pictures, but as pieces of decoration bound by definite rules, but giving opportunity, nevertheless, for the exercise of the highest skill and most poetic imagination.



TITIAN'S "ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN," AT VERONA

Some of the very qualities which make this a great picture lessen its value as ecclesiastical decoration

In common with our other buildings, American churches have hardly begun to receive any real mural decoration. Good decorative painters are few, and opportunities for them to exercise their art are rarer still. However, a beginning has been made, and the appreciation of such work is growing, and will continue to do so, as an increasing number of intelligent people every year are learning from the monuments of Europe the beauty and appropriateness of painted walls, and the charm of color as used in panels, niches, canopies, screens, and the like. Here again the pictorial quality must be subordinated to the ornamental, though greater freedom is allowable than in the case of stained glass. The altar-piece from the Academy at Florence, representing the Visit of the Magi, has an effect which is intensely decorative in spite of its illustrative quality. It could be improved upon as an accurate representation of such an event, and in the arrangement of the figures, the effect of distance, and the representation of detail, greater realism might easily be secured. In making a picture one might indeed hesitate to introduce in the cavalcade in the distance the same figures of the Wise Men on the way to participate in the event represented in the foreground; but in a decorative work like this we feel that there is no inconsistency.

In the altar-piece from Venice one observes the decorative feeling in the flat gold backgrounds, in the careful working out of the patterns on the robes of the figures, and the greater size of the Virgin compared with her surrounding angels and the other saints. Though executed with infinitely greater technical skill, Titian's picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, at Verona, is not the equal of these early works as religious decoration. The latter are conceived and executed as adornments of the church, at the same time suggesting, indicating, or symbolizing certain religious events or ideas, while leaving the rest to the imagination. The Titian, on the other hand, is wonderful in composition, drawing, and color, and fine in sentiment, and as a picture is beyond criticism; but the skillfully executed perspectives and detailed realism detract from its value as ecclesiastical decoration.

In these days of general literacy, when every one reads the stories of the Bible for himself, it is manifestly inappropriate, because needless, to cover the church walls with literal representations of Scripture events; but it is proper and desirable to incorporate in our decorations such formal portrayals of the principal figures and symbols of the events as will bring these stories forcibly to the minds of the observers.

The adornment of the church should be a continuous endeavor of the people. The scheme of the structure should be generous enough so that there may be opportunity for further enrichment year after year, and instead of becoming an old church and inciting no interest as a building after a short time, it should be a growing thing, being beautified and glorified as the years go on.

Church architecture is one of our noblest opportunities of expression. Built as they should be, churches are structurally the most beautiful of any of our buildings; in composition they may have the most unity, in style and decoration the most distinction. Their purpose is least confused by the complexities of modern life, and their precedents are the finest. To use this opportunity worthily, to express the church of to-day truthfully, and put into the building and its adornments a reverential and churchlike beauty, is the task of the architect, which he can accomplish only when he has with him the intelligent interest and sympathy of the people.

Articles by Mr. Biscoe, entitled "Some Essentials in Church Architecture" and "Old and New in Church Building," will be found in the April and May Magazine Numbers.

TARRY AT HOME TRAVELS[1]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

" My mind impels me to write on places where I have been and on some of the people whom I have seen in them "

SECOND PAPER

New Hampshire

PERSONS or places? Why, both persons and places, if you please, Gentle Reader. If you please, for places we can go up to the Tip Top House on Mount Washington, which before we knew of the North Carolina mountains we called the highest land east of the Mississippi. Or for persons we can go to Graduation Day at Exeter and see the young American who means to sway the rod of empire in 1935.

And here am I, your guide and mentor. The first time I stood at the Tip Top House was at ten o'clock at night in the first week of September, 1841, with a crowbar in my hand as I pressed upon the door. It was after a tramp from Randolph which had lasted seventeen hours and had taken us over Jefferson and through one or two thunderstorms. The last time I arrived there I was with an old friend on the back seat of a victoria, with four horses before us who had trotted most of the way from the Alpine House. And the attentive keeper of the Tip Top House ran forward.

"Is this you, Dr. Hale? I am so sorry you are just too late for our dinner, but you shall have something to eat by the time you are ready. Would you rather have hot chops or would you rather have some tenderloin steak? We will make you as comfortable as we can."

This is what happens when fifty years go by. And literally one of my last visits in New Hampshire was on that day, a pathetic day as it proved, which Exeter boys will long remember. We dedicated to good learning and high patriotism two noble buildings which George Morison had cared for and for which I believe he had paid—George Morison, the king of American engineers. He died a few weeks after, leaving for us two or three leading studies of American duty which must not be forgotten.

Yes, it is just as it was in Maine. You can box the compass. Things? If you want things, you can have them on a large scale. Men? If you want men, why, we have Daniel Webster. We will not say in this connection here, we have Franklin Pierce. On a small scale, remember that somewhere in an earlier paper I have said something of a baby three months of age who was attended by Mrs. Jeremiah Smith when she was Miss Hale, a charming girl of seventeen, and came to visit my dear mother in the public house of Exeter. My father with some scientific friends was at that moment attacking "the Notch," as we used to call it, as if there were no other, ascending by the early pioneer path to the summit of Mount Washington. Year by year people found out how attractive all that region is.

To me, personally, after I saw it on the Geological Survey of New Hampshire in 1841, it became a duty as it became a

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[1] Copyright, 1905, the Outlook Company.

ON THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

privilege to go up every summer and thread those forests again. The glory of forests is more than the glory of mountains. I remember I used to say that if the time came of a summer when I did not want to go to New Hampshire, I knew I was out of order somehow and ought to go. And with the first two minutes of forest life Nature asserted herself and I was well again.

If any one wants to travel in New Hampshire and see the central wonders as they revealed themselves to Derby Field, that original Irishman who came up here in 1642, let him make roughly on the margin of this magazine the letter M. Then if he is a New Yorker he may say, "I will go up by the vertical stroke of the left hand of the M, and I there come to Bethlehem. I will go down from Bethlehem through the Notch till I come to Intervale. I will go up again from Intervale by Pinkham's Notch to Gorham and the Alpine House, and then I will go down on the right hand vertical of the M and I shall come to Sebago Pond and beautiful Bridgton, and go to Portland, the most charming of New England cities excepting Burlington.

Now, if he choose, he may go down from Bethlehem through the Valley of the Pemigewasset. He may go up to Waterville, highest inhabited land in New England. He may go down to Squam Lake, and see my boys on Harry Sawyer's farm; he may cruise on Winnepesaukee as long as he chooses, and he may go across on foot or on his donkey through Tamworth, Conway, and again to Intervale. He will find Intervale a good center with memories of old artist days.

But there are other regions to be traversed. You must not venture to talk about New Hampshire till you have been through the Dixville Notch. If you have the real Bohemian spirit in you, you will take a birch canoe (which, believe me, is better than a cedar) at Connecticut Lake, the head of Connecticut River.[1] You will come out sunburnt and strong at Saybrook on Long Island Sound, if you please, and go up and pay your respects to the Fosters. Or, after three or four weeks of happy

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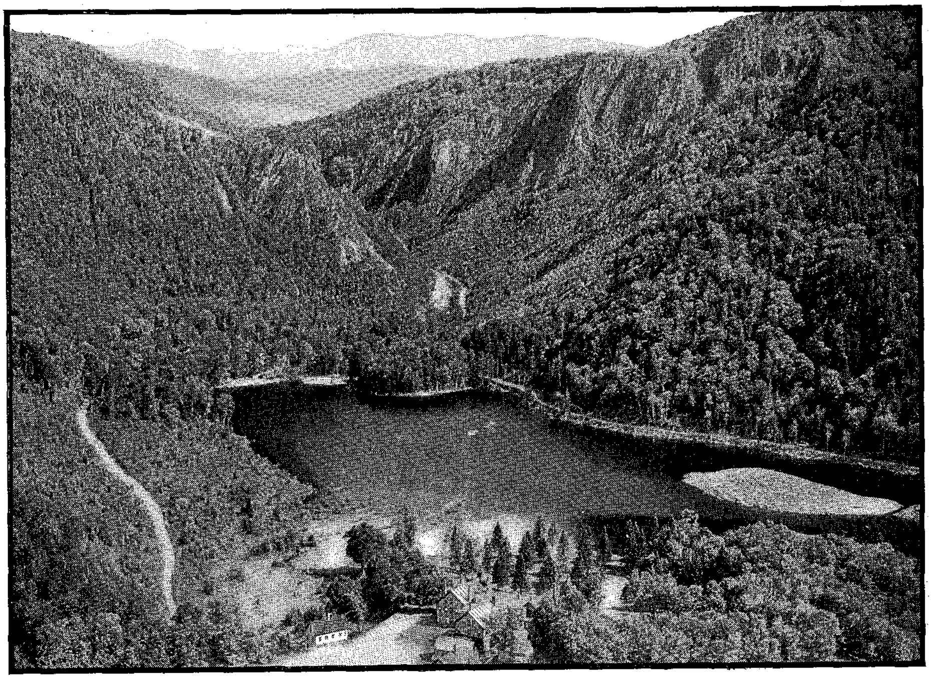
[1] This is as good a place as any to say that Connecticut means a long tidal river, and that the experts spell it quinnehtukqut. Winthrop bought corn in the Connecticut Valley the first year after his people came here.



DIXVILLE NOTCH

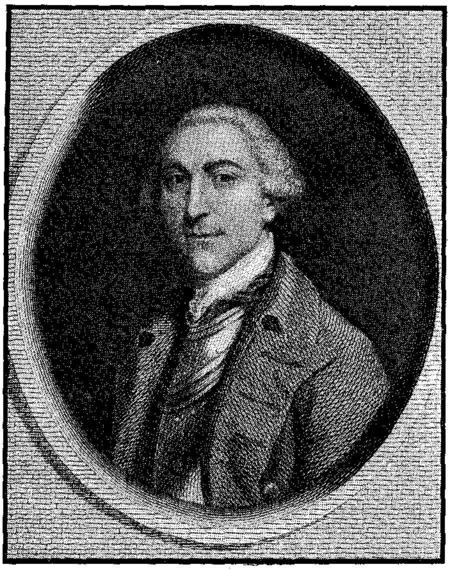
adventure on Connecticut River, you will go across to Rangeley and try there for salmon trout or for salmon; or you will study the grandeur of their Lake Country there; or you will wander in the quarries of granite which are just on the eastern side of the line of Maine, but more accessible from New Hampshire.

At Diana's Bath, or Pigwacket, there is much which Pan and the Oreads and Naiads have to show you; and, as the Pope says of Rome, after you have been with us some years, you will find that you know nothing.

And now as for Men, on the other hand. These people always had a sturdy habit of their own. We people in Boston Bay sent them into exile when we made an end of Anne Hutchinson and the other Mystics and Progressives of her time. For the first and the last time in New England, what men now call a Presbytery sat on the First Church in Boston in 1636, and the Commonwealth was foolish enough to send into exile the most intelligent members of that Church in Boston, and left only a few dozen at home to pick up the pieces and make Boston out of them as well as they could. So these people, whose names are Maude, Wheelwright, and Pormort, among others, with a half-dozen more, went beyond the Massachusetts line to Exeter and Dover and Portsmouth. I may say, in passing, that they pronounced Portsmouth as if it were Porchmouth, and their true descendants speak so to this day. It was Strawberry Bank then.

Well, sometimes these exiles wanted the strong arm of Massachusetts to help them, and then they always had it. An ancestor of mine, Captain John Everett, commanded the train-bands of Massachusetts Bay there for a generation when Jesuits and Algonquins were too much for the settlers. But, on the other hand, whenever they chose they had an assembly of their own and did very much as they pleased, and I think that is their habit to this day.

Among other pieces of independence was the revolution in the great Democratic party by which in 1843 and 1844 New Hampshire became the first in point of time of American States to make an anti-slavery platform, while up to that time, in a spirit of local independence, she had always chosen to give a Democratic vote and so to ally herself to the Southern hierarchy. When it came to



FIELD-MARSHAL HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY
After whom the town of Conway was named

the annexation of Texas, however, the Democrats of New Hampshire said "No!" and instead of voting steadily in the Southern column they went over and laid the advance for freedom.

One of the pioneers, whose name, Eleazar Wheelock, is hardly remembered, took it into his head to found a college which was to be especially for the "education of Indians for the service of Christ." Mr. Edwin D. Mead reminds me that Wheelock was educated at New Haven as one of the scholars who were there supported by Berkeley's bounty. It was thus, as it proved, that Berkeley established his American college.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

Wheelock went to England, and there he found favor with Lord Dartmouth, the one member of Lord North's Cabinet who was "pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, given to mercy and good works, without partiality and without hypocrisy." And the Earl of Dartmouth was good to the Indian apostle, who named his college Dartmouth College in his memory. They tell me that while I write,[1] the present Earl of Dartmouth is girding on his armor and preparing to take an ocean voyage to see the Dartmouth College of to-day. "A little college," Daniel Webster said. "But she has children who love her."

Portsmouth? Yes. All of you have read Miss Jewett's novel, "The Tory Lover," or if you have not you will thank me for telling you to do so. There you get a bit of Paul Jones, and in Mr. Buell's history, which reveals so much to us, you have Paul Jones at greater length and so at much greater advantage. What a pity it is that we have lost Mr. Buell just as we discovered that we had another historian! In their enthusiasm for Paul Jones the Continental Congress ordered that the plan should be drawn and the timber collected with which to build a ship of the line, America, which was to be the flagship of the great American seaman. No more rotten Poor Richards for him. He shall have an American ship built from American woods for an American seaman. Thirty-two years before, Portsmouth had built a frigate America for the English navy, but we will have an "America" of our own. The new ship of the line was just about finished, I have a right to say, probably the finest vessel of her class in the world, when the French King's ship, the Magnifique, ran against a rock in Boston Harbor and sank. I am afraid her bones are there to this day. And the fickle Congress forgot its own Admiral, gave the America to "our illustrious ally," and McCarthy, commander of the Magnifique, took his sailors down to Portsmouth to superintend her fitting for the ocean. Here I have his Log Book of those days, if you would only read it, but, alas! you do not care for history.

Her after history is given to me very kindly by Mr. Gauss, of our Navy Department. It appears that in 1793 she sailed under Admiral Sercy from Brest for Santo Domingo, to convoy loaded merchant vessels ready to return to France. This and other ships of the French navy were detained in the West Indies, owing to the insurrection in Santo Domingo and other causes, until June 24, 1793, when Admiral Sercy started out with his fleet. Some of them are mentioned by name as coming to the United States ports for supplies, and some are named as reaching Brest late in November, 1793. The next summer, on the celebrated first of June when Lord Howe beat the French squadron off Ushant, she was taken into the British navy and named the Impétueux. This change was made because they had already an America. The French ship Impétueux which had been taken at Ushant had been burned at Portsmouth, England, and her name Impétueux was given to this larger America in commemoration of the French ship.

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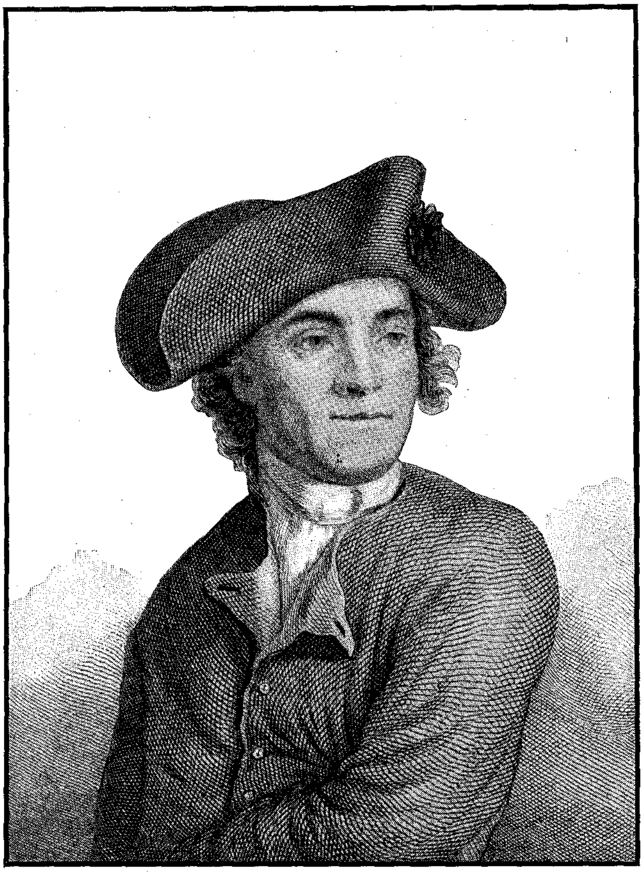
[1] Since the words were written above, the Earl of Dartmouth has made his auspicious visit to Dartmouth College. The new generation was delighted to honor him, and he and his party have left the most agreeable remembrances behind them.

As L'Impétueux she became a favorite ship in the English navy. They told me at the Admiralty that when Lord Exmouth (Sir Edward Pellew) was to command the fleet, he chose L'Impétueux as his flagship.

All this I have said in such detail because the late Mr. Buell, in his invaluable life of Paul Jones, had been misled. He says that King Louis changed the name of our America into the Franklin. Now, the Franklin was the ship captured at Aboukir by Lord Nelson. She was considered the finest two-deck ship in the world, but she is not our America. And it is a pity that this mistake should have worked its way into literature. Our American Impétueux is sometimes rated as a seventy-four-gun ship and sometimes as seventy-eight.



PAUL JONES
From an engraving by Ad. Varin

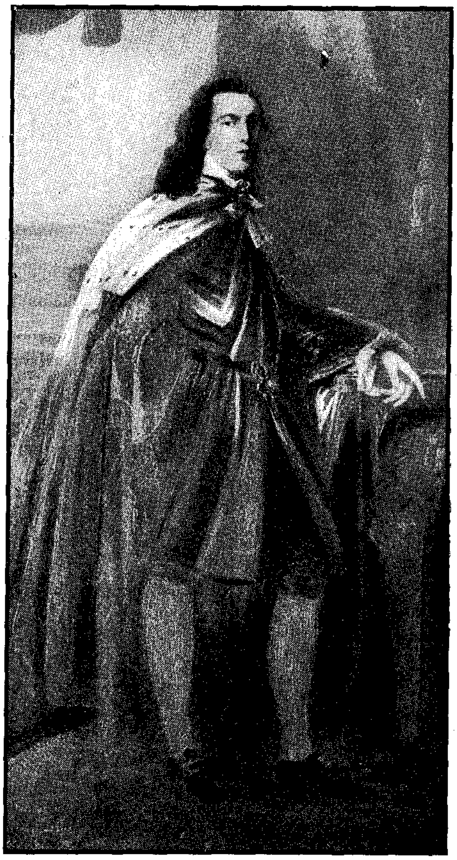
But poor Paul Jones was left lamenting because we wanted to make a present to "our illustrious ally."

In my own earlier days, camping for a night under a wide pine and an open sky, I remember an old forester told me that he had seen the broad arrow of King George on pines in that forest which were too far from water to be carried to the Merrimac. I think it quite likely that some old Appalachian may find King George's broad arrow at this day.

The Appalachian Club of Boston is an excellent club. Semiramis says that it is the only club in Boston which has a real *raison d'être*. Perhaps this is true. Anyway, it brings together young men and maidens, wise men and people who know as little as I do, but who love the open air, who are not afraid to be alone with God, and so are willing, if need be, to lie on hemlock boughs with a fire burning a cord of wood at one's feet, and look up on the sky. Now this Appalachian Club does not satisfy itself with stereoscopic pictures in winter or sonnets addressed to robin redbreasts or the starry canopy. But it sends into the wilderness such men as Mr. Edmands, and as my friends the Lowes, to make paths and to establish camps and leave water-mugs for the benefit of wayfarers, and sometimes an enthusiast gives them a few cents or a few dollars with which to buy a few pine-trees to preserve them for posterity. Blessings on the Appalachian Club, and blessings on the Forestry Association of New Hampshire! Let this reader reflect that the Ural mines gave him ten per cent. last month instead of seven, and let him send that extra three per cent. which he does not know what to do with to the treasurer of the Appalachian and bid him buy a little bit of pine forest for the benefit of the reader's great-grandson in 1975, and let that great-grandson take this number of The Outlook out from the library and thank me for the suggestion.

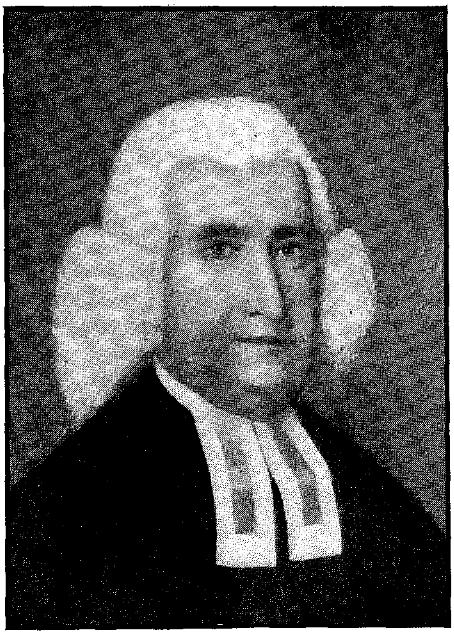
Do not fear to come up here from New Padua, from Baltimore, from Knoxville, from New Orleans, or from Waco. We have a fine set of guides, who know what they are about, who neither drink, nor swear, nor steal, nor play "high-low," but who love to make you love the forests and the mountains. Let it be for only twenty-four hours if you please, or let it be for six months if you please. Put yourself fairly into the forest reserve, to see what there is to be seen, to eat what there is to eat, to do what there is to do, and to enjoy all there is to enjoy, and then you will not need to read our papers on New Hampshire.

And, not to let this chapter pass without saying something of persons as well as places, let me counsel my pupil to spend time enough at Dartmouth College to understand what is the charm that it has for everybody. It is under the direction of one of the first educators of our time, Dr. Tucker. From the time of John Ledyard (who is now forgotten, as he ought not to be) to these days, when so many of our active statesmen hark back to their happy years at Dartmouth, it has been gaining on the right hand and on the left hand, above and below, behind and before. Never were more august ceremonies than those of the hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's Commencement.



LORD DARTMOUTH

From a painting in the possession of Dartmouth College



ELEAZAR WHEELOCK
From a painting in the possession of Dartmouth College

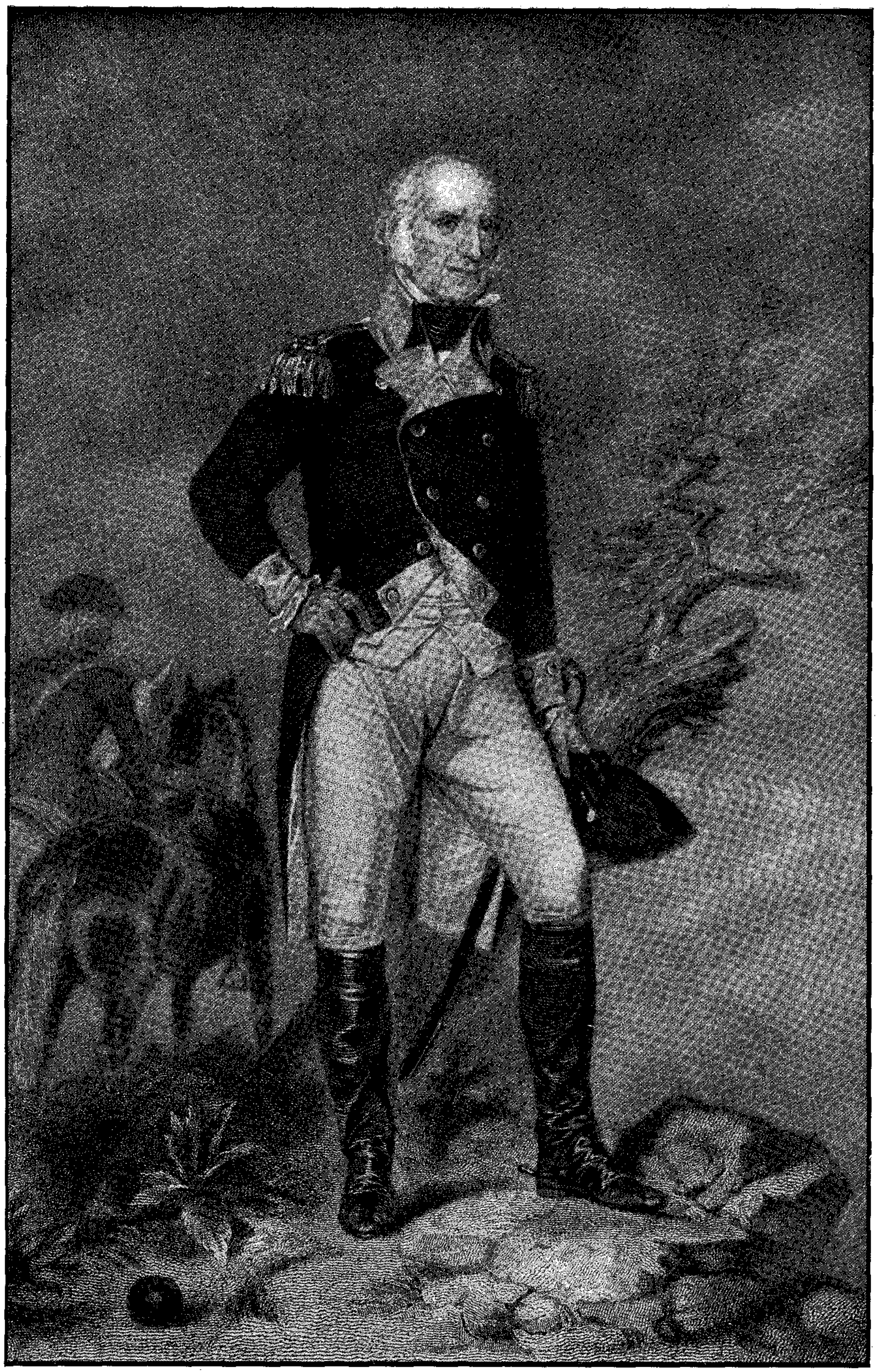
Never have people loved their Alma Mater more than Webster did, than Choate did, or Ticknor, or Field, or some of these younger men who are on the stage to-day. With great good sense, the government of the college manages to attach its scientific school to the necessities of the times. With great good sense, they have administered their college so that study and learning, science and literature, are still the fashion as the foundation there.

As for the Academy at Exeter, it won its honors early, and it holds them with pride to this day. One of the Phillipses of Andover endowed the school, and he builded a great deal better than he knew. No boys are better fitted for college than its pupils are. And the reason is that somehow the true democratic principle has intrenched itself there, and a fellow is really esteemed as he attends to the business for which academies and colleges are founded. One of the school's accomplished instructors said to me once that nothing was more pathetic than to watch the first three months of a boy who comes to Exeter supposing that he is going to fool away his father's money and his own time in a series of sports, where the studies are only exceptions. You might make a Greek tragedy, almost, out of the struggle of such a boy with his old self when he finds that work, and hard work, is the business of the place.

The Revolutionary history of New Hampshire would make an excellent book if one of the new school of historians would take it up and would illustrate it. I like to spend a month every summer in Conway. Well, why is Conway called Conway? Because General Henry Seymour Conway stood up for the colonists so well in the discussions of the English Parliament and the Stamp Act. The Town of Boston asked Conway for his portrait for Faneuil Hall, and he sent it to them; and General Howe stole it when he went away, and no man knows where the real portrait is to-day. But a better monument for Conway is in the lovely summer home of the people who breathe God's air there.

John Stark, at the rail fence at Bunker Hill, must have seen, eye to eye, William Howe, the English General who attacked him and was repelled there. The Stark Regiment covered the retreat on that day which men thought so fatal to the American army. Stark thought that the Continental Congress had slighted him, so when he cut off Baun and his party at Bennington, he made the report of his victory to the State of New Hampshire and to the General Court of Massachusetts. We preserve in the Massachusetts State House the "One Hessian gun and bayonet, one broad sword, one brass-barrelled drum" which Stark sent us on that day. It is rather interesting to know how people did such things then; so I will put on record the resolution in which the "Board of War" was instructed "to present to the Honourable Brigadier General Stark a complete suit of clothes becoming his rank, together with a piece of linen as testimony of the high sense this Court have of the great and important services rendered by that officer."

Senator Hoar used to tell a fine story of his first visit to Bennington. He made some mistake in leaving his hotel to go to see the monument on the battle-ground. But he fell in with a little boy



GENERAL JOHN STARK
From an engraving after the painting by Chappell

who became his guide. Hoar asked him some questions about the battle, and the boy was somewhat confused in his answers. He acknowledged that he was not perfectly informed, saying, "What I know is that the Benningtons licked."

Did any one think to send Admiral Dewey a new uniform on the first of May, 1898? My own little tribute to Stark is in the Marching Song of Stark's Men as he took them down to Bennington, or, as he called it, Wollomsac. If we can trust Colonel Creasy, the history of Bennington and what followed belongs in the history of the fifteen great battles of the world.

THE MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN

March! March! March! from sunrise till it's dark,
And let no man straggle on the way!
March! March! March! as we follow old John Stark,
For the old man needs us all to-day.

Load! Load! Load! Three buckshot and a ball,
With a hymn-tune for a wad to make them stay!
But let no man dare to fire till he gives the word to all,
Let no man let the buckshot go astray.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire all along the line,
When we meet them bloody Hessians in array!
They shall have every grain from this powder-horn of mine,
Unless the cowards turn and run away!

Home! Home! Home! When the fight is fought and won,
To the home where the women watch and pray!
To tell them how John Stark finished what he had begun,
And to hear them thank our God for the day.

August 16, 1777.

"The year of the triple Gallows" was the joke of the patriots of the time: the reference was to 7 three times repeated.

These latter years are years of mourning for us who love New Hampshire, because this new business of paper pulp is stripping off her magnificent forests.

In old times, as I have said, King George sent his surveyors round, and when they saw a tree fit for his navy, they marked it with the broad arrow of the navy, so when its time came it was cut down in the winter, was hauled on the snow to the largest stream within range, and floated down to the ocean. I think it could be shown that in all the great sea fights in which the English, French, Spanish, or American navies were engaged between 1776 and 1790, the spars of all the vessels were from the New Hampshire forests. So other ship-builders cut logs and floated them down if they were big enough for spars or wide enough for boards. But the smaller trees were left,

> "Not for the good they may do now,
> But will do when they're grown up."

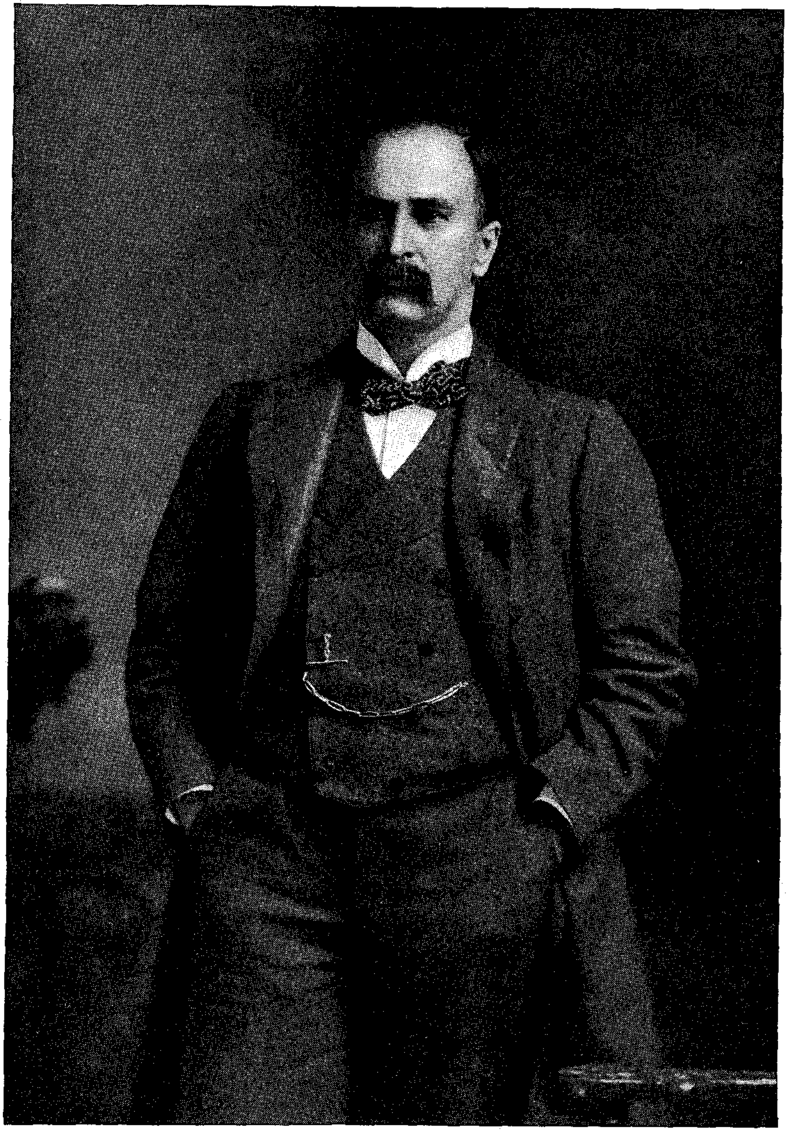
So that the mountains were still green, and so the forests still grew into cathedral aisles. And with every summer the wilderness was alive with glories for which there is no comparison.

Then, alas! Satan came walking up and down. And he devised methods of making paper from wood pulp. Before him, when angels and archangels presided over that business, paper was made of such rags as busy housewives minded to see the end of, and happily of older paper which had served its turn.

But now, alas! there is not a tree in the forest, big or little, old or young, from which you cannot make paper.

What follows is that you enter your forest with your axes in summer as you once did in winter, and you cut down virtually everything. If you leave a few sumach bushes or blackberry vines, it is because they are not worth the handling, they are so small. Big pines, little pines, big spruces, little spruces, big hemlock, little hemlock—all fall below the ax. All is grist for Satan's mill.

For which the remedy will come—so soon as the Congress of America makes a National Park of the White Mountain summits. The State has surveyed the region carefully, and a fit plan has been prepared. Uncle Sam must acquire fifty square miles, be the same more or less, and put it in charge of his foresters. And then my children's children's children shall see the great-grandchildren of the pines that I saw sixty years ago, in place of the sumach and other rubbish that the pulp creatures have left him to-day. We ought to have done this years ago, but it is not too late for the twenty-first century.



Dr. William Osler

MEDICINE, literature, and religion seem to be congenial spheres: witness St. Luke, Sir Thomas Browne, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Witness, too, in this present day, Dr. William Osler.

The new Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford is first of all a great scholar. Born and educated in Canada, he laid the foundation of his later success as occupant of a chair in McGill University. Then for about five years he was Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Since 1889 he has been, until his resignation to accept the call from Oxford, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine at Johns Hopkins. It is in diagnosis that he has won perhaps his greatest repute. So distinguished have his services been in this department that he has won a foremost place in his profession through his consultation practice; but his ability in pathology and therapy have been none the less great.

Notwithstanding his profundity as a medical scholar and his activity in the practice of his profession, Dr. Osler has kept his human sympathy broad. Now that he has left this country, it may not be unbecoming to speak of that generosity which he kept so well concealed while he was here that no one but himself knows in how many ways it was exercised. The breadth of his human sympathy, however, has made him more than a humanitarian. He has participated not only in the life of the present, but also in the life of the ages. In other words, he is a lover of literature. He lives not only with his contemporaries, but also with the great minds of the past. And in what he does and says he unconsciously shows the influence of the company he keeps. When he speaks or writes, he not merely finds the utterances of great writers ready to his lips and pen, but he uses in expressing his own thought the same sort of free but ordered language that his companions of the past use. Perhaps he speaks and writes clearly because he thinks clearly; but one cannot help fancying that he thinks clearly because he has accustomed himself to finely ordered expression. Instinctive in him, as well as clearness, is his humor. Perhaps that is why one or two of his addresses have been widely misread in America, for in this country, where wit is appreciated uproariously, humor has but a small acquaintance. The man who has in him the quality of humor has thereby the grace of seeing life in perspective.

And because he thinks clearly and sees life in perspective, he is morally and spiritually earnest. When, in bidding farewell to his fellow-physicians, he said, "In my sojourn among you, I have loved no darkness, sophisticated no truth, nursed no delusions, and allowed no fear;" when, in giving the Ingersoll lecture on immortality at Harvard, he did not hesitate to say that science brought no knowledge to confirm the hope he had for life beyond death; he revealed that combination of faith and courage in the search for truth that has imparted to his churchmanship sincerity, to his scholarship breadth, and to his teaching leadership.

The Religion of a Jurist[1]

By the Hon. David J. Brewer

Justice of the United States Supreme Court

WE often speak of the laws of mind, and some may fancy that these laws are capable of the same exact measurement as the laws of matter; but there is this essential difference, a difference which will ever prevent a full discernment of the one, while knowledge of the other may be absolute. Particles of matter are unchangeable in their characteristics from age to age and from century to century. The atom of silicon or carbon or hydrogen is to-day in all its nature and characteristics the same as it was four thousand years ago. It is subjected to the same laws, responsive to the same influences. It is an unchanged fact, and as we study the laws of the material world we are studying forces which are applicable to unchangeable atoms. But there is no such fixedness in the human soul. There is no atom there which is the same to-day that it was a thousand years ago, or is the same in one individual that it is in another. The very thing upon which the laws of mind operate is constantly changing and shifting. So it is that, no matter how great may be our increase in knowledge, we can never know of a given person the extent of the influences which heredity and environment have had in forming and shaping his present character. That character in and of itself is and always will be an unknown quantity. But justice, absolute justice, requires that judgment be measured not alone by the concrete acts, but should take into account the differences caused by heredity and environment for which the individuals are not responsible. In short, it is certain that absolute justice cannot be administered by finite man. We can never determine how much the character is affected by forces and influences over which the alleged criminal himself has had no control, and therefore we can never establish an accurate relation between his acts and the consequences thereof.

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[1] Part of an address delivered in the Old South (Congregational) Church of Boston, in November, 1904.

More and more does the judge appreciate the presence of those forces and influences which in the truest sense determine the quantity of guilt, and yet because they are beyond the reach of human knowledge are ignored, and must be ignored, in the daily administration of the law. More and more does he realize that, while the scientific student may have the possibility of certainty as the result of his study, he as a judge must ever act with a consciousness that there is a domain into which he can never enter, and yet a domain filled with considerations which affect in the highest sense the matter of perfect justice.

What then? Believing in an infinite being, unseen, yet standing supreme over human life and history,

> " With whom 'tis one
> To guide a sunbeam or create a sun,"

the question comes to him, Is it possible that in the lower range of material things there is certainty, and that certainty is within the limits of human knowledge, while in the higher realms of the spirit the race must go on to the end of time unable to ascertain and therefore unable to act upon a like certainty? Can it be that that Infinite One makes manifest absolute truth in all the domain of the material world, but leaves the realm of the spiritual forever a chaos of uncertainty, resulting in perpetual injustice to his highest and noblest work?

One and only one alternative is presented. In some other time and place the failures of justice on earth will be rectified. Infinite wisdom will there search the past of every life, measure with exactness the influences of heredity and environment, and out of the fullness of that knowledge correct the errors which we are powerless to prevent. The inevitable failure of justice in this life is an assurance of a life to come. Outside of the declarations of revelation, and putting the thought I have presented one side, immortality is but a possibility. " Over the river they beckon to me," is only the voice of hope. To that hope and that possibility comes the strong testimony from the inevitable failure of human justice as contrasted with the full knowledge of the laws governing the material world, for it is abhorrent to our conceptions of an infinite being that he should endow us with the latter while investing the highest product of creative intelligence, the human soul, with a mysterious environment which no man can ever fathom and which to the end of its existence will prevent that soul from receiving the exact award which is essential to absolute justice.

The Roman patriot Cato, facing suicide, exclaimed:

> " If there's a Power above us—
> And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
> Through all her works—He must delight in virtue,
> And that which He delights in must be happy.
> But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar."

Forty years of judicial life, as varied as that which falls to the lot of any, have given to me an answer to Cato's question. I have looked into the faces of persons on trial before me for alleged crimes, or litigant in civil cases, have searched every item of testimony which the laws of evidence allow to be introduced, in the hope of gathering therefrom some knowledge of the influences which the past of heredity and environment have cast, and, finding but little to guide or instruct, have yielded to the necessity of determining rights on the basis of only the concrete and visible facts. I have been over and over again oppressed with the limitations of finite nature, and longed to know something of those unseen and unknown influences which have brought the individual to his place before me. Conscious of these ever-present limitations, I have asked whether this is the best that God has done for man? And the answer which has come out of my long experience on the bench is that somewhere and some time all the failures of human justice will be made good. Through the light of the judicial glass I have seen the splendid vision of immortality. Rising above the confused, conflicting voices of the court-room I have heard the majestic and prophetic words of the great Apostle: "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

But the fact of immortality is one thing, its lesson another. Is it freighted with joy or burdened with despair? Does it mean merely the making certain the result of our wrong-doings? Is it nothing but an appeal to a higher court, in which a more just sentence will be pronounced, a change, as it were, from Jeffreys to Sir Matthew Hale? Will the exact pound of flesh be taken? On the even scales of the blind goddess will there be only the remorseless weighing out of just punishment?

"Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?"

Must we look forward to immortality with the sure and only expectation that the wrongs we have here concealed will be made known, and the doom we have evaded be cast upon us? I know that in human courts mercy is a futile plea. Vainly the sweet-voiced counsel may urge:

"Mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

For the cold reply will be:

"'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be."

Only in an appeal to the executive is there place for mercy. Pardon is not a judicial function.

But in the great tribunal of eternity the same Being is both judge and chief executive. And as we cannot sound the depths of infinite wisdom, so we may not measure the reach of infinite love. We catch even here foreshadowings of its marvelous power and sweetness. Some faint rays from the sacred lights burning evermore along the great highways of the life beyond fall upon our pathway and guide our trembling footsteps to the shores of the silent river.

Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," tells in one of her shorter stories of a painter who commenced life painting religious pictures. As he grew up and mingled with the world his faith in spiritual things faded away. He ceased to believe. He had commenced to place upon canvas his conception of an Infinite God, with omnipotent arms underneath and supporting the bleeding head of a suffering and fainting Christ. He put the half-finished picture away in the corner as something unworthy of his efforts. He mingled in life and painted its pleasures and splendors. The years went by until old age came. He had seen life, with its pleasures and its sorrows, its successes and its failures. The great injustice of all grew more and more impressive, and he began to realize that there must be some other life to complement this and even up its inequalities. His old faith came back. He brought out the incompleted picture, and his last, best, and sweetest work was in finishing this ideal of his youth. Upon the broad background of human experience we see the dim vision of omnipotent arms beneath the wearied, suffering, bleeding children of earth. And if this, even in faint outline, be manifest here, shall we not look for a like picture with stronger and more glowing colors on the canvas which shall be unrolled in the life to come?

While mercy which is akin to love may not be a judicial function, is justice always satisfied with only the rigor of the law? Is condemnation the sole aim and end? Was the gentle lawyer Portia wholly wrong when she said that "mercy seasons justice"? Doubtless there is wisdom in the provision that the finite judge who is called upon to declare the law shall not be given power to dispense with it; that that power shall not be exercised until after condemnation, and then by one other than the judge. Does the wisdom and therefore the necessity of this separation inhere in the nature of things? Does it not rather spring from the fact that the power to grant the one may lead the judge to ignore the other, and so the public be gradually deadened to a sense of the danger as well as the wickedness of crime? But with infinite wisdom in the judge pardon is safely left with him. He will wisely determine its conditions, and never toss it out as a free gift to every criminal. He will never "cast pearls before swine," and never so act that it blots out the sense of guilt. The same lips that declared, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," also declared, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Justice and mercy are alike handmaids of the Omnipotent. Not inaccurately did the great Apostle, himself a lawyer, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, declare that "love is the fulfilling of the law." So out of my judicial experience, and looking through the glass of my life-work, I have learned to see in the cross the visible symbol of faultless justice, and in the resurrection of Christ the prophecy and truth of its final triumph.

The Marriage of Katinka

By Zona Gale

"I SHALL take my white lady's-cloth gown," I repeated, obstinately.

"You don't need it no more than what you need two heads," maintained Nichola.

"But it is the first visit that I've made in three years, Nichola," I argued, "and it is the first best dress that I've had for—"

"Yah!" Nichola denied, "you've got four sides of a closet hung full. An' where you goin' but down on a farm for three days? Take the kitchen stove if you must, but leave the dress here. You'll be laughed at for fashionable!"

I wavered, and looked consultingly at Peleas.

It is one sign of our advancing years, we must believe, that Peleas and I dislike to be laughed at. Our old servant scolds us all day long and we are philosophical; but if she laughs at either of us, Peleas grieves and I rage. Nichola's "You'll be laughed at for fashionable" humbled me.

Peleas, the morning sun shining on his white hair, was picking dead leaves from the begonias in the window, and pretended not to hear. Peleas is far more in awe of Nichola than I, but it angers him inexpressibly to be told this.

I looked longingly at my white lady's-cloth gown, but Nichola was already folding it away. It had ruffles of lace and a chiffon fichu, and was altogether most magnificent. I had had it made for Enid's wedding, and, as it had not been worn since, I was openly anxious again to appear in it. Had not Peleas said that it became me like my wedding-gown? And now, upon occasion of this visit to Cousin Diantha at Paddington, Nichola threatened me with remorse if I so much as took it with me. I would be "laughed at for fashionable"!

However—Peleas continuing to pick dry leaves in a cowardly fashion—there would have been no help for me had not old Nichola at that moment been called from the room by the poultry wagon which drew up at our door like a god from a cloud. Our suit-case, carefully packed, lay open upon the bed, with room enough and to spare for my white lady's-cloth gown.

"Peleas!" I cried, impulsively.

He looked up inquiringly, pretending to have been vastly absorbed until that moment.

"If I put the gown in," I cried, excitedly, "will you strap the bag before she gets back!"

Peleas wrinkles his eyes adorably at the corners when he chooses. He did this now, and it was the look that means whatever I mean.

In a twinkling the gown was out of the drawer and tumbled into place in a fashion that would have scandalized me if I had been feeling less adventuresome. Peleas, whose hands could have trembled with no more sympathy if he had been expecting to appear in the gown too, strapped the bag, and together we descended the stairs, Peleas carrying it. In the hall we met Nichola.

"You needn't to hev brought it down," she grunted, graciously.

We passed her in guilty silence.

That afternoon Nichola put us on our train, and stood on the platform to see the last of us, her gray hair blowing. Not until our coach had rolled past her could I feel certain that at any moment her keen old eyes might not pierce our bag, to our undoing.

"If only there is actually a chance to wear the dress," I confided to Peleas, "it will make it all right to have taken it."

"What a frightful principle, Ettare!" said Peleas, quite as if he had not helped. And besides, even if ethics does extend to white lady's-cloth, is a man the one to apply it?

We were met at Paddington Station by something that Cousin Diantha called "the Rig." It was four-seated, and had flying canvas sides which seemed to billow it on its way. From an opening in the canvas Cousin Diantha herself thrust out a red mitten, while the bony driver was conducting us across the platform. Our Cousin Diantha Bethune is the mince-pie and plum-pudding branch of the family; we can never think of her without recollecting her pantry and her oven. And whereas some women have ever the air of having just dressed several children, or written letters, or been shopping, Cousin Diantha seems to have been caught, red-handed, at slicing and kneading, and to be away from those processes under protest. She never reads a book without seeming to turn the leaves with a cook-knife, and I fancy that they made her ancient wedding-gown with an apron front.

"Ain't this old times, though?" she cried, opening her arms to me—"ain't it? Ettare, you set here by me. Peleas can set front with Hiram there. My!"

It was late autumn, the trees were bare and wet, and the ground had no resistance. "The Rig" rocked up the dingy village street, with us as its only passengers, buttoned securely within its canvas sails, so that I could only see Paddington before us like an aureole about Peleas's head. But if a grate fire had been alight in that dingy interior, it could have cheered us no more than did Cousin Diantha's ruddy face and scarlet mittens. She gave us news of the farm that teemed with her offices of spicing and frosting; and by the time we had reached her door we were already thinking in terms of viands and ingredients.

"What a nice little, white little room!" said Peleas, for instance, immediately we had set our lamp on our bureau. "The ceiling looks like a lemon pie." For verily there are houses whose carpets resemble fruit jelly, and whose bookcases look like a gingerbread!

Cousin Diantha was bustling down the stairs. She never walked as others do, but she seemed always to be hurrying for fear, say, that the toast were burning.

"Baked potatoes!" she called back cheerily. "I put 'em in last thing before I left, an' Katinka says they're done. Supper's ready when you are."

I was hanging up my white lady's-cloth gown under the cretonne curtain.

"Katinka!" I repeated to Peleas, in a kind of absent-minded pleasure.

"It sounds quite like throwing down a handful of spoons," submitted Peleas, wrinkling the corners of his eyes.

We saw Katinka first when we were all about the table—Cousin Diantha, Miss Waitie, who was her spinster sister, Peleas and I, and Andy, who works for his board. I shall not soon forget the picture that she made as she passed the corn cakes—Katinka, little maid-of-all-work, in a patched black frock and a red rubber ring and a red rubber bracelet. Her face was round and polished and rosy with health, and she was always breathless and clothed with a pretty fear that she was doing everything wrong. Moreover, she had her ideas about serving—she told me afterward that she had worked for a week at the minister's in Paddington, where every one at breakfast, she added, in an awed voice, "had a finger-bowl to themself." Cousin Diantha, good soul, cared little how her dainties were served so that the table were kept groaning, and Katinka had therefore undertaken a series of reforms, to impress which she moved in a mysterious way. For example, she passed the corn cakes to me, and just as I raised my hand to take one—steaming. moist, yellow, and quite beneath my touch—the plate was suddenly sharply withdrawn, a spirited revolution of Katinka's hands ensued, and the cakes reappeared upon my other side.

"We got the table set long-ways the room to-night," she explained, frankly, "an' I can't hardly tell which *is* left till I look at my ring."

Conversation with Katinka while she served was, I perceived, a habit of the house; and, indeed, Katinka's accounts of kitchen happenings were only second in charm to Katinka's comments upon the table talk. It was to this informality that I was indebted for chancing upon a most radiant mystery on that very night of our arrival.

"Mis' Grocer Helman," said Cousin Diantha to me at this first supper—every woman in Paddington has her husband's occupation for a surname—"wants to come in to see you about making over her silk. She's heard you was from the city, an' she says Mis' Photographer Bronson's used up the only way she knew on a cheap taffeta. Mis' Grocer Helman won't copy. She's got a sinful pride."

Katinka set down the bread-plate.

"I had some loaf sugar sent up from Helman's to-day," she contributed, "because I just *had* to get that new delivery wagon up here to this house somehow. It'd been in front o' Mis' Lawyer More's twict in one forenoon."

And at this Miss Waitie, who was always a little hoarse and very playful, shook her head at Katinka.

"Now, new delivery wagon nothin'," she said, skeptically. "It's that curly-headed delivery boy, *I'll* be bound."

So it was that, in my very first hour in Cousin Diantha's house, I saw what those two good souls had never suspected. For at Miss Waitie's words, Andy, who worked for his board, suddenly flushed one agonizing red and spilled the preserves on the table-cloth. What more did any sane woman need upon which to base the whole pleasant matter? Andy was in love with Katinka.

I sat up very straight and refused the fish-balls, in my preoccupation. My entire visit to Paddington was resolving itself into one momentous inquiry: Was Katinka in love with Andy?

"Is Katinka in love with Andy?" I put it to Peleas, excitedly, when we were upstairs, at last.

"Katinka? Andy? Andy? Katinka?" responded Peleas, politely.

"One would think you were never in love yourself," I chided him, and fell to planning what on earth they would live on. Why are so many little people, with nothing to live on, always in love, when every one knows spinster after spinster with an income each?

I was not long in doubt about Katinka. The very next morning I came upon her in the hall, with her arms full of kindling for the parlor fire. I followed her. Her dear, bright little face and yellow braids reminded me of the kind of doll that they never make any more.

"Katinka," said I, lingering shamelessly, "do you put the sticks in across, or up and down?"

For it may very well be upon this nice question, as well as Persian cats, that Peleas and I will have our final disagreement—which let no one suppose that we will really ever have.

She looked up to answer me. The gingham bib of her apron fell down. And there, pinned to her tight little waist, I beheld—a button-picture of Andy! Never tell me that there does not abide in the air a race of little creatures whose sole duty it is to unveil all such heavenly secrets to make glad the gray world. Never tell me that it is such a very gray world, either, if you wish my real opinion.

She looked down and espied the exposed mystery. She cast a frightened glance at me, and I suppose she saw me—who am a very foolish old woman—smiling with all my sympathetic might. At all events, she gasped and sat down among the kindling and said:

"Oh, ma'am, we're a-goin' to be marrit to-morrow. An' Mis' Bethune—I'm so scairt to tell 'er."

I sat down, too, and caught my breath. This blessed generation! I had been wondering if these two were in love, and what they could live on when at last they should make up their minds, and, lo, they were to be married to-morrow!

"Why, Katinka!" said I. "Where?"

The little maid-of-all-work sobbed in her apron.

"I do' know, ma'am," she said. "Andy, he's boardin' so, an' I'm a orphing. I t'ought," mentioned Katinka, still sobbing, "maybe Mis' Bethune 'd let us stand up by the dinin'-room windy. The hangin' lamp there looks some like a weddin'-bell, Andy t'ought."

The hanging lamp has a bright scarlet shade and is done in dragons.

"When I see you an' him las' night," went on Katinka, motioning with her stubby thumb toward the absent Peleas, "I t'ought mebbe you'd sign fer seein' it done. I tol' Andy so. Mis' Bethune, I guess she'll be rarin'. I wanted it to be in the kitchen, but Andy, he's so proud. His pa was in dry goods," said Katinka, wiping her eyes at the mere thought.

Here was a most delicious business thrown, as it were, fairly into my arms. I hailed it with delight, and sat holding my elbows and planning with all my might. Ah, you young, who are so impatient of the affairs of others! what can you know of the sweetness of being of use to some one when you shall be seventy?

"Katinka," said I, portentously, "you leave *where* you are to be married to me."

"Oh, ma'am!" said Katinka.

I never had more earnest appreciation.

Cousin Diantha Bethune was heard calling her at that moment, and Katinka went off with the coals quite as if the next day were not to see her a bride, married in the parlor.

For I was determined that the wedding should be in the parlor, and I spent a most feverish day. I made repeated visits to the kitchen and held consultations with the little maid, whose cheeks grew rosy and whose eyes grew bright at the mere heaven of having some one in the world who was interested in her.

While she washed the dishes, she told me that she and Andy had saved enough together to live for three months at Mis' Slocum's boarding-house. After that the future was a pleasant but indefeasible mystery. While she cleaned the knives, I slipped down to find out if Andy had remembered to engage the parson; and he had done so, but at the risk of having the ceremony performed in the scullery as the only available apartment. Andy, it appeared, objected to being married at the parson's house, and Katinka seemed to think that this also was because his father had been "in dry goods." And at our last consultation, during lamp-cleaning, I advised Katinka to break the news to Cousin Diantha Bethune immediately after supper, when we were still at table. Katinka promised, and her mouth quivered at the thought.

"She'll never hev us in the parlor, not in this world, ma'am," she said to me, hopelessly. "Not with that new three-ply ingrain on the floor."

Meanwhile I had told Peleas, who, though he is disposed to scoff at all romance which he does not himself discover, was yet adorably sympathetic. We were both hopelessly excited at supper, and Peleas heaped little attentions upon Andy, who ate nothing and kept brushing imaginary flies from before his face to show how much at ease he was. And after the last plate of hot bread had been brought in I wonder now at my own self-possession, for thereafter I knew that little Katinka, by the crack in the pantry door, was waiting the self-imposed signal of Cousin Diantha's folded napkin; and when this came, she popped into the room like a kind of toy and stood directly back of Cousin Diantha's chair.

"Please, ma'am," she said, "Andy and me's goin' to get marrit."

Andy, one blush, rose and shambled spryly to her side, and caught at her hand, and stood with glazing eyes.

Cousin Diantha wheeled in her chair and her plate danced on the table. My heart was in my mouth, and I confess that I was prepared for a dudgeon such as only mistresses know when maids have the temerity to wish to marry. In that moment I found, to my misery, that I had forgotten every one of my arguments about young love and the way of the world and the durability of three-ply ingrain carpets, and I did nothing but sit trembling and fluttering for all the happy world as if it were my own wedding at stake. I looked at Peleas beseechingly, and he nodded and smiled and rubbed his hands under the tablecloth—oh, I could not have loved a man who would look either judicious or doubtful, as do too many, at the very mention of anybody's marriage but their own!

Dimly I saw Cousin Diantha look over her spectacles; I heard her amazed "Bless us, Katinka! what *are* you talking about?" and I half heard the little maid add, "To-morrow," quite without expression as she turned to leave the room, loyally followed by Andy. And then, being an old woman and no longer able to mask my desire to interfere in everything, I was about to have the last word, when Cousin Diantha turned to me and spoke:

"Listen at that!" she cried. "Listen at that! to-morrow—an' not a scrap o' cake in this house! An' a real good fruit-cake had ought to be three months old at the least. I declare, it don't seem as if a wedding could be *legal* on sponge-cake!"

I could hardly believe my old ears. Not a word against the parlor, no mention of the three-ply ingrain, nor any protest at all. Cousin Diantha's one apprehension was concerning the legality of weddings not solemnized in the presence of a three-months-old fruit-cake. The mince-pie and plum-pudding branch of our family had risen to the occasion as nobly as if she had been steeped in sentiment.

Upstairs Peleas and I laughed and well-nigh cried about it.

"And, Peleas," I told him, "Peleas—you see it doesn't matter in the least whether it's romance or cooking that's accountable, so long as your heart is right!"

So it was settled, and I lay long awake that night and planned which door they should come in, and what flowers I could manage, and what I could find for a little present. Here at last, I thought triumphantly, as I was dropping asleep, was a chance to overcome Nichola by the news that I had actually found another wedding at which to wear my white lady's-cloth gown.

With that I sat suddenly erect, fairly startled from my sleep.

What was Katinka to wear?

Alas! I have never been so fully convinced that I am really seventy as when I think how I remembered even the parson, and yet could forget Katinka's wedding-gown.

I roused Peleas immediately.

"Peleas!" I cried, "what do you suppose that dear child can be married in?"

Peleas awoke with a logical mind.

"In the parlor, I thought," said he.

"But what will she wear, Peleas?" I inquired, feverishly. "What can she wear? I don't suppose the poor child—"

"I thought she looked very well to-night," said Peleas. "Couldn't she wear that?" and drifted into dreams.

Wear *that!* The little tight black dress in which she served. Really, for a man whom I have trained for forty-eight years, Peleas can seem stupid—though he never really is stupid.

I lay for a little while looking out the high window at the Paddington stars, which someway seemed unlike town stars. And on a sudden I smiled back at them, and lay smiling at them for a long time. For I knew what little Katinka was to wear at her wedding. My white lady's-cloth gown!

As soon as her work was done next morning I called her to my room. It was eleven o'clock, and she was to be married at noon.

"Katinka," said I, solemnly, "what are you going to wear, child, to be married in?"

She looked down at the tight little black gown.

"I t'ought of that," said the poor little thing, uncertainly. "But I haven't got nothink nicer than what this is."

She had thought of that! The tears were in my eyes as I turned to the cretonne curtain and pulled it aside.

"Look, Katinka!" I said, "you are going to wear this."

There hung the white lady's-cloth gown, in all its bravery of fichu and chiffon and silver buttons. Katinka.

who is very nearly my size, looked once at that splendor and smiled patiently, as one who is wonted to everything but surprises.

"La, ma'am," she humored me, pretending to appreciate my jest.

When at last she understood, the poor little soul broke down and cried on the foot of the bed. I know of no sadder sight than the tears of one to whom they are the only means of self-expression.

Never did gown fit so beautifully. Never was one of so nearly the proper length! Never was such elegance! When she was quite ready, the red ring and red bracelet having been added at her request, Katinka stood upon a chair to have a better view in the mirror above my wash-basin, and she stepped down, awe-struck.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, in an admiring whisper, "I look like I was ready to be laid out!"

Then she went to the poor, tawdry things of her own which she had brought to my room, and selected something. It was a shabby plush book, decorated with silk flowers, and showing dog-eared gilt leaves.

"I t'ought I'd carry this here," she said, shyly.

I opened the book. And my eye fell first upon these words, written in letters which looked as if they had fallen to the page from a sieve:

There may be sugar and there may be spice,
But you are the one I shall ever call nice.

It was an autograph album.

"Why, Katinka," I said, "what for?"

"Well," she explained, "I know in the fashion pictures brides allus carries books. I ain't got no other book than what this is. An' this was mother's book—it's all of hers I've got—an' so I t'ought—"

"Carry it, child," I said; and little Katinka went down the stairs with the album for a prayer-book.

And, lo! as the door opened my heart was set beating. For there was music—the reed organ in the parlor was played furiously—and I at once realized that Peleas was presiding, performing the one tune that he knows—the long-meter doxology.

The parlor blinds were open, the geraniums had been brought up from the cellar to grace the sills, and, as finishing symbol of festivity, Diantha had shaken about the room a handkerchief wet with cologne. Miss Waitie had contributed the presence of her best dress. Andy, blushing, waited by the window, pretending to talk with the parson, and continually brushing imaginary flies from before his face. When he saw Katinka, he changed countenance, and fairly joined in the amazed "Ah!" of the others. Indeed, the parson began the ceremony with Andy's honest eyes still reverently fixed upon Katinka's gown.

There was but one break in the proceedings. Peleas attempted to play softly through the ceremony, and he reckoned without one of the pedals, which stuck fast with a long, buzzing sound and could not be released, though every one had a hand at it. And finally Katinka herself, who had dusted the pedal for so long that she understood it, had to come to the rescue, while the parson waited for her "I will."

As for me, by the time that it was all over I was crying softly behind the stove, with as much enjoyment as if I had been Katinka's mother. And not until I took up my apron to wipe my eyes did I remember that I had not changed my own gown that morning. As if, because one is seventy, that is reason for losing one's self-respect!

Peleas put the rest in my head.

"Ettare," he said, while we were having sauce and seed-cakes after the ceremony, "you've got your gray gown, haven't you?"

"Why, yes," said I, not understanding.

"And you don't really need that white one—" He hesitated.

I saw what he meant. We both looked across at the little bride, speechlessly happy in my old woman's finery.

"Not a bit," I said, loving Peleas for his thought.

His hand slipped under the big napkin and found mine, and we smiled at each other with the tidings of a new secret.

That is why, when we reached home next night, we gave our suit-case to Nichola to unpack and had no fear. The white lady's-cloth gown was not there.

The Diary of Grant Duff[1]

THIS spring Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff brings his diary to a close in the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of the series. There is something monumental in reminiscences of such proportions, even though, as in this case, they are of the lightest chit-chat. Shelves will groan at it; proof-readers must have been supplied in relays; even the author could have been supported in the reviewing of his accomplishment only by the help of a stoical conscience. Fortunately for the public, some of the volumes at least are sold separately; one may dip in and out at random, fish up three or four readable anecdotes from every page, and digest them—the process is incredibly easy—in the turn of a signature.

Not an unkind word enters these pages. The author is amiable both by nature and grace—by grace of the circle to which his birth and his talents, or both, have given him entrance, where money has brought forth piety, piety virtue, virtue respectability; where woman is protected in her innocence from all reflection on the evils of the world and old age is mellowed into a tolerance of gout. Not a penetrating word enters these pages. The author is not of a peering disposition. But he is an accomplished *raconteur*, and gives point and charm to the small-talk of a class which, if not brilliant, is at any rate versed in the personal affairs of Church, State, and letters. He feels nicely and not too pointedly the varying degrees of distinction in the exceptional society to which he is so deservedly congenial, and if his gossip, always light and entertaining, loses something in specific gravity as it rises toward the throne, it makes up for its lack by a gravity of the author's own, genial and diplomatic. Puns lose their point but become aromatic with the names of the Duchess of This and the Princess of That. The rest is silence.

"After eleven," so runs the diary, "I went out with the Empress [Frederick] who was attended by Miss Ethel Cadogan. It was a lovely morning, not too warm for a fur coat, and we walked for about an hour and a half, talking of many subjects, of which, as usual in such cases, I make no note."

It is in comments on Jowett that we approach nearest to characterization. And here it must be added that whatever Sir Mountstuart does he manages felicitously. "Jowett's sermons," says the diarist, "are not the counsels of a saint, but of a sage who knew a good deal both of the world and of the church; from a point of view rather of a spectator than of an actor in either." "The Master," he adds a little later, "was a very good and a very wise man; but there were whole realms of thought and feeling into which he could not enter." And he concludes: "It is quite evident that a good many people, and especially women, used him as a father confessor—a rôle for which he appears to me to have been eminently unfit. Some of his friendships were grotesque enough, but several are explained by his intense shyness. A great big, bouncing, barking Newfoundland dog like Morier saved him all the preliminary trouble of making acquaintance. Others are explained by his love of success and position for their own sakes, though it is only just to add that Morier and most of the others of whom I am thinking, as I write, had very considerable merits. His love of success and position had nothing ignoble about them. They were like the love of some people for brilliant colors, for light, splendor, and pageantry."

The Master of Balliol cannot be dismissed without three anecdotes:

"George Brodrick told me an amusing reply of Jowett's to a silly young fanatic, from whom he had inquired whether he found his work congenial. 'Yes,' he answered, 'but I have found something else.' 'What have you found?' asked the old Master. 'I have found

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[1] *Notes from a Diary. 1896 to January 23, 1901.* By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Christ.' 'I am very glad to hear it,' was the rejoinder; 'but I think the less you say about it the better.'"

"During his second last illness, when a lady asked him how he felt, he opened his eyes and in his squeaky voice said: 'It is not ecstatic!' It was in his last illness that he beckoned to a relative who was near him and said: 'You had better all go. I do not think I shall do anything definite to-night.'"

If for no other purpose than to emulate Sir Mountstuart's informal inconsecutiveness, another story is worth putting down. Let it be one of Babbage.

"'I never met Mr. Babbage but once,' she [Miss Holland] replied; 'he took me down to dinner, but I had not caught his name. Something was said about 'squaring words.' 'What does that mean?' I asked, 'I will tell you,' he answered. 'You take a word, for example, like horse. That contains six letters.' 'Six!' said I, timidly, 'don't you mean five?' 'No, no,' he rejoined, 'there are six letters in horse.' 'Surely not,' I rejoined, and spelt the word. 'Ah,' replied the great man, 'I never could count; that is why I invented the calculating machine.'"

And, to show that there is no need to stop with what one has set out to do, one may as well add another, this time of the eccentric Father Galway:

"When a number of ladies were struggling for priority round his confessional, he [Father Galway] put out his head and said, 'I can't have this disturbance. Let all those who have come to confess mortal sins come forward—I will see them first.'"

Sir Mountstuart's volumes are no books to quarrel over. There is enough and to spare of them, and no doubt they are all equally good. But, unlike Father Galway's sinners, it will be those with the lightest needs who will step up first for them. A volume will serve for a fifty-mile railway journey, for the close of the evening in a guest-room, or for the interims of a doctor's office hour. And the man with a memory may lay up a store of anecdotes against a winter of dining out.

The Psychology of Religious Revivals[1]

THE psychology of religion receives in this work a fresh and a valuable contribution, whose appearance just now, when religious revivals have become a subject of common interest, is certainly timely. It is worthy of all attention, both by those who pray for revivals and by those who disparage them. Each of these groups will find it illuminative and corrective. It is a product of the scientific and the religious spirit in an alliance serviceable to each, and effective for that discovery of truth which is their common aim. It is broadly and carefully inductive, severely but constructively critical. It gives the religious revival its sure place among the normal experiences of the inner life as discriminated from mere nervous excitation. In a comprehensive view of the psychological field which religious charlatans have sometimes exploited, its extravagant phenomena are shown as the product of that unrationalized emotionalism from which democracy suffers in common with religion.

Taking the term "revival" in its historical and popular meaning, its phenomena as a form of impulsive social action, exhibited in various communities more or less unrationalized, are scrutinized at length and in large detail for the facts indicative of their cause and nature. The reverence with which Dr. Davenport treats even the crudest phase of religion appears in his comment on the Indian ghost dance: "This is grotesque and debasing. But there is also mingled with it much that is beautiful and uplifting, and of which no man should speak with disrespect." The negro type of revival is next examined, and found "emotional and hypnotic to the core." But the field studied is mostly among men of our own race—the Kentucky pioneers, the New England of Jonathan

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[1] *Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals: A Study in Mental and Social Evolution.* By Frederick Morgan Davenport, Ph.D., Professor in Sociology at Hamilton College. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Edwards the audiences of Wesley and Whitefield, the Ulster Irish of 1859. These chapters must be pronounced models of impartial criticism from the standpoint of the historian and psychologist. As to the "Great Awakening" under the preaching of Edwards, whom Dr. Davenport holds in high respect, an estimate of its immediate good effects and of the later reaction from its stormy excitement reaches this conclusion: "It reminds us of many another piece of impulsive social action, whose retiring wave left little good behind."

In the early part of the nineteenth century a transition period set in, with Finney as its leading representative, and Moody as its latest. "With Finney," says Dr. Davenport, "the reign of crude irrational fear in revival preaching came to an end." With a "very high hypnotic potential" and "an almost preternatural power of suggestion," he combined a noble intellect and high ethical and spiritual qualities, which left abiding fruit in the religious history of Rochester. Other fruit came from the religious ferment of which western New York was the caldron for years—Millerism, Spiritualism, and—Mormonism, "born and bred in the unhealthy revival atmosphere." Like Finney, Moody also added to the possession of splendid ethical and rational quality a "past-mastership in the art of hypnotism," though more refined than Finney's. He reached the limits of the traditional method with the crowd, and sagaciously turned his energies into the more effective line of education. Since then, "they who are preaching a revival of old-time revivalism in the highly developed sections of America are fighting against the stars in their courses." The complete explanation of the fact is in the advancement of the more highly civilized part of the people to more intelligent self-control, incapable of "emotional stampeding."

The phenomena of all these revival records exhibit uniformities that mark them as natural, not supernatural. The outcries, trances, ecstasies, contortions, are of purely psychical character, motor and sensory automatisms, due to the excitation of the cerebro-spinal system stimulated by the suggestion of rhetorical appeals and the reciprocal suggestions of the surrounding audience. Neither these, nor the "tongues" of the Apostolic age and of modern Irvingites and Mormons, are other than perfectly natural phenomena, due to the temporary suspension of control by the higher brain-centers, and "cannot be reckoned as divine except as the whole process of evolution from the animal to the spiritual is divine." It appears also from the records of conversion in crowds that quite too many "purely negative converts" have been made with lasting damage to religious interests by the hypnotizing influence of suggestion by the revivalist and the crowd under his spell.

The facts read a lesson to those who distrust reason in religion. They have quite as much cause to distrust emotion. The root of religion is in feeling, but religion is something more than feeling. The passional element is primal and permanent, but the most profoundly passional is also rational and ethical. One need not dispute, says Dr. Davenport, whether the furnace or the helm be the more essential to the steamship. For bringing life safely to its haven the rudder of reason is its reliance. At the basis of all social progress is the rational like-mindedness formed by intelligent deliberation, not the sympathetic like-mindedness worked up in the old-time revivals.

This psychological study of religious revivals is part of the larger subject of mental and social evolution. Treating it thus, Dr. Davenport, as none before has done, applies to our present national condition the lesson yielded by the discussion as above outlined. The method of the emotional revival is fraught with grave social danger. Localities excepted, our people are even now mainly of the emotional type, whose instability appears in all sorts of religious fanaticism and in various social and political crazes. "We are civilized and barbarous at the same time." By a county map of Kentucky Dr. Davenport shows that the very region of the whirlwind revivals of 1800, which was for the first half of the following century a region of bloody feuds, was from 1882 to 1903 the chief center of lynching mobs in that State. "Emotionalism, in a wide sense, is the vice of democracy, political, industrial, and religious," and it is this vice which the old-time revival method directly fosters, submerging intellect and will. The church that best aids to the realization of the religious ideal is the church that strives to become a center of social control. A sound religious education is to be a determining factor in all our National problems. For "the subliminal consciousness of primitive man still slumbers in our population," and the task of the new evangelism is to deal with it by a better method than that of rupture and rapture.

Of the outlook from this point of view upon our present situation Dr. Davenport speaks hopefully, but we must pause here. If any good people are offended by his conclusions as above stated, they will do wisely to review the facts he builds upon. The insight, the balance, the sanity that characterize his treatment of the whole subject commend it to all whom it concerns as a book for this time.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Betting and Gambling: A National Evil. Edited by B. Seebohm Rowntree. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 261 pages. $1.60, net.

Such a book as this has long been needed. It is the work of specialists for the abatement of a national evil. Its field of observation is limited to the United Kingdom, but in the main its observations and conclusions apply equally well to the United States, and here are needed such anti-gambling leagues as have been formed there. Here, as there, the evil is of national magnitude, and growing through the dullness of moral perception and the neglect of counteracting effort. Even our churches fail to antagonize gambling with any efforts commensurate with their assaults upon its twin evil, intemperance. Betting and gambling are used here as two terms for one thing, the transfer of property by the arbitrament of chance, a thing essentially immoral because dictated by desire for unearned gain through another's loss, and involving a reversion to the mental and moral attitude of the savage. Concisely opening thus with the ethics of the subject, the following chapters go into a large treatment of the facts concerning the extent and the effects of the evil, with practical suggestions for its repression. As to these, though law can effect something, it does not touch the root of the trouble, a defective moral sentiment and a torpid public opinion, which call for a radical moral revival. The question now mooted here, whether State interference shall be invoked to protect the poor fool from his folly in stock-gambling through "bucket-shops," is answered negatively: "the remedy must come from the people themselves; from better instruction, from healthier views of what constitute true success and respectability." Until some American sociologist shall treat the gambling evil as it shows itself among our own people, and even then, the facts, statistics, suggestions, and bibliography of this volume will constitute an arsenal for every campaigner in this field of moral reform.

Book of Proverbs (The). By Prof. George R. Berry, D.D. **Song of Songs.** By George E. Merrill. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 6×8¾ in. 137 pages.

Certainty in Religion. By Rev. Henry H. Wyman. The Columbus Press, New York. 4½×6½ in. 119 pages. 50c.

David Ransom's Watch. By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden). The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 354 pages. $1.50.

Ethics of Imperialism (The). By Albert R. Carman. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 177 pages. $1, net.

There is some suggestiveness in this volume; but no student of ethics will take it very seriously. The author's ambition to talk in paradoxes destroys the weight which might attach to his teaching if he had been content to put it simply. One can justify almost any conclusion provided he is allowed to make his own definition. It is easy to prove that the three angles of a triangle are not equal to two right angles, provided you begin by defining a right angle in the terms which previous geometricians have used to define an obtuse angle. Mr. Carman begins by defining Imperialism as a spirit which "teaches the essential inequality of men, the duty of recognizing that inequality, the duty of doing unto some others precisely what you hope they will not be able to do unto you, the refusal of equal rights to some people." He goes on to define Egoism as "preferring one's own interests to the interests of others;" and Altruism as "preferring the interests of others to one's own; logically, it meets commercial rivalry with voluntary bankruptcy, and personal rivalry with suicide." After one has read these definitions he does not care much what sort of conclusion the author reaches respecting Imperialism, Egoism, and Altruism.

Fat of the Land (The): The Story of an American Farm. By John William Streeter. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 406 pages. 25c.

History of the Japan Mission of the Reformed Church in the United States, 1879-1904. Published by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States, Philadelphia. 6×9½ in. 127 pages.

Labor Movement in America (The). By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. (New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 399 pages. $1.25, net.

A reprint of a standard book long recognized as the authority on the subject of which it treats. It is accompanied with a promise of a thorough revision in a new edition, hereafter to be published, in which the history will be brought down to date.

Mother's Answered Prayer. By Rev. P. H. Fleming. The Christian Sun, Elon College, N. C. 5×7½ in. 97 pages.

Only a Profession and Other Sermons. By Edmund M. Mills, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 149 pages.

Round the World Toward the Westering Sun. By Lee S. Smith. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 286 pages. $1.25, net.

Sawdust: A Romance of the Timberlands. By Dorothea Gerard. (Madame Longarde de Longarde.) The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 361 pages. $1.

Talks with Lay Preachers. By Robert F. Horton, D.D. Andrew Melrose, London, England. 4×6½ in. 75 pages.

Ultimate Passion (The). By Philip Verrill Mighels. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 366 pages. $1.50.

A hysterical novel of political corruption.

Velazquez. By Auguste Breal. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 236 pages. 75c., net.

A good little guide to the life and work of the great Spanish painter, with many reproductions of his paintings.

Why Love Grows Cold. By Ellen Burns Sherman. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 253 pages.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

An Acknowledgment

To the Editors of The Outlook:

So many friends have written to me and mine words of love and sympathy and of tender appreciation of her whom every one loved, as truly she gave of her full heart to all God's children, that I am constrained to ask you for space to thank them here, since to write to them all in reply is not possible. I do thank them from the bottom of my heart, for myself and for my children. It does help to feel that we are kin, and that brotherly love is not a phrase, but a warm and throbbing fact.

They ask, many of them, what am I going to do now that she who was the inspiration of it all is gone? But she is not gone. If in my soul I believed that, I should be desolate indeed. It is only that the river separates us once more as when we were children. I know as well as I knew then that she is in the garden just beyond where all her summers are beautiful now, and that she is waiting for me there.

So I shall seek the path to that garden till I find it. I am once more where I dreamed as a boy, and I know that I shall wake, as I did then, and find the truth unspeakably fairer than my dream. Nor do I fear to miss the way, for our Lord himself has charted it so that I can not go wrong. "I am the way," He said. She went trustfully across the river with Him, and was not afraid.

So why should I be? I shall be lonesome, yes! God knows how lonesome. But I have the sweet memories of the thirty happy years we walked together here, and what are a few years of loneliness to the eternity of joy ahead where hearts are never wrung in parting? And I shall not be idle. I shall be doing what she would have me do, and in it all, as you see, she will yet be the inspiration, as she was all the years that are gone, to your friend JACOB A. RIIS.

Chinese Women

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May I be permitted to make a slight correction of a statement of the Spectator's in your issue of May 13, 1905?

I am in hearty sympathy with the Spectator's indignation at the use still made of that instrument for torturing horses—the topcheck. But he is mistaken when he says that "the Chinese *used* to torture the infant foot," for it is still almost universally practiced. Excepting in the slave class (for whom are other miseries) and in an infinitesimal proportion of the high-class Chinese, the girl foot is still crushed into a deformity that entails suffering and often disease throughout life, besides making walking all but impossible. I could give the Spectator both medical and other testimony to the fact that China is very far from having learned all that we ought to be teaching her.

E. J. WHEELER.

New York City.